Ex Libris

JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

HORNE 60

RECAP

THE

COMPLETE ANGLER;

OR, THE

CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION.

BY ISAAC WALTON.

AND

INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO ANGLE FOR A TROUT OR GRAYLING IN A CLEAR STREAM,

BY CHARLES COTTON.

WITH COPIOUS NOTES, FOR THE MOST PART ORIGINAL,

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE,

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF

FISHING AND FISHING-BOOKS,

FROM THE EARLIEST ANTIQUITY TO THE TIME OF WALTON,

AND

A NOTICE OF COTTON AND HIS WRITINGS,

BY THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

TO WHICH IS ADDED AN APPENDIX, INCLUDING ILLUSTRATIVE BALLADS, MUSIC, PAPERS ON AMERICAN FISHING, AND THE MOST COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF BOOKS ON ANGLING, ETC., EVER PRINTED.

ALSO, A GENERAL INDEX TO THE WHOLE WORK.

PART I.

NEW YORK AND LONDON:
WILEY & PUTNAM, 161 BROADWAY.

1847.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by

WILEY & PUTNAM,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ROBERT CRAIGHEAD, PRINTER,
112 FULTON STREET.

T. B. SMITH, STEREOTYPER,
216 WILLIAM STREET.

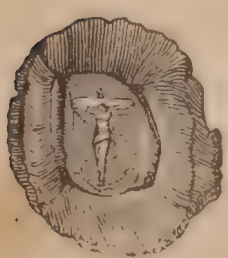
ISAAK WALTON.

New York. Published by Wiley & Putnam.

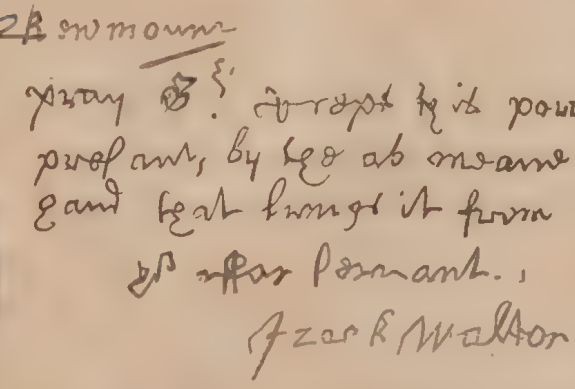
First American Edition

New York. Published by Wiley & Putnam.

WALTON'S RESIDENCE IN FLEET STREET.



Seal presented to Walton, by Dr. Donne.



Autograph.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

PART I.

NOTICES OF THE WORK.

[*From Hallam's Literature of Europe.*]

"Walton's Complete Angler, published in 1653, seems by the title a strange choice out of all the books of half a century; yet its simplicity, its sweetness, its natural grace, and happy intermixture of grave strains with the precepts of angling, have rendered this book deservedly popular, and a model which one of the most famous among our late philosophers, and a successful disciple of Isaac Walton in his favorite art, has condescended to imitate."

[*Charles Lamb, in an early Letter to Coleridge.*]

"Among all your quaint readings, did you ever light upon Walton's Complete Angler? I asked you the question once before; it breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart; there are many choice old verses interspersed in it; it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianize every discordant angry passion; pray make yourself acquainted with it."

[*From William Hazlitt—in a paper of the Round Table.*]

"We have another English author, very different from the author of John Buncle, but equal in *naiveté*, and in the perfect display of personal character; we mean Isaac Walton, who wrote the Complete Angler. That well-known work has an extreme simplicity, and an extreme interest, arising out of its very simplicity. In the description of fishing-tackle you perceive the piety and humanity of the author's mind. His is the best pastoral in the language, not excepting Pope's or Phillips's. We doubt whether Sannazarius's *Piscatory Eclogues* are equal to the scenes described by Walton on the banks of the River Lea. He gives the feeling of the open air. We walk with him along the dusty road-side, or repose on the banks of the river under a shady tree, and, in watching for the finny prey, imbibe what he beautifully calls 'the patience and simplicity of poor, honest fishermen.' We accompany them to their inn at night, and partake of their simple, but delicious fare, while Maud, the pretty milk-maid, at her mother's desire, sings the classical ditties of Sir Walter Raleigh. Good cheer is not neglected in this work, any more than in *John Buncle*, or any other history which sets a proper value on the good things of life. The prints in the 'Complete Angler' give an additional reality and interest to the scenes it describes. While Tottenham Cross shall stand, and longer, thy work, amiable and happy old man, shall last!"

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

The reader is here presented with the first American edition of Izaak Walton's Complete Angler, which, from the bare title, might be thought only a sporting book, but will be recognized by every student of English literature as one of the most precious gems in the language. Written by a simple but strong-minded man, renowned for his simple piety and unaffected love of God and his works, a companion of the learned and the good, in the history of a life devoted to the pursuit and practice of Christian virtues, it is full of persuasives to contemplative enjoyment, pious trust, and benevolent action, expressed with such natural eloquence, that it has found a most hearty welcome to the tastes of the scholar, the moralist, and the Briton. Very few works have passed through so many editions in England, where it has been illustrated with much care and enriched by several editors; and the memory of no English author has been more affectionately revered than that of honest father Walton.

The American Editor has made a pleasant recreation of preparing the work anew for the American public, with all the additional literary information which a long acquaintance with his author and an extensive library enabled him to gather, the references, with few exceptions, having been verified by his own search. Various hands have contributed such piscatorial lore as, it was thought, might not be unwelcome to those who joined with their admiration of Walton's character and writings a love of his favorite amusement; but for the literary annotations the editor is alone responsible to the reader, who can scarcely be a severe critic upon one whose only aim was to give him pleasure not associated with pain.

May, 1847.

FAC-SIMILE OF ILLUSTRATION IN THE "TREATYSE OF FYSSHYNGE WYTH AN ANGLE"—*To face Page* xxxiii

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE,

BY

THE AMERICAN EDITOR,

WITH

SOME NOTICES OF FISHING, AND BOOKS ON FISHING, BEFORE WALTON.

EVERY lover of books knows that he finds his best refreshment from closer study, in books themselves; and how likely he is to get a love for some one author, so as to read him again and again, liking him the better for his very faults, and thinking everything worth remark that throws light on his history, manner of life, means of knowledge, and standing among those who knew him in his own time. Such a love have I for dear old Iz. WA., which fondness is not a little heightened by an inborn fondness for, perhaps some skill in his gentle, contemplative art. The stream side is ever dear to me, and I love to think of the times when I have trudged merrily along it, finding again in the fresh air and moderate exercise and devout looks upon nature, the strength of nerve, the buoyancy of heart and health of mind, which I had lost in my pent library and town duties; now I need but to open the pages of The Complete Angler, and the stream flows by my side, the birds sing for me, the "daisies, culverkeys, and lady-smocks" bloom, the bright trout leap, the finny spoils are

won, and a quiet chat enjoyed with the Master and his Scholar under a wide tree shedding off the rain; or by the fire of the wayside Inn, while the hostess, "clean, handsome, and civil," is taking out "sheets smelling of lavender," for our beds, in a room that has "more than twenty ballads stuck against the wall;" or within the little shrine, *Sacrum Piscatoribus*, built by Cotton for his father, and "all true men who love quiet and go an angling." I trust that I have drunk enough of the old angler's spirit not to let such pastime break in upon better things; but, on the other hand, I have worked the harder from thankfulness to HIM who taught the brook to wind with musical gurglings, as it rolls on to the Great Sea.

It has been my wont at such times, to note down what I happened to find, giving greater zest to father Walton's quaint homilies, not in any hope that others would think it worth while to share my gatherings, but rather for my better memory and coming delight. The good publishers of this darling book, hearing of my little store, have asked me to put it at their disposal for your use, kind reader; and, as I count (with honest Shirley in his Angler's Magazine) "that a person has a mean soul, that could die without disclosing anything he knows, that he might benefit or please his fellow-creatures," I have done as they wished. The whole work has been gone over; the several editions collated, some notes chosen from the various editors, and, as you will see, more added by myself. Of how much worth these last are, you shall judge; but you can never know what happy hours I have spent in preparing them, or how truly I wish they may be to your liking. A good and pious friend of mine (how good and pious I dare not say, for he will surely read what I write, and I would spare him a blush even at his own true praise) has told me that it was reading this book, which awakened the love of God in his heart; nor may we wonder, that such meek-hearted, cheerful strains of godly contentment should have been

blessed to such an end; and I pray that a like blessing may go with your reading.

My first task shall be to give you some knowledge of books upon Angling, or rather fishing, before Walton. I say, rather books on *fishing;* for an angler, kind reader, is not a *fisherman*, who plies his calling for a livelihood, careless in what way he gets his scaly rewards. The name comes from *angle* or hook, for the true angler touches no net, but that with which he lands the heavy struggler hung on his tiny hair. He scorns to entrap by weir, or fyke, or wicker-pot, the finny people, when not bent on harm; but as they watch murderously for the pretty fly, the helpless minnow, or the half-drowned worm, he comes like a chivalrous knight to wreak upon them the wrong they would do, and slay them as they think to slay. For every one he kills a hundred less lives are saved, and the small fry shoot fearlessly along, where once they dared not be seen, when he has drawn the tyrant of the brook from his long kept lair. As Franklin said to the cod in whose belly some small cod were found, so says the angler to his prey, "If you eat your kind, I will eat you." If skilful as he ought to be, the angler need fix no quivering life on his hook, but with feather and silk and downy dubbing, he makes a bait far more winning, that drops upon the curling water, or plays among the whirlpools, as though it were born for the frolic. When a trout chooses to prey upon what he thinks is weaker than himself, the angler ought not to be blamed for it. Neither does he love the sea for his pastime, nor to sit in a boat, or on a rock, or a quay, watching his cork for a nibble (forgive us, shades of Jo. Dennys and Iz. Walton, but, surely, we pigmies on your giant shoulders may see further than you!). His choice is the swift river, the rock-broken stream; and he walks hopefully on from one jutting cliff to another, making his fly fall lightly as a drop of snow on each turn of the wave, or under the out-eaten turf, or over the deep, dark pool. You have taken from him half his

life, "if his free breathing be denied" among the meadows, the glens, and the uplands. Nevertheless, we shall speak of fishing in any of the ways followed by those, who lived so much in the dark ages as to know nothing of the fly; yet enjoyed what the learned author of "L'Art de la Pêche aux lignes volantes et flottantes, aux filets et autres instrumens," calls by a rare melange of languages, "*Pisciceptologie.*"

Fisher, editor of the Angler's Souvenir, from a praiseworthy pride in his nominal ancestors, says the Saxon race were called *Anglo*, because of their skill with the *angle;* and truly they have earned such an honorable epithet, for the art is well carried out only among their descendants; though Kresz (ainé) has written on artificial flies with rare cleverness for a Frenchman:* and it is worthy of remark, that Masaniello, vulgarly called The Fisherman of Naples, was an angler, who used "to catch small fish with a rod and hook."† We must, however, go further back than the *ultima Thule* of our Saxon lineage, for the first fisherman.

Gervase Markham, in his book of "Country Contentments" (A.D. 1611), speaking of angling, says: "For the antiquity thereof (for al pleasures, like Gentry, are held to be most excellent, which is most ancient), it is by some Writers sayd to be found out by *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* his Wife after the general flood; others write that it was the invention of *Saturne*, after the peace concluded between him and his brother Tytan; and others that it came from *Belus* the sonne of *Nimrod*, who invented all holy and vertuous Recreations; and al these, though they savour of fiction, yet they differ not from truth, for it is most certaine that both *Deucalion*, *Saturne*, and *Belus*, are taken for figures of *Noah* and his Family, and the invention of the art of

* There is a translation of this treatise in the Sporting Magazine, London, xxiii., xxiv., 1829.

† La professione di lui era di pescare pesciolini con la canna e con l'hamo —*Le Revoluzioni di Napoli dal Signor Alessandro Giraffi.*

angling, is truly sayd to come from the sonnes of Seth, of whom Noah was most principall. Thus you see it is good as having no coherence with evil, worthy of use; inasmuch as it is mixt with a delightful profit; and most ancient, as being the Recreation of the first Patriarkes."

Walton himself, speaking of the antiquity of angling (p. 32), quotes the opinion of Jo. Da.* (as he calls the author of "The Secrets of Angling") thus: "Some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's Flood;" for in the poem (under the head of "The Author of Angling, Poetical Fictions"), the writer says, that urged by a lack of food for his starving family,

> "Then did Deucalion first this art invent
> Of angling, and his people taught the same.
> * * * * *
> And thus with ready practice and inventive wit,
> He found the means in every lake and brook
> Such store of fish to take with little pain,
> As did long time this people now sustain."

But "others," adds our venerable father, "which I like better" (meaning Gervase Markham, see B. 1, *first* edition), "say that Belus (who was the inventor of godly and vertuous Recreations) was the inventor of it; and some others say (for former times have had their disquisitions about it), that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was handed down to posterity. Others say, that he left it engraved on those Pillars which hee erected to preserve the knowledge of the mathematicks, musick, and the rest of those precious arts, which by God's appointment and allowance and his noble industry were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's Flood." These were the same with the tables of stone engraved with sacred characters by the first Mercury, and translated, according

* The name is noted only in the first edition.

to Manetho (*Syncelli Chronicon*, 40), by Mercurius Trismegistus.*

Leaving these amusing fables, we find the earliest authentic mention of angling in the book of Job (according to the probable chronology of Usher, B.C. 1520), where the Lord asks him (xli., 1, 2): "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a *hook?* or his tongue with a *cord* which thou *lettest down?* Canst thou put a hook in his nose! or bore his jaw through with a thorn!" The first verse clearly shows that angling, fishing with hook and line, was practised at that early day. The second verse has been a fruitful source of critical conjectures to both Jewish and Christian commentators, for the word translated *hook* signifies properly *a reed*, meaning, according to the Rabbi Salomon, an iron hook bent like a reed: Mercator calls it a hook made of a reed; the learned Bochart, in his *Hierozoicon* (treatise on the animals of Scripture), supposes that it is "a noose (*capistrum*) made of a pliant reed," as fish are sometimes snared among us; and that the word, rendered "thorn" in the second clause of the verse, means "a hook sharp as a

* Janus had the credit of having taught the Italians among other useful arts that of fishing, *venari pisces* (Alexander Sardus, *De Rerum inventoribus*, ii., 16); but Janus was the Osiris of the Etrurians, who followed closely the eastern mythology, and the legend only throws back the invention to the primitive ages. The reader will find similar traditions among the Phœnicians by consulting Eusebius (*Præp. Evan.*, 1), who had in his eye this passage of Sanchoniatho's Cosmogony: "In times long subsequent to these (those of the fourth in descent from Æon), were born of the race of Hypsuranius, Agreus and Halieus, the inventors of the arts of hunting and fishing, from whom huntsmen and fishermen derive their names. A son (*of Halieus*) called Chryson, who is the same with Hephæstus, exercised himself in words, charms and divinations: and he invented the hook, the bait and the fishing line, and boats of a light construction; and he was the first that ever sailed."

"Quels souvenirs touchans *cette ligne* peut rappeler! Elle retrace à l'enfance, ses jeux; à l'âge mûr, ses loisirs; à la vieillesse, ses distractions; au cœur sensible, le ruisseau voisin du toit paternel; au voyageur, le repos occupé des peuplades, dont il enlève la douce quietude; ***au philosophe l'origine de l'art.*"—*Lacépède, Histoire des Poissons.***

thorn;" but Pinda, Schmidt, and some others, discover a reference here to the method which fishermen had (and still have) of stringing their fish, after their backs were split open, along a reed, when offering them for sale, or hanging them up to be dried or smoked. If I might hazard a conjecture among the rest, it would be that the reference is to some mode of *spearing* fish with a sharp barbed reed. This will be more admissible, if we interpret the 26th verse (in our translation, "Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish spears?" which is according to Bochart's reading) as Le Clerc and some others: "Canst thou put him bodily into a wicker pannier! or his head into a fish-basket:" *vasculis vimineis piscatoribus portatis* (*Scottice*, Creel)? Whatever interpretation we take (for the "reed" is a sore puzzle to the critics), the passage shows that various methods of fishing, certainly angling, were well known.* *Spearing* seems to me likely to be more ancient even than taking fish with a hook, as men would be tempted to thrust such a weapon at a good sized fish before they would go through the process of inventing and making a hook on which to fix bait. The *Trident* of Neptune, which aspiring mythologists have made to be a symbol of his power over three elements, is clearly a *fish-spear* a little out of proportion. His Oceanic majesty may find a copy of his sceptre on board any ship he visits as it crosses the line, and a salmon leister (waster, as the Scotch call it) is the same implement with two prongs added to the three.

The other passage quoted by our author from the Old Testament is in Amos iv., 2 (B.C. 787), and not remarkable, except as showing that fish hooks were in common use. To these may be added, Isaiah xix., 8; Habakkuk i., 15. Indeed, the Jews were much addicted both to the net

* Goguet (Book ii.) says with truth, that *nets* are known only to men advanced in the arts of life. So Plutarch *De Soler. Anim.*

and the angle, as appears from many passages, none of which, however, throw any light on our subject.

The farthest stretch of profane writers into the history of fishing is the mention made by Diodorus Siculus (Lib. i., 52), of Mœris the immediate predecessor of Sesostris (see Larcher, *Chron. d'Herodote*, and Bähr on Herodotus ii., 100), which, according to Champollion Figeac, would put him about B.C. 1500 (perhaps a hundred years too soon). This Mœris, the historian says, constructed the famous artificial lake called by his name, which was eighty *stadia* long and τρίπλεθρον (say four hundred feet) broad; and it cost fifty talents to open and shut the flood gates. In the middle he erected two sepulchral pyramids, one for himself and the other for his wife, with marble statues of them both on a throne. But it was also a vast fish pond, having in it twenty-two different kinds of fish, which increased so fast, that the most extensive preparations for salting them were not sufficient for the purpose. The revenue derived from the fishing he assigned to his wife, who had thus out of that source a talent ($10,000) a day for pin money. The passage is curious, as showing the importance of fish as an article of food.*

Homer speaks distinctly of angling in the sea, Iliad xxiv., 80–82; and as his text has puzzled not a little both ancient and modern writers, I give the original; he is speaking of Iris plunging into the sea:

Ἡ δὲ, μολυβδαίνῃ ἰκέλη, ἐς βυσσὸν ὄρουσεν,
Ἥτε κατ' ἀγραύλοιο βοὸς κέρας ἐμβεβαυῖα,
Ἔρχεται ὠμηστῇσιν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι Κῆρα φέρουσα.

The difficulty is to know what the ox-horn had to do with the angling apparatus. Pope shuns it altogether, unless he mistook it for an angling rod:

* Calmet on Numbers xi., 32, thinks that the Israelites practised the salting of fish for food, having learned it in Egypt.

"As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight."

Tne other translators do no better. Clarke, in his Latin, puts the lead into the horn. Plutarch (*On the Comparative Craftiness of Water and Land Animals*) says, that "some gather from it a practice of the ancients to use bull's hair in making fishing lines; κέρας then signifying *hair*, whence κεραεσθαι, *to be shaved*. But this is not so, for they used horse hair, the best that of stallions, as the hair of mares' tails is rendered brittle by their urine." A writer in a late magazine (see Gentleman's Mag., April and June, 1846) thinks that some kind of a *float* was made of the horn; a not very probable conjecture, when there are so many substances better for the purpose. Aristotle (in some work now lost) supposed, that the lower end of the line was *armed* with a small piece of hollow horn, which the fish had to swallow to get at the bait. Suidas, on the word κέρας, says that it was a "pipe of horn to guard the line from the teeth of the fish," which is no doubt nearest the truth, as there was no necessity for making the fish swallow it (see the *Scholia* on the passage, and *Dammii Lexicon*).

A passage, having the same difficulty, occurs in the Odyssey, xii., 251–254,* which for want of a better translation I give rather closely thus:

As when the angler, his long rod in hand,
On a projecting rock assumes his stand,
Casts to the finny fry the baited snare,
And sinks the ox-horn deep among them there,
Then flings the wriggling captives in the air.

* There is a good imitation in the European Magazine, April, 1796.

"On a rock's protruded side,
Scooped and hollowed by the tide,
With baited hook and line in hand,
The patient Fisher takes his stand;
The tug just felt, the trembling line,
Bespeak the prey, quick at the sign
His well-experienced art he plies,
And flings ashore the flouncing prize."

Here are three points settled, 1. The horn was distinct from the bait; 2. It was cast deep into the sea; 3. It could not have been otherwise than light, for it was suspended from the tip of a long (τριμηκει) rod; all of which confirmed our opinion already expressed as to what was meant by the stately old chronicler of heroic deeds in the grandiloquent periphrasis. He would not have omitted the sonorous ἀγραυλοιο βοὸς had he been speaking of a horn-spoon.

While here we may cite for what they are worth some lines from the *Paraleipomena* (xi., 61–64) of Quintus Calaber (about 500 A.D.), where speaking of Cleon and Eurymachus, two heroes of Syma slain by Polydamas, he says, that they were

> Both skilled in all the angle's treachery,
> The net to plunge within the sacred sea,
> Or, from the ship, to dart the unerring spear
> Swift at the finny monsters floating near.

The word we have rendered by spear, is τριαινη or trident. The Smyrnæan imitator is true to the habits of the times he describes, as may be seen by another reference to the Odyssey (xii., 330), where godlike men, when pinched for a dinner, fished with crooked hooks, γναμπτοῖς ἀγκιστρόισιν;* nay, they even dived for oysters, as we learn from the Iliad (xvi., 747), where Patroclus, having with a stone struck down the charioteer of Hector, who pitches in an unseemly fashion on the plain, scoffingly compares his fall to one diving for oysters:

> As divers plunge into the stormy main
> The luscious oyster from his bed to gain.

(I give a rough rhyme, as Pope despaired of getting the Billingsgate into English heroics.)

* "Crooked fishing hooks" occur also in the Odyssey, iv., 369.

These references are made with some particularity, because they show that (though according to Plato, Rep. iii., and others, the Homeric heroes never ate fish), legitimate angling with rod hook, and armed line, was common in the Trojan age.

In later times, fish of various kinds became the food most in demand by the Grecian palate, so much so that οψον, their word originally for cooked food, or food eaten with bread (corresponding nearly to our word *victuals*), was used emphatically to mean fish. Athenæus abounds in anecdotes of fish-selling, fish-cooking, and fish-eating, telling us (viii., 81) that a rich gourmand (fish-eater was their word) looked sulkily in the morning, if the wind were not fair to bring the fishing-boats into the Piræus. The strictest laws were made to prevent the fish-mongers from cheating their customers: among which was one requiring them to stand (not sit) while offering their fish for sale (a "golden law," Alexis (Ath. vi., 8), terms it); and another, forbidding them to ask more than one price. We read also of a "Guide to the Fish-Market," published by one Lynceus of Samos. Fish, except the coarser kinds, were dear, for, at Corinth, if a man, not known to be honestly rich, was seen to buy fish often, he was held under the eye of the police, and punished, if he persevered in the extravagance (Athen. vi., 12).

A curious instance of the luxury to which fish-eating was carried, is given in an account of a ship (or rather galley) built for Hiero of Syracuse, under the auspices of Archimedes; which it took six months' labor of innumerable workmen to get ready for launching, and six months more to finish and decorate. Besides a garden, a stable for ten horses, a *Triclinium Aphrodisium*, &c., there was in the bow a fish-pond of two thousand cubic feet measurement, containing a great variety of living fish. A full account will be found in Athenæus (v. 40, et seq.) of this vessel, the original pattern, no doubt, of the ship of Dover, on board

of which, a boy, going aloft to set the main-royal, was a grey-headed man when he came down. We might multiply such curiosities to any extent, but those who wish more may go to Athenæus himself (bs. i., vii., viii.). Our concern is with catching fish; and we must leave the cooking of them to Mrs. Glasse, and the eating of them to her guests.

It can scarcely be believed, that, in these circumstances, the taking of fish as a pastime was not known to the lovers of sport. Indeed, the earnestness with which Plato often declaims against young men practising it, because, he says, there is nothing in it "noble," or "daring," or "exercising skill," shows that there was a tendency to our gentle art, though the honey-lipped philosopher had not taste enough to feel its merits.* We have, however, no very ancient distinct traces of fishing, especially angling, as an amusement, unless we approve the doubtful title to a votive inscription by Leonidas of Tarentum, as given by Merivale (p. 129):

> "Three brothers dedicate, O Pan, to thee,
> Their nets, the emblems of their various toil,
> Pigris, who brings from realms of air his spoil,
> Damis from woods, and Clitor from the sea.
> So may the treasures of the sea be giv'n
> To this; to those, the fruits of earth and heaven."

* Burton (Anat. of Mel., ii., 2, § 2) says that Plutarch speaks in his book De Soler. Anim. "against all fishing;" whereas Plutarch is only putting Plato's words into the mouth of Aristotimus; for which he is no more responsible than Walton for what Venator says. It is but justice, however, to the erudite foe of melancholy to add, that he takes up the defence of the angler manfully, thus: "But he that shall consider the variety of baits for all seasons, which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, &c., will say that it deserves like commendation with other diversions, and is to be preferred to many of them; because hawking and hunting are very laborious, much riding and many dangers accompanying them, but this is still and quiet." He then quotes that fine, well-known passage from Juliana Berners: "Atte the leest hee hathe," &c.

Generally, the lot of a fisherman is described as one of extreme hardship, as in an epitaph by Sappho (*Anth. Gr.*, vii., 505), which I translate :

> Menischus, weeping for his Pelagon,
> Places above the ashes of his son,
> The fisher's curving net and well-worn oar,
> Memorials of the bitter life he bore.

So Theocritus (Idyll. xxi.), tells us of a fisherman dreaming of gold by his comrade's side, and thus describes their dwelling :

> " A straw-thatched shed,
> Leaves were their walls, and sea-weed was their bed.
> ——— ——— ——— hard-by were laid
> Baskets, and all their implements of trade,
> Rods, hooks, and lines composed of stout horse-hairs,
> And nets of various sorts and various shares,
> The seine, the cast-net, and the wicker maze,
> To waste the watery tribes a thousand ways ;
> A crazy boat was drawn up on a plank,
> Mats were their pillows, wov'n of osiers dank,
> Skins, caps, and ragged coats a covering made :
> This was their wealth, their labor, and their trade."
>
> (*Fawkes.*)

These men, we may note in passing, angled with a rod, among other ways of taking fish; for besides ἄγκιστρα and κάλαμοι (hooks and reed poles), ὁρμεῖαι means particularly lines used with a rod ; though it is not so certain that they were made of "stout horse-hairs," as Fawkes, following the Latin *ordo*, has it, not, however, without some scholastic authority.

Among the Romans, we have early traces of fishing, the art of which Janus had taught his Etrurians. The Italian shores have been crowded with fishermen from time immemorial, and the rivers, even the yellow Tiber, abounded with fish. Indeed, the fish-fasts of the Romish Church are supposed to derive their origin from a desire to promote the profit of fishermen—(a fitting arrangement to be

made, *sigillo piscatoris*), as the Massachusetts people (who eschewed Friday for the same purpose, "lest they should appear unto men to fast") dine every Saturday on salt cod. The wealthy Romans exceeded even the Greeks in their love of fish. The reservoirs are still seen which Lucullus excavated under the rocky promontory near Baiæ, at immense cost, cutting through the hill that the tide might flow and ebb within them; for which Tubero the Stoic (as Plutarch tells us) called him "Xerxes in a *toga*," alluding to the Persian's tunnel through Mount Athos for his ships, which the Roman had imitated for his fish. The fish in them were sold after his death for forty thousand sesterces, and the fish-ponds themselves for four hundred thousand (compare *Varro* iii., 17, *Columella* viii., 16, and *Pliny* viii., 54). Hortensius (the orator) also constructed fish-ponds of a like kind and scale, keeping vast numbers of fishermen to increase his stock, but, principally, to supply the preserves with little fish as food: yet, rather than serve up any from his ponds, he bought fish in the markets of Puteoli, for his entertainments: one could have had his carriage mules out of his stable, sooner than a single bearded mullet from him, and he cared more for the health of his fish than that of his slaves (*Varro* iii., 17). We learn also, from the same authority, that Caius Hirrius (who was the first to set the fashion of fish-ponds), furnished Julius Cæsar, on a triumphal occasion, with six thousand lampreys, for which he would receive no pay; and his villa soon after sold (principally on account of the fish-ponds) for four millions of sesterces.

To such a strange excess did these epicures go, that the fish were brought in alive, and weighed before the guests (reporters being in attendance), that they might see what exquisite dainties they were about to dine upon (*Ammian. Marcel.*, xxviii.). Seneca (who, no doubt, enjoyed the feast as much as any of them) assumes his stoical indignation, and says (*Quæs. Nat.* iii., 17): "Fishes swim in the

very banqueting hall, and are caught under the table on which they are about to be served up. A mullet is not delicate enough unless it expires in the hands of those who are to eat it, being exhibited in glass vessels, that they may see its beautiful changes of color as it gradually expires. Some they put in pickle, and dress living. How monstrous it seems that a fish swims in pickle, is not killed *for* dinner, but *at* dinner, made sport, and feasted the sight before the stomach !" Varro, and Columella after him, query whether Sergius was not called *Orata* (gilt-head), and Licinius *Murana* (lamprey), after the fish of those names.

In these circumstances we are not surprised that angling was practised as an amusement by the higher classes. The well-known story (alluded to by Walton, p. 38), which Plutarch tells of Cleopatra's fishing-party with Anthony, when

> " They wagered on their angling, and her divers
> Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
> With fervency drew up,"

shows that it was no uncommon entertainment; as also does her soothing remark after the general laugh at his strange capture: "Go, Anthony, leave angling to us petty princes of Pharos and Canopus; your game is cities, kingdoms, and provinces." The walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii abound with frescoes of individuals and groups engaged in angling; and one in the more ancient city shows us a number of fishermen at early dawn on the shore, with their rods and other implements lying round them (*Antich. di Ercol.*, xii., p. 273). The fragment *Halieuticon*, ascribed by Pliny (xxxii., 2, 11) to Ovid, and supposed, by most critics, to have been written by him during his banishment on the shores of the Euxine, if not the production of that poet, as Barthius (who, improbably, ascribes it to Nemesian, xlix., 7) contends, must be nearly of his date. That Ovid was no stranger to the diversion,

we infer from frequent passages in his other poems, among the rest Art of Love, i., 47, 48, ii., 393, but especially Remedy of Love, one of which Tate (who was himself a genuine angler) renders with artistical feeling, thus:

> "Or else for fish your bearded angle bait,
> And for your art's success with patience wait,
> Through sports like these you'll steal into relief,
> And, while your time you cozen, cheat your grief."

The graceful and elaborate Oppian wrote his *Halieutica* in the time of Severus. These and other works on fishing (of which we are about to take more notice) make it certain that the Romans under the Cæsars had no small notion of the sport, though they knew of nothing better than sea-fishing;* nor may we doubt that the shores of the lakes and of the sea near their favorite resort, the Bay of Naples, often rang with the mirth and music of the luxurious magnates after a successful chase of the finny game.

Not a few works, as we have already hinted, were written by the later ancients on Halieutics, or subjects of piscatory interest; but it is greatly to be lamented that most of them are known to us only by their titles, or, in some cases, a few extracts, cited by other authors. Among these lost books are

An epic poem, *De Re Piscatoria*, by Cæcilius (or Cicilius as Suidas writes it). He was, probably, the physician whose commentaries Pliny cites in several places (xxviii., xxix.), a Greek, who wrote some books in Latin, and some in his own tongue, whence Athenæus (i., 22) calls him *Archivus*.

An epic poem Ἁλιευτικά, by Pancrates the Arcadian, probably the same work quoted several times by Athenæus as Θαλάσσια Ἔργα. If, as Brunck supposes (though his opinion

* Suetonius says that Augustus was an angler: animi laxandi causa modo piscabatur hamo. (*Octavius*, 83.) Nero, on the other hand, "fished with a golden *net*." (*Nero*, 30.) Sir Humphrey Davy claims Trajan as an angler.

has been strongly questioned), he is the poet of that name alluded to in an epigram of Meleager, three epigrams, and the fragments in Athenæus, are all that have reached us of his writings.

An elegiac poem, Ἁλιευτικός, by Numenius of Heraclea, a disciple of Dieuchis the physician.

An epic poem, Ἁλιευτικά, by Posidonius, a Corinthian.

An epic poem, Ἀσπαλιευτικά, in four books, by Seleucus of Emesa.

An epic poem, Ἁλιεῖς, by Alexander the Ætolian, a tragic writer, who, according to Suidas, was one of the tragic Pleiad.

A book in prose, Ἁλιευτικά, by Seleucus of Tarsus.

Another, Ἁλιευτικός, by Leonidas of Byzantium, possibly the grammarian who wrote at Rome about A.D. 90: and several works on Fishes, in which, as we may conjecture, were some notices of fishing; among the rest, that of Epœnetus, and another of Dorion, an obscure writer, much quoted by Athenæus, who earned the name of *Fish-glutton*, from his luxurious indulgence.

Halieutica, a Latin poem in hexameter verse, by Nemesianus of Carthage, a poet of no small reputation in his time (A.D. 285), who also wrote *Cynegetica*, *Nautica*, and *De Aucupio*. The *Cynegetica* (at least 325 verses of it, for it is undeniably incomplete), two fragments of the *De Aucupio*, and some small poems, are all that we have of him. His style is far from being bad, and the skill which he displays in treating of Hunting, affords good reason for regretting the loss of his *Halieutica*.

Among the works on the subject, or illustrating it, that remain (not to speak of Aristotle, Pliny, *et cet.*), is the fragment we have already named as attributed to Ovid, to which is usually prefixed, by the editors, a brief fragment, called *Ponticon* (supposed by some to be the remains of Nemesian's work on Fishing), and added another fragment, of such little value that it is not worth while to trouble the

reader with the much vexed question of its authorship. The *Halieuticon* contains enough to make us deeply regret that the whole work has not reached us. Here, for the first time, we find the comparison, so often since repeated, between hunting, fowling, and fishing; the author preferring his own sport, because of its freedom from the dangers which attend the chase. He sets out to describe his art with genuine enthusiasm:

Noster in arte labor positus, spes omnis in illa (l. 82).

He then advises his disciples not to put far out into the sea, but to pursue the sport on the shore, or not far from it, describing the ground which should be chosen; and promises a description of the proper tackling, upon which, and the skilful use of it, so much depends. He also gives a brief but spirited description of the various play of fish after they are hooked: how this one hangs resolutely on until he is drawn, *elato calamo*, fairly up, when he spits from his mouth the "hook naked;" how another shakes violently the line, and runs off with it broken; and another thrashes about until the hook tears away from the extended wound; how the *muræna* bites himself clear, and the *anthias* cuts himself loose by chafing the bottom line against his armed back. There is such a spirit in these passages, that we lament again and again the absence of those which are lost to us.

The next work in order of time, which demands notice, is the dialogue in PLUTARCH's *Moralia*, On the comparative cunning of land and water animals. Two disputants are introduced, one of whom, Aristotimus, takes the side of the land animals, while the other, Phœdimus, maintains the honor of the fish. A great number of curious facts in Natural History are adduced, making it on that account a very interesting treatise: but, very naturally, the question diverges every now and then upon fishing, as compared

with other sports. This work seems to have been read and studied by Walton, as he cites from it; and, though there were works in dialogue about his time, that may have contributed to the plan of his book, it has more marks of having been taken from Plutarch's than from any other; but of this we shall have occasion to speak again.

Unquestionably the greatest work of antiquity on our subject is the Ἁλιευτικὰ of OPPIAN, who flourished in the time of Severus (A.D. 198). The occasion of his turning author shows the excellence of his disposition, and is a strong proof, among many others, of that amiable and kind temper which belongs to the true lover of the angle.

His father Agesilaus, a noble and rich citizen of Anazarbus, but of secluded, studious habits, failed, as Severus thought, of paying proper respect when that Emperor made his tour in state through Cilicia, and he banished the philosopher to Malta. The pious Oppian accompanied his afflicted father in exile; and, anxious to obtain a remission of so cruel a sentence, he determined to produce a work of such merit as would propitiate the Emperor, and gain for him his desire. For this purpose, he wrote three poems in hexameter verse—one on Hawking, which is lost, another, in four books, on Hunting, *Cynegetica*, and our work, *Halieutica*, in five. It is pleasant to add, that his noble purpose, so nobly pursued, was achieved. On presenting the poems to Caracalla, that Emperor was so much pleased with their merit that he not only remitted the banishment of Agesilaus, but presented the poet with a gold piece for every line, amounting in all to nearly twelve thousand dollars. The happy son survived his success but a short time, and died at the early age of thirty; thus being fatally prevented from executing a purpose he had long and fondly cherished, of celebrating his own country in an epic, for which he had abundant genius.

The *Halieutica* is the best of his works, showing a riper

judgment and a more severe taste. His style, though not entirely free from Latinisms, is elegant and graceful. The grammarian Tzetzes, who paraphrased our poem, calls him "an ocean of graces." Scaliger (the elder) abounds in commendations of him as a divine and incomparable poet, skilled in all philosophy, and the writer among the Greeks who attained the elegance of Virgil. Barthius styles him "the most flowery (in a good sense) of all the poets." Kennett says of him: "The dryness of his subject, though it offends some modern French critics" (he means Rapin, *Reflex. sur la Poétique*), "yet has not hindered him from being esteemed, by more knowing judges, as an author little inferior in fancy, art, and language, to the most celebrated masters in the Grecian strain and art." Jones (prefacing an English translation in verse, begun by Diaper and finished by himself) declares, not without truth, that "he could not find that Natural Affection, which the Greeks call στοργη, so well exprest in any Poet as him. His Similitudes and Allusions have almost all a reference to this. His Images are all made up of Piety, Friendship, Gratitude, and Innocence. No one ever better mixt the Gentleman and Philosopher than this author has done."

Oppian's skill as a naturalist is quite as admirable as his poetic genius. That he had studied Aristotle and other writers on the subject is evident, but he hesitates not to judge for himself, makes new observations, and gives many new facts. Sir Thomas Brown, in that slashing chapter (*Vulgar Errors*, i., 8), where he shows no mercy to credulous authors, calls him "the famous Cilician poet, who, describing beasts of venery and fishes, he has indeed but sparingly inserted the vulgar conceptions thereof; so that, abating some exceptions" (which he names) "he may be read with great delight and profit." Both Buffon (*Histoire des Quadrupèdes*) and Lacépède (*Hist. Nat. des Poissons*) quote from him with great respect. Indeed, if we would gain the best information, on the subjects of which

he treats, as understood by the ancients, we must go to Oppian.

I have been the more particular in enlarging upon the merits of Oppian, not only because his work is *the* work of antiquity on our subject, but because he is so little read, and so seldom within the reach of an American student. The *editio princeps* of our poet bears date Florence, 1515. The Aldine, only two years later, contains also the index and translation of *L. Lippius*, published first, 1447. There is a good French prose translation, written *con amore*, by J. M. Limes, who has added full and valuable notes; but the only English translation known to me is, that already referred to, by Messrs. Diaper and Jones, of Baliol College, Oxford, 1722, which is rare. It is not all we could wish, but yet deserving of praise. For one, who had leisure, and the opportunity of a good publisher, it would be a pleasant work to bring Oppian into the notice he deserves; for, as Sir Thomas Brown says: "It is not without wonder that his elegant lines are so neglected: surely hereby we reject one of the best epic (*i. e.* hexameter) poets." The best edition of Oppian is that of *Schneider*, *Argent.*, 1776, which includes the Latin prose translation of *Turnebus;* but it should be read with the notes of Limes at hand. I ought to add, that Schneider does not think that the Cynegetics and Halieutics were written by the same person, but that there were two Oppians, father and son, or uncle and nephew: an opinion which *Belin de Ballu*, the French translator of the *Cynegetics*, labors to refute, though not to our satisfaction.

From a comparison of the various Halieutical authorities which we have brought together, we learn that many artifices in fishing, thought to be modern, were known to the ancients. Various recipes for making *pastes* are given in the *Geoponica*, xx. Instances abound of their using lights to attract the fish, "burning the water," as the Scotch

call it; out of many others, I translate this allusion from *Quintus Smyrnæus*, vii., 568–574;

> As the shrewd fisher, bent on finny spoil,
> Invokes Hephæstus to assist his toil,
> The blazing fires, fanned by the breezes, glow
> Around the boat, and light the waves below;
> The crowding fishes hasten in surprise
> To view the meteor close with wond'ring eyes;
> —Then darts the trident, and the briny flood
> Is crimsoned with th' incautious victims' blood.

They *armed* their bottom lines (as we have learned from Homer with horn, but), according to Oppian, with *wire*. They used *gangs of hooks*, or many on one line, sometimes trolling with them from a boat: they knew how to *spin* their bait:

> "If dead, his jaws received the leaden weight,
> New life deriving from the pressing lead,
> Th' unconscious mimic rolls and nods his head."
> (*Jones's Oppian*, iii., 394–6.)

with many other devices which we cannot stay to note.

Ausonius, a Latin poet (born at Bordeaux, and by Valentinian made tutor to his son Gratian, A.D. 367), in his Tenth *Idyl*, celebrates the Moselle, describing, among other things, its fish and fishing. He speaks of the *Salar*, which we at once recognise as the *trout:*

> *Purpurisque Salare stellatus tergora guttis;*—(88.)
> (Whose back and sides are stain'd with purple spots;)

becomes enthusiastic about the *Salmo*, "*puniceo rutilantem viscere*" (his red flesh flashing through the water) and *dubiæ facturus ferculа cœnæ* (about to make a dainty dish for an epicurean feast);

> *Quis te Naturæ pinxit color? &c.*
> With what dye wert thou painted? On thy back,
> The rainbow shining spotted o'er with black:

And now the purple, azure now, prevails,
In varying beauty on thy shining scales.—(97–112.)

Then he tells us of the *Fario:*

Qui necdum Salmo, necdum Salar, ambiguusque
Amborum medio, Fario, intercepto sub ævo (125–130).

Which neither trout nor salmon we may name;
Perhaps 'twere either, were its age the same.

(Quære: was it the salmon-trout? Ausonius has not been the only one puzzled by the questions he suggests.)

A little further on, among some minor sorts of angling, he gives a clever description of a boy angling with a *float:*

Poised on a rock, hid from the fisher's gaze,
His slender line the cautious angler plays,
Inclining downward from his shadowed nook
The pliant rod, whose tip with graceful crook,
Yields gently to the plummet's chosen weight;
The eager fish quick bites the flattering bait,
—Then writhes in terror at the pang, that thrills
From the barbed iron through his wounded gills,
Down sinks the float, and, with repeated nod,
The struggling captive agitates the rod,—
The ready stripling, through the hissing air,
From right to left now springs the straining hair,
And, flung upon the shore, his welcome prize
Flounces awhile in death, and gasping dies.—(247–257.)

Subit indicium is the original for the words italicised in my rough translation; and, strange to say, I can find no other distinct mention, among the ancients, of the *float* or cork (or *dobber*, as it is called along the Hudson). Floats or corks for *nets* are often spoken of by Julius Pollux (*Onomasticon* v.), Oppian, and others, but if the cork or float is elsewhere named, it has escaped my search.

It has excited some wonder that no mention is made of fly-fishing by the Halieutical writers; but the

reason may be readily seen in that they were merely Halieutical writers, giving account only of sea-fishing, or river-fishing near the sea. The trout, so far south, are only found in the colder mountain streams; and the mountaineers, though they might have been anglers, were not writers; but it is incredible, that the habit of the trout and most of its congeners to leap at the grasshopper and *ephemeræ* on the surface, should not have taught men, anxious for a dinner, first to *dap* with the living insect, and then to imitate it artificially. They were as likely to discover the art as our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, among whom we may trace the fly till it is lost in the darkness of unrecorded times. It is, therefore, with more satisfaction than surprise, that we *do* find a very distinct account of fly-fishing, and that as early as A.D. 230, in ÆLIAN's XV., 1, of his *History of Animals*. He there says: "I have heard this account of a mode of fishing in Macedonia. In a river, called Astræus, which flows between Beræa and Thessalonica, are found fishes marked with various colors (spotted trout). These feed upon flies that play upon the water, which are unlike any other flies; differing from bees, wasps, or hornets, but of a distinct species. They have the boldness of other flies, are about the size of hornets, of the color of wasps, and make a bumbling noise like bees. These they call Ἵππουρον. These, as they sport on the surface, the fish see; and, moving slily through the water till they get under the insect, leap upon it as a wolf upon a sheep in a flock, or an eagle upon one of a flock of geese, and, seizing their prey, sink again into the deep water. This the fishermen observed, but could not use them for bait; as, when caught in the hand, the flies lost their color and their wings; for which cause they hated them (the fishes glutting themselves upon the bait, which the angler knew not how to use). But, in process of time, as their angling science advanced, they learned to outwit the fish by their ingenuity. They first wrapped around their hook some

Phœnician (purple) wool, and then tied on two feathers, or the wattles of a cock's neck, of a wax color. This they threw with a pole or reed, an ὀργυια, four cubits long (there must be a mistake here, for, at the utmost, that would not be more than seven or eight feet) and a line of the same length. These cunning artifices they threw on the water, and the fish, attracted by the appearance of the pretty insect they feed upon, seized the bait, and were caught." This account by Ælian (never the most correct writer), is very bungling, but we can guess at what the truth was. The flies were nothing else than our May-fly, or green and grey drakes, and the main material was not the wattles, but the ever-killing *hackle*. Make the rod just twice as long, and the line five times as long as that, and you have the tools of a fly-fisher. I doubt not, that the use of the fly among the mountains, or wherever the trout are found, is nearly as old as the first knowledge that trout were delicate eating. "There is nothing new under the sun." I believe that the credit of discovering this curious passage in Ælian, is due to the author of *Scenes and Recollections in Fly-Fishing*, who writes himself *Stephen Oliver*, the younger, of Aldwark in Com. Eber., but whose real name is concealed. At least I am indebted to him for my first knowledge of it. (See p. 37, of his well-written book; Lond.: 1834.)

Having finished these rapid notices of Fishing and books on Fishing among the ancients, let us take a leap down to more modern times.

It has already been said that angling, even angling with the fly, was practised by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors in very remote times. The first printed treatise on "Fysh-ynge wyth an Angle" (of which more particular mention will soon be made), describes a few flies suitable for the several months, the substance of which is given by Walton (i., 5) as "lately given to him by an ingenious brother of the angle, and a most excellent flie-fisher;" and, in truth,

they contain the essence of all that is known of fly-fishing now. In the feudal times, when war was the business of their lives, the nobles and gentry reserved the chase and falconry for themselves; nor would they be likely to affect the quiet, peaceful pleasures of our gentle art, though, that it was held in some repute, the treatise above alluded to shows; for, when first added by *Wynkyn de Worde* to the Boke of St. Albans, it had this concluding sentence, probably by the printer: "Bycause that this present treatyse should not come to the handys of eche ydle persone which would desire it, yf it were imprynted allone by itself and put in a lytell plaunflet, therefore I have comprysed it in a greeter volume of dyverse bookys concerning to gentyll and noble men, to the entent that the forsayd ydle persones, whych should have but lytell tresure in the sayd dysporte of fyshynge, should not by this meane utterly dystroye it." Notwithstanding, it *was* published a short time after in "a lytell plaunflet allone by itself," the demand for it by persons of inferior quality being too great a temptation for the printer to resist.* In France, as among the Romans, fishing, though regulated, was free to all, and pains were taken to declare it so by royal ordinance (V. L., art. i., 1681, also *Code de la Pêche Fluviale par* M. Brousse, *Paris*, 1829). What must have contributed to the cultivation of the angle, was its being allowed, as Walton tells us, by the ancient Ecclesiastical canons, to ecclesiastical persons,† as a harmless recreation—"a recreation inviting them to contemplation and quietness;" while hunting was forbidden, "as being a turbulent, toilsome, and perplexing recreation;" or, according to the observa-

* The fact of this second impression is very doubtful. See the notice of Mr. Haworth's copy (said in Pickering's edition of Sir Henry Ellis's Catalogue to be unique), at the close of the remarks on the Treatyse, pp. xxxiv, xxxv.

† Nothing of this kind is found in the "Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical, as adopted by the Synod at London," under James, and published 1639.

tion of St. Ives, the compiler of Ecclesiastical Canons, angling is a thing simple and innocent, no ways repugnant to the clerical character: *non inveniri in Scripturis sanctis, sanctum aliquem venatorem; piscatores inveniri sanctos* (Esau., c. 86). For similar reasons, and to avoid idleness in the time that must have hung heavily on their hands, the religious were told to make fishing-nets: *ut texantur ab eis lina capiendis piscibus.* Nor could angling have well been forbidden then by their church, as St. Peter, their *Rock*, was, according to St. Ambrose* (on Luke v., 1–3), *the* angler among the apostles: *Solum Petrum piscari Dominus jubet, dicens:* mitte hamum, *et eum piscem, qui primus ascenderit, tolle.*

We are not, therefore, surprised at finding, among the first books printed in England, the one on the art of fishing, just alluded to; which deserves from us more particular attention, as it is "not only the earliest, but by far the most curious essay on the subject in the English, or perhaps in any other language" (*advt. to Pickering's reprint*, 1827).

In the year 1486, William Caxton (who is generally acknowledged to have been the first printer of a book† in England) and his assistant, Wynkyn de Werde (a native of Lorraine, who came with, or followed him to England when quite young) printed the book generally known as the Book

* We may even suspect the "glorious" Bishop of Milan of having been himself an angler, for he never loses an opportunity of speaking in praise of fishermen, and in his *Hexæmeron* (v.) he gives eight or nine sections on fish and fishing *con amore*. Indeed, he gets up quite an ecstasy (v. 6) when speaking of the fish taken by Peter's hook, making him a parable of all good Christians: *Noli igitur, o bone piscis, Petri hamum timere: non occidit sed consecrat.* Some one has said, that he gives a direct exhortation to angle, but I have searched in vain for the passage, and think that his *spiritualis piscatio* has been mistaken in a natural sense.

† *The Game of Chess* (or, as Mr. Dibdin thinks, the *Romance of Jason*), discovered soon after the Restoration, at Westminster, 1474: a book in the library of Cambridge, dated 1468, but the date is doubted for good reasons. See *Lives of Eminent Persons* by Soc. for the Diff. of Useful Knowledge, art. *Caxton.*)

of St. Albans, which has in the Colophon the true title: "Here in thys boke afore ar contenyt the bokys of Hawkynge and Huntynge, with other pleasuris dyverse, as in the boke apperis; and also of Coot Armoris, a nobull worke. And here now endyth the Boke of Blasynge of Armis, translatyt and compylyt togedyr at Seynt Albons, the yere from the Incarnacion of our Lorde Ihii Crist. M.cccc.lxxxvi."* "On the last leaf is the device of Wynkyn de Werde, and on the reverse that of Caxton. This leaf is wanting in the copy in the British Museum" (Sir Henry Ellis's *Cat. of Angling Books reprinted by Pickering*, 1835). Lowndes says that there are only two perfect copies extant, and Dibdin estimates such a copy at £420. In 1810 that laborious bibliographer Haslewood published a fac simile of this edition with a valuable preface. The treatise on Hunting is written in verse, and is, according to good antiquarian authorities, a tract by Sir Tristam (called by Manwood, in his *Forest Laws*, a Monk and a Forester) turned into rhyme. A woman is made to address the readers, and, having bid them give heed to what Tristam says, she adds: "if you listen, you shall learn of your dame," &c., and bids them:

"Say, childe, where you goe, youre dame taght you soe."

At the end of the poem are these words: Explicit Dame Julyans Barnes in her boke of Huntynge.

The treatise on angling appears first in the second edition of the Book of St. Albans, 1496; and is added to the others already named thus: Here begynnyth The Treatyse of Fyshynge with an angle. The orthography is much the same as that of the rest.

Who the writer of this Treatyse was, cannot now be ascertained. The fact that her name appears, as we have seen, at the end of the poem on hunting, gave rise to a

* Copied from Oldys's note to Caxton, *Biog. Brit.*

general opinion, that the whole book was written by Dame Juliana Barnes. Sir John Hawkins unhesitatingly says: "This book was written by Dame Juliana Barnes, prioress of the nunnery of Sopewell, near St. Albans, a lady of noble family and celebrated for her learning and accomplishments, by Leland,* Bales, Pitt, and others." That a woman of this name lived and wrote about the time of the Book, we cannot doubt. Bales describes her as endowed with singular gifts of body and mind, illustrious, beautiful, and accomplished; who, seeing that the sports she describes were of use in drawing men from the vicious consequences of idleness, and especially, as Ovid says,

"*Otia si tollas, periêre Cupidinis artes,*"

not only exercised herself in the field, but wrote for the advantage of others in the house. He calls her "*ingeniosa Virago*," and, after ascribing to her the other tracts which go under her name, adds: "*She is said* to have produced a little work on fishing also;" and that "she learned her heroical philosophy from some veteran soldiers. She flourished 1460." Pitt gives the same account, but, with that rash vanity which led him, as Stillingfleet observes, to multiply books as well as authors, romances a little more than his predecessor: yet he also only says, that "*she is said* not to have neglected fishing." Gervase Markham, on republishing the several treatises together, under the title of *The Gentleman's Academy, or the Book of St. Albans, &c., reduced to a better method, by* G. M. (1595), says that "the book of Hunting, Hawking, and Armory were compiled by Juliana Barnes in 1486." Thus, all the evidence in favor of her being the author of the tract on fishing, is its having been

* The reference to Leland by Hawkins is a mistake. Her name does not appear in Leland's list of British authors, neither is any mention made of her in his *Itinerary* or *Collectanea*.

added to the other treatises in 1496;* and her being *said* to have written on fishing. The versification of Sir Tristam was, no doubt, by her: beyond this, we have no trace of her literary labors. On the other hand, we know that she was not the sister of Lord Berners, as some have asserted (Middleton's *Origin of Printing*), for no such name appears in the elaborately correct pedigrees of that family; nor is it likely that the head of a nunnery would have had the knowledge or opportunities necessary for such productions. Oldys (to whose note on Caxton, *Biog. Brit.*, I am indebted for much of what I have given), points out words and expressions in the former treatises which he thinks "too blunt and indecent for a woman of any character, much less a lady of the holy calling ascribed to Dame Barnes;" though he should have considered that, in those times, neither sex were as chary of their speech as now. Agreeable to our wishes as would be a certainty, that this first and very graceful essay on our gentle art came from the delicate hand of a noble prioress, we must be denied the satisfaction of claiming Juliana Barnes for our "Dame."

On comparing the several tracts, it seems to me clear that the one on Angling was by a different hand; or, if not, after the author had come to a better state of mind. Neither the language nor sentiment are those of one who loved the clamour and dangers of the chase; for there is throughout a relish of quiet retirement, and communion with nature, not unaccompanied by a meek piety. Thus: "Huntynge, to myn entent, is to laboryous, for the hunter must alwaye renne and folowe his houndes, travellynge and swetynge full sore. He blowyth tyll his lippes blyster, and when he wenyth it be an hare, full oft it is an hegge hogge. Thus he chasyth and wote not what. He cometh

* Ellis says: "A copy of this edition now in the possession of Mr. Geo Daniel of Islington is supposed to be *unique*."

home at euyn rayn-beten, pryckyd, and his clothes torne, wete, shode all myry. Some hounde lost: some surbat. Suche greaves, and many other, hapyth the hunter, which for dyspleysanse of theym yt love it, I dare not reporte. Thus truly me semyth that this is not the beste dysporte and game of the sayd foure. The dysporte and game of hawkynge is laboryous and noyouse also, as me semyth. For often the fawkener lesyth his hawkes as the hunter his houndes. Thenne is his game and disporte goon. Full often cryeth he and whystleth tyll that he be ryght euyll athurste. His hawke taketh a bowe, and lyste not ones on hym rewarde when he wolde have her for to flee: thenne woll she bathe. Wyth mysfedynge she shall have the Frouse: the Rye: the Cray: and many other sycknesses that brynge them to the sowse. The dysporte and game of fowlynge me semyth moost symple. For in the wynter the fowler spedyth not but in the moost hardest and coldest wether. For when he wolde go to his gynnes he maye not for colde. Many a gynne and snare he makyth. Yet soryly dooth he fare. At morn-tyde he is weete shode unto his taylle. Many suche others I coulde tell; but drede of magre makyth me fer to leave. Thus me semyth that huntynge, and hawkynge, and also fowlynge ben so laborous and grevous that none of theym may perfourme nor bi very meane that enduce a man to a mery spyryte: whyche is the cause of a longe lyfe. Dowteles, thene followyth it that it must nedes be the dysporte of fysshynge with an angle. For all other manere of fysshynge is also laborous and grevous; often makynge folkes full wete and colde, whych many tymes hath be seen cause of greate infirmytees. But the angler maye have no colde, nor no dysease, nor angre. For he maye not lese at the moost but a lyne or a hooke; of whyche he may have store plentee of his owne makynge, as this symple treatyse shall teche hym. So thenne his losse is not grevous, and other greyffes may he not have, savynge but yf ony fisshe breke away

added to the other treatises in 1496;* and her being *said* to have written on fishing. The versification of Sir Tristam was, no doubt, by her: beyond this, we have no trace of her literary labors. On the other hand, we know that she was not the sister of Lord Berners, as some have asserted (Middleton's *Origin of Printing*), for no such name appears in the elaborately correct pedigrees of that family; nor is it likely that the head of a nunnery would have had the knowledge or opportunities necessary for such productions. Oldys (to whose note on Caxton, *Biog. Brit.*, I am indebted for much of what I have given), points out words and expressions in the former treatises which he thinks "too blunt and indecent for a woman of any character, much less a lady of the holy calling ascribed to Dame Barnes;" though he should have considered that, in those times, neither sex were as chary of their speech as now. Agreeable to our wishes as would be a certainty, that this first and very graceful essay on our gentle art came from the delicate hand of a noble prioress, we must be denied the satisfaction of claiming Juliana Barnes for our "Dame."

On comparing the several tracts, it seems to me clear that the one on Angling was by a different hand; or, if not, after the author had come to a better state of mind. Neither the language nor sentiment are those of one who loved the clamour and dangers of the chase; for there is throughout a relish of quiet retirement, and communion with nature, not unaccompanied by a meek piety. Thus: "Huntynge, to myn entent, is to laboryous, for the hunter must alwaye renne and folowe his houndes, travellynge and swetynge full sore. He blowyth tyll his lippes blyster, and when he wenyth it be an hare, full oft it is an hegge hogge. Thus he chasyth and wote not what. He cometh

* Ellis says: "A copy of this edition now in the possession of Mr. Geo Daniel of Islington is supposed to be *unique*."

home at euyn rayn-beten, pryckyd, and his clothes torne, wete, shode all myry. Some hounde lost: some surbat. Suche greaves, and many other, hapyth the hunter, which for dyspleysanse of theym yt love it, I dare not reporte. Thus truly me semyth that this is not the beste dysporte and game of the sayd foure. The dysporte and game of hawkynge is laboryous and noyouse also, as me semyth. For often the fawkener lesyth his hawkes as the hunter his houndes. Thenne is his game and disporte goon. Full often cryeth he and whystleth tyll that he be ryght euyll athurste. His hawke taketh a bowe, and lyste not ones on hym rewarde when he wolde have her for to flee: thenne woll she bathe. Wyth mysfedynge she shall have the Frouse: the Rye: the Cray: and many other sycknesses that brynge them to the sowse. The dysporte and game of fowlynge me semyth moost symple. For in the wynter the fowler spedyth not but in the moost hardest and coldest wether. For when he wolde go to his gynnes he maye not for colde. Many a gynne and snare he makyth. Yet soryly dooth he fare. At morn-tyde he is weete shode unto his taylle. Many suche others I coulde tell; but drede of magre makyth me fer to leave. Thus me semyth that huntynge, and hawkynge, and also fowlynge ben so laborous and grevous that none of theym may perfourme nor bi very meane that enduce a man to a mery spyryte: whyche is the cause of a longe lyfe. Dowteles, thene followyth it that it must nedes be the dysporte of fysshynge with an angle. For all other manere of fysshynge is also laborous and grevous; often makynge folkes full wete and colde, whych many tymes hath be seen cause of greate infirmytees. But the angler maye have no colde, nor no dysease, nor angre. For he maye not lese at the moost but a lyne or a hooke; of whyche he may have store plentee of his owne makynge, as this symple treatyse shall teche hym. So thenne his losse is not grevous, and other greyffes may he not have, savynge but yf ony fisshe breke away

after that he is take on the hoke, or elles that he catche nought: whyche ben not grevous. For yf he faylle of one, he may not faylle of a nother, yf he dooth as thys treatyse techeth; but yf there be nought in the water. And yet atte the leest he hath his holsom walke, and mery at his ease. A swete ayre of the swete savoure of the mede flowers: that makyth hym hungry. He hereth the melodyous armony of fowles. He seeth the yonge swannes: heerons: duckes: cotes and many other fowles whyche me semyth better than all the noyse of houndys, the blastes of hornys, and the songe of furlis that hunters, fawkeners and fowlers can make. And yf the angler take fysshe; surely then is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte. Also, whosoo will use the game of anglynge: he must rise erly, whyche thyng is prooffytable to man in this wyse. That is to wyte: moost to the heele of his soule. For it shall cause him to be holy; and to the heele of his body, for it shall cause hym to be hole. Also to the encrease of his goodys. For it shall make hym ryche. As the old Inglysshe proverb sayth in this wyse; Whosoo woll ryse erly shall be holy, helthy, and zely. Thus have I provyd in my entent that the dysporte and game of anglynge is the very meane and cause that enduceth a man into a mery spyryte. . . . And, therefore, to al you that ben vertuous, gentyll, and free-borne, I wryte and make this symple treatyse folowynge; by whyche ye maye have the full crafte of anglynge to dysporte you at your luste: to the entent that your aege may be the more floure and the lenger to endure."

Again, at the close, after dissuading from fishing in other men's properties to their hurt, our author adds: "And also yf ye doo in lyke mannere as this treatyse shewyth you, ye shall have no nede to take of other menys; whiles ye shall have ynough of your owne takynge yf ye lyste to labour therefore. Whyche shall be to you a very pleasure to se the fayre, bryght shynynge scalye fysshes desceyved

by your crafty meanes, and drawen upon londe. Also that ye breke noo mannys heggys in going aboute your dysportes; ne open noo mannes gates but that ye shytte theym agayn. Also, ye shall not use this forsayd crafty dysporte for ne coveteseness, to thencreasynge and sparynge of your money oonly, but pryncypally for your solace, and to cause the helthe of your body and specyally of your soule. For whanne ye purpoos to goo on your dysportes in fysshynge, ye woll not desyre gretly many persones wyth you, whyche myghte lette you of your game. And then ye maye serve God devoutly, in sayenge affectuously youre custumable prayer. And thus doynge ye shall eschewe and voyde many vyces; as ydlenes, whyche is the pryncypal cause to enduce man to many other vyces, as is ryght well knowen. Also ye shall not be ravenous in takyng of your sayd game as to mooche at one tyme: whyche ye may lyghtlye doo if ye doo in every poynt as this present treatyse showyth you in every poynt. Which lyghtly be occasyon to dystroye your owne dysportes, and other mennys also. As whanne ye have a suffycyent mese ye sholde covet no more at that tyme. Also ye shall beysye yourselfe to nourysth the game in all that ye maye, and to dystroye all such thynges as ben devourers of it. And all those that done after this rule shall have the blessynge of God and Saynt Peter, whyche he theym graunte, that wyth his precyous bloode vs boughte."

How true a feeling pervades all this, and how does it come home to the heart of a genuine angler!

Though Walton does not speak of this ancient treatise, he may have both seen and studied it; for, as Hawkins observes, "the difference between its Twelve sorts of Flies and his is small, as well in the order as the manner of describing them." I may add, what has escaped the notice of others, that, at the close of Walton's last chapter, the prayer of Venator is a Protestant version of the promise

at the close of the older work: for, where that speaks of the "blessynge of god and Saynt Peter," he says, "Let the blessing of St. Peter's master be with mine!"

Besides those by Wynkyn de Werde, there were various black letter editions of this treatise, by Wyllyam Coplande, one at the signe of the Rose Garlande, one or more in the Ventre on the then Crane Wharfe; another by W. C. for Robert Toye; another in Paule's Church-Yarde, at the signe of the Lambe, by Abraham Vele, and probably two others —one in Lothbury over against St. Margaret's Church; the other, W. Copland for R. Tottell; By He'ry Tab., in Paule's Chyrch-yerde; By John Waley, in Forster-laen; By Wyllyam Powell, at the sygne of the George, next to St. Dunstan's Church. (See Pickering's edition of Ellis's Catalogue.)

Copies of any of these editions are extremely rare; not one, so far as I can ascertain, has reached this country. At the sale of Mr. Haworth's (the leviathan of angling books) Library, 1826, a copy of Waley's imprint sold for £8; one of Powell's for £7 5*s*.; and one (imperfect) by Coplande for £4 4*s*. There was sold at the same time for nineteen guineas, a copy by Wynkyn de Werde, formerly in the Harleian Library, from which it passed through several hands into the possession of Mr. Haworth. A note in the sale Catalogue of his Library,* says of this unquestionable unique: "Mr. Haslewood, in his elaborate Literary and Bibliographical Prefix to the Boke of St. Albans, in 1810, states his not being aware of any circumstance by which he could decide whether the present 'treatyse' formed an entire impression, or was part only of some undescribed edition of the Book of Sir Tristam. This, however, may now be set at rest. In an inventory of books prepared by Lord Stafford, at Stafford Castle, in 1556, the treatises of Hawking and Hunting are noticed, as having

* In my collection.

been printed by Wynkyn de Werde in 1532; and as 'the Truyte of Redempcion,' (*bound*) recently with the present treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle, in the same volume (is) by the same printer, with the same mark, and with identically the same type, it is not presuming too far, even in the absence of an affixed date, to place it in 1532 (the date of the Fruyte of Redempcion); and that it is, in fact, only a portion of the selection of that date, hitherto undescribed." If this statement be correct, it renders more than doubtful the separate publication of the Treatyse on Fysshynge with an angle, given as No. II. in Ellis's Cat. (by Pickering), where Mr. Haworth's copy, since in the possession of George Wilkinson, Esqr., is said to be unique.

The book on our subject next in date has this title: "*A Booke of Fishing with Hook and Line, and of all other instruments thereunto belonging, and of Sundrie Engines and Trappes, to take Polcats, Buzards, Rattes, Mice, and all other kind of Vermine and Beasts whatsoever, most profitable for all Warriners, and such as delight in this kinde of sport and pastime. Made by* L. M. London, 1590 Printed by John Wolfe, and sold by Edward White." A small quarto 2d ed., Lond., 1596; 3d, 1600; 4th, 1606. It is principally taken from *The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*, having some additions, and remarks on the preservation of fish in ponds. It is now very rare. Mr. Haworth's copy of the first edition was imperfect (he had two of 1600, which sold for £1 19*s.* and £2 12*s.*). Stephen Oliver, jr., says of it: "The angler will not be induced to expect much that will interest him, though it holds out the prospect of so great a treat to those lovers of field sports, who are fond of hunting everything from 'the flea in the blanket to the elephant in the jungle,' and who would assuredly feel extreme delight in being instructed in the use of 'sundrie Engines and Trappes to take Polcats, Buzards, Rattes, Mice, and all

other kindes of Vermine and Beasts whatsoever.' The greater part of that portion of the book which treats of fishing is clumsily taken from the 'Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle,' and marred in the transfer; but then it must be confessed that there are some curious instructions, which are peculiarly the author's own, such as: How to catch eels in pottles of hay; how to bob for eels; and how to breed miller's thumbs and loaches. The book is altogether such an one, as a professional author, who did not know a weasel from a foumart, might be supposed to make from the dictation of a rat-catcher, who occasionally amused himself with a sweep-net or an eel-spear, in the intervals of his regular vocation." The L. M., whose initials are on the title, is understood to have been the person referred to by Walton, in the beginning of his ninth charpter, when he observes of the carp: "It is generally thought that they were brought to England by one Mr. Mascal, who then lived at Plumstead, in Sussex, a county that abounds more with this fish than any in this nation." The Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle, however, speaks of the carp being in England, though it says they were very few. Leonard Mascal also translated a book on Planting and Grafting, 1589–1592, and wrote another on Cattle, 1596.

The* next book deserving notice has this title: "*A new Booke of Good Husbandry, very pleasaunt, and of great profite both for Gentlemen and Yomen: containing The Order and maner of making of Fish-pondes, with the breeding, preserving, and multiplying of the Carpe, Tench,*

* Ellis gives the following title of a book, a description of which I take from him: G(ryndall's) (W[illiam]) *Hawking, Hunting, Fowling, and Fishing, with the true measures of Blowing, now newly collected by* W. G., *Faukener*, 4to.: Lond., Islip., 1596. *Hawking, Hunting, Fishing, with the true measures of Blowing, newly corrected and amended*, 4to., *Lond. Edio. Alde.*, 1596.

(Mr. Haworth had a copy which sold for four guineas.)

Pike, and Troute, and diverse kinds of other Fresh fish. Written in Latin by JANUS DUBRAVIUS, *and translated into English at the speciale request of* GEORGE CHURCHEY, *Fellow of Lion's Inne, the 9th of February*, 1599. *Imprinted at London, by William White, dwelling in Cow Lane.* 1599."

The publisher prefixes

THE BOOKE'S REQVEST.

Rede over, then judge,
Condemn not befere:
VVith judgment just reiect,
Or els embrace my love.
Mine authour vvas the first
And last, as I suppose,
That ever did assay
These secrets to disclose.
If ought be thought avvry,
And seeme to thee unsounde,
VVith penne I pray amende,
And not vvith tongue confounde.

Walton quotes from this book three times, but had it more often in his eye when treating of the habits of fish. Dubravius does not speak of angling; for, though in his "5 or laste acte of his Booke of Fishing, more merrie and pleasant than the others," he gives the title, "*Of the times of Fishing and the Instruments*," he tells us only of nets. Treating of "troutes," he says; "According to the minde of Ausonius, I doe call *Saler* that fish which is commonly called Trutta, or Troute. Ausonius, in his Booke *De Mosella*, paynteth the Troute in his cullers after this sort:

'The purple trout on every side,
Hath starrish strakes along to glide.'

And thus much he sayth, to make a difference betweene Troutes, because there is another Troute, which has in his side litele starres as an ensign or token of his nobilitie:

but they be somewhat blackish, which you Germans call Aeschinius. Both these kindes are called *Salares* Troutes, *a Saltatu*, of leaping, because they leape on high; but in especiale the purple troute, which easily will leape over high hedges or dammes" (v. 10).

Janns (John) Dubravius (Dubran) Scala was born at Pilsen in Bohemia, was made Bishop of Ormutz in Moravia, and afterwards sent as Ambassador into Sicily. He was President of the court which tried the Rebels at Smalcald. Besides his book *De Piscinis et Piscium qui in eis aluntur naturis*, he wrote a valuable history of Bohemia in xxxiii. books, 1575. He died not long afterwards, with great reputation for piety and learning.

The English translation of his work on Fish and Fish-ponds is very rare, it never having been reprinted. It is in black letter.

In the year after the above appeared, "*Certaine Experiments concerning Fish and Fruite, practised* by John Taverner, *Gentleman, and by him published for the benefit of others. London. Printed for William Ponsonby.* 1600." Small quarto. The author, in his preface, declares himself to have taken his intention to publish his own experiments from the publication by Churchey of Dubravius. He is altogether occupied by Fish in ponds, and says nothing of angling. The book has never been reprinted, and is extremely rare. Mr. Haworth's sold for £2, 1*s*. My copy is bound up with Dubravius, and the two seem generally to have been companions. It is in black letter.

In 1613 there appeared a poem of a hundred and fifty Spenserian stanzas with the title: "*Secrets of Angling, teaching the choicest Tooles, Baytes, and Seasons for taking of any Fish in pond or river, familiarly practised and opened in three bookes, by* J. D., Esqr., *London.*" 12mo. On the title is a wood-cut, representing two men, one with a sphere at the end of his angle and a label,

"Hold hook and line,
Then all is mine;"

the other with a fish:

"Well fare the pleasure
That brings such treasure."

Beloe says: "Perhaps there is not, in the circle of English literature, a rarer book than this—Sir John Hawkins confessed that he could never get a sight of it." (Anecd. of Lit., vol. ii., p. 64.) There is a copy in the Bodleian Library. It has these commendatory verses:

"IN DUE PRAISE OF HIS PRAISEWORTHY SKILL AND WERKE.

"In skills that all do seek, but few do find,
Both gain and game (like sun and moon do shine),
Then th' Art of Fishing thus is of that kind;
The angler taketh both with hook and line,
And as with lines both these he takes; this takes
With many a line, well-made both ears and hearts,
And by this skill the skil-lesse skilful makes:
The corpes whereof dissected so he parts,
Upon a humble subject never lay
More proud, yet plainer lives the plain to lead,
This plainer Art with pleasure to survey,
To purchase it with profit by that DEED,
Who thinks this skills too low than for the high.
This angler read, and they'll be mine thereby."

Jo. Daves.

A second edition, "*augmented with many approved experiments*, by W. LAWSON,"* appeared in 1652. It has at

* The address "to the Reader," by "W. Lawson," is so neatly written, and the book so rare, that we are tempted to give it: "It may seeme in me presumption to adde this little comment to the werke of so worthy an author. But Mr. Harrison, the stationer's, request and desire to give his country satisfaction must be satisfied, and in it myselfe excused. What mine observations are, I refer to censure: assuredly, the truth stands in so well-grounded experience, that, but my haste, nothing can do them injury. What to me is doubtfull, I have, as I can, explained; what wants in my judgment, I have supplied as the time would suffer; what I passe by, I approve. The authour, by verse, hath expressed much learning, and by

the end some few recipes and rules, one of which is signed R. R.,* and the last bids us: "Pray to God with your hearte to blesse your lawfull exercise." This edition is also rare in the extreme. A copy, though expensively bound, but having the date cut off, cost Mr. Haworth ten guineas; another sold at his sale for £1; and one with frontispiece at Mr. Symond Higg's sale for £12. Lauson's edition was reprinted in the Censuria Literaria, 8vo., Lond., 1811. A hundred copies were taken off separately "*for Robert Triphook*," one of which is now before me. This is the work quoted by Walton, b. I., i., where he says: "Will you hear the wish of another angler, and the commendation of his happy life, which he also sings in verse? viz., Jo. Daves, Esqr.:

"'Let me live harmlessly,' &c."

It is also the basis of Gervase Markham's Treatise on Angling, in his Country Contentments (2d edit., 1613), as he says in his title: "*It was written in rime, and now for the better understanding of the reader put into prose, and adorned and enlarged.*" R(obert) H(owlett), in his Angler's Sure Guide, p. 241, cites a verse of it, "O world's deceit," &c., as from Dr. Donne, "his elegie or mournful ditty in his Secrets of Angling."

The true author was John Dennys, Esqr., Lord of the Manor of Owlbury-sur Montem, Gloucestershire, 1572–1608. His mother was a Davers or Danvers, and the Jo. Daves who wrote the commendatory verses, was probably a relation of his, as that was the old way of spelling the name, according to Leland. (*Itin.*, vol. iii., 115.) Walton

his Answer to the Objection shewn himselfe to have been vertuous. The subject itselfe is honest, and pleasant, and sometimes profitable. Use it, and give God all glory. Amen."

* Supposed by some (but without good reason) to have been Walton's honest R. Roe. It is R. B. in the first edition.

might very well have made a mistake, as he was quoting from memory, the verses he gives varying from those in the book; but a record of the Stationer's Company is more to be trusted, and there is on their book (March 23d, 1612) an entry of this very work as by John Dennys, Esqr. Though, as must be the case with a didactic poem on such a subject, the information is neither very clearly nor correctly given, it deserved to be a favorite of Walton's, from the beauty of its verses, a good specimen of which he has given. Here is another:

"There look whereas that poplar gray doth grow,
Hard by the same when one doth closely stand,
And with the winde his hooke and bait doth throw
Amid the stream with slender hazell wand,
Whereas he sees the dace themselves do show,
His eye is quick, and ready is his hand;
And when the fish doth rise to catch the baite,
He presently doth strike, and takes her straight.

"O world's deceit! how are we thrall'd by thee,
That doest thy gall in sweetest pleasures hide!
When most we think in happiest state to be,
Then do we soonest into dangers slide.
Behold the fish that even now was free,
Unto the deadly hooke how he is tide:
So vaine delights allure us to the snare,
Wherein unawares we fast entangled are."

The poem is divided into three books. The First, containing, 1. The antiquity of angling, with the art of fishing, and of fishing in general. 2. The lawfulness, pleasure, and profit thereof, with all objections answered against it. 3. To know the seasons and times to provide the tooles, and how to choose the best, and the manner how to make them fit to take each several fish.—The Second, 1. The angler's experience how to use his tools and baits to make profit by his game. 2. What fish is not taken with angle and what is: and what is best for health. 3. In what Waters and Rivers to find each fish.—The Third, 1. The

twelve virtues and qualities* which ought to be in every angler. 2. What weather, seasons, and time of year is best and worst, and what hours of the day is best for sport. 3. To know each fish's haunt, and the times to take them.

In 1614 Gervase Markham† (a gentleman and scholar, skilled in various languages, who served as Captain under Charles I.) published, though not with his name, "*The Pleasures of Princes, or Good Men's Recreations, containing a Discourse of the General Art of Fishing with an Angle*," &c.; which discourse he reprinted in the 2d edition of his *Country Contentments, or the Husbandman's Recreations*. 1618. This is the treatise already spoken of as having been turned into prose from Dennys' Secrets of Angling. Walton evidently was familiar with Markham's book. On the margin of the page in the first edition of the Complete Angler, when he speaks of the antiquity of angling, he put J. Da. (Secrets of Angling) and Jer. Mar. (Gervase Markham), "whose opinion," he says, "he likes better."

There are some good passages in Markham's treatise; as this: "Since all are now become the sommes of Pleasure, and every good is measured by the delight which it produceth, what worke unto men can be more thankfull then the Discourse of that pleasure which is most comely, most honest, and giveth the most liberty to Divine meditation! and that, without all question, is the art of angling, which having ever beene most hurtlessly necessary, hath become the Sporte or Recreation of God's Saints, of most holy Fathers, and of many worthy and reverend Divines,

* These are, faith, hope, love, patience, humility, courage, liberality, knowledge, placability, thankfulness to God, endurance, memory.

† He reprinted the Book of St. Albans in 1595 under the title of The Gentleman's Academy, or the Book of St. Alban's. Besides several works on Husbandry, Horsemanship, Military Discipline, Housewifery, &c, he wrote a tragedy, Herod and Antipater.

both dead and at this time breathing." Again: "In this Art of Angling there is no such evill, no such sinful violence, for the greatest thing it coveteth is for much labour a little Fish, hardly so much as will satisfie Nature in a reasonable stomache; for the angler must intice, not command his reward, and that which is worth millions to his contentment, another may buy for a groate in a market. His deceit worketh not upon men, but upon those Creatures whom it is lawfull to beguile for our honest recreations or needful uses, and for al rage and fury, it must be so great a stranger to this civill pastime, that if it come but within view or speculation thereof, is no more to be esteemed a Pleasure, for every proper good thereof in the very instant faileth; shewing unto all men that will undergoe any delight therein, that it was first invented, taught, and shall be for ever maintained by patience only. And yet I may not say onely *Patience*, for her other three sisters have likewise a commanding power in this exercise, for *Justice* directeth and appointeth out those places where men may with liberty use their sport, and neyther doe injury to their neighbours, nor incurre the censure of incivility. *Temperance* layeth down the measure of the action, and moderateth desire in such good proportion, that no Excesse is found in the overflow of their affection. Lastly, *Fortitude* inableth the minde to undergoe the travaile and exchange of Weathers with a delightful ease, and not to despaire with a little expence of time, but to persevere with a constant imagination in the end to obtaine both pleasure and satisfaction." Again, speaking of the angler's qualities, he says: "The first and most especial whereof is, that a skilfull angler ought to bee a general Scholler, and seen in all the Liberal Sciences; as a Grammarian, to know how either to write in discourse of his Art in true and fitting terms, either without affectation or rudeness. He should have sweetness of speech to persuade and intice others to delight in an exercise so

much laudable. He should have strength of arguments to defend and maintaine his profession against Envy or Slander. . . . He would not be unskilful in Musicke, that whensoever eyther Melancholy, heavinesse of his thought, or the perturbations of his own fancies stirreth up sadnesse in him, he may remove the same with some godly Hymne or Antheme, of which *David* gives him ample examples. . . . . Then he must be liberall, and not working only for his own belly, as if it could never be satisfied; but he must with much cheerfulness bestow the fruits of his skill among his honest neighbours, who, being partners of his gaine, will doubly renowme his triumph, and that is ever a pleasing reward to virtue."

Markham taught little that was new in his day, less that can teach an angler of any experience now; but there is among his directions this, that some who are not without some practice, may profitably learn from: "Touching the angler's apparel (for it is a respect as necessary as any other thatsoever), it would by no means be garish, light-coloured, or shining. For whatsoever with a glittering hew reflecteth upon the water, immediately it frighteth the fish, and maketh them fly from his presence, no hunger being able to tempt them to bite when their eye is offended; and of all creatures there is none more sharpe-sighted than fishes are. Let, then, your apparel be plain and comely, of a darke colour, as Russet, Tawney, or such like, close to your body, without any new-fashioned slashes or hanging sleeves." Nothing can be more absurd than for one to attempt catching trout plying a rod glittering with bright varnish or burnished metal joints, a light-colored coat flying loose, and a yellow straw hat on his head. Such fish as he will get are beneath a true angler's notice. The best clothing is of dark-green plaid (the color of the grass and trees), a cap of the same, or, if the sun be too powerful, a slouching hat of dark (not black) felt, which will better protect the head and face; while the rod should be

carefully lacquered so as to show nothing that glitters, for the fish will see the rod, and him that holds it, when he cannot see them.

The only other book which preceded Walton is: "*The Art of* Angling, *wherein are discovered many rare secrets, very necessary to be known by all that delight in that recreation. Written by* Thomas Barker, *an ancient Practitioner of the said Art. London: Printed by* R. H., *and are to be sold by* Oliver Fletcher, *near the Seven-Stars, at the West end of* St. Paul's. Anno Dom., 1651," duo. (Reprinted by Burns for Gordon, London: 1820.) Another edition in 4to., Lond., 1653, without the author's name, subjoined to the "*Countryman's Recreations*," 4to., Lond. (Reprinted in large 8vo., by Inchbold and Gawtress, Lond.) He published it, somewhat altered and improved in 1657 (with only a new title-page as a second edition two years later) under the title: "Barker's Delight; *or the Art of Angling, wherein are discovered*," &c., "*both for the catching of the Fish and the dressing thereof. The Second Edition much enlarged. By* Thomas Barker," &c., as before. "Eccles. 3, i., ii.: 'There is a time and season to every purpose under heaven. Everything is beautiful in his time.' *London: Printed by* G. S., *for* Richard Marriott, *and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's Church-Yard, Fleet Street.*" (Reprinted by Burns, 1820.) All we know of Barker is from his own preface; from which we learn that he was a native of Bracemeale, Salop, and had practised angling for three-score years. Walton calls him a gentleman; but he seems to have been a master-cook, for he says he "learned cooking for forty years; having been admitted into most of the Ambassadors' kitchens, and do wait on them till (1657) at the Lord Protector's charge, and am paid duly for it." In the latter part of his life he resided in Henry the Seventh's gifts (an alms-house), the next door to the Gate-house in Westminster. His style is

very awkward, and his book of not much interest, except as to the mode of cooking fish at that time. This is his opening: "Reader, I will complement and put a case to you. I met with a man, and upon our discourse he fell out with me; this man having a good weapon, having neither wit, stomack, nor skill; I say, this man may come home by Totnam-high-cross (Weeping-cross in his revised copy) and cause the Clark to tole his knell: It is the very like case with the Gentleman Angler that goeth to the River for his pleasure; this Angler hath neither judgement, knowledge, nor experience: he may come home light-laden at his pleasure." He seems, however, to have won some hearts, for to the second publication are prefixed seven commendations in verse, three of which are in Latin, though they all are rather in praise of his cookery. At the close of his second book he tells us that the best hooks of all sorts are to be had of CHARLES KIRBY (so early was that name made immortal); and he adds a postscript to tell his patron, Lord Montague, that he had just discovered *salmon roe* to be what Williamson (a century and a half after him) calls "a most lovely bait for trout and salmon."

This is the Barker from whom Walton says (chap. v.) he derived his principal knowledge of fly-fishing, in which he himself was no adept. In the first edition of his Angler (chap. iv.) Walton writes: "I find that Mr. Thomas Barker (a Gentleman who has spent much time and money in angling) deal so judicially and freely in a litele book of his of Angling, and especially of making and angling with a *flye* for trout, that I will give you his very directions without much variation." This, in his fifth edition, he altered thus: "I shall next give you some other directions for flie-fishing, such as are given by Mr. Thomas Barker," &c. Sir John Hawkins strangely overlooked the passage in the first edition, and seems not to have known of Barker's first publication in 1651, but only that of 1659, "a few years after the publication of Walton's book." He

thinks that what Walton says of fly-fishing was communicated to him personally by Barker, when, in fact, Walton states that he drew it from Barker's "little book," which was published two years before Walton's first edition. We shall have other instances of Hawkins's want of accuracy. Copies of the early editions, though rare, are sometimes met with. Burns's reprints were but a hundred copies each.

Thus I have given some account of all the books on angling now known to have been published in England before Walton's Complete Angler. It is not, however, improbable that some treatises may have been lost. Walton, in his complimentary note to Col. Venables, says that he had read and practised by *many* books of this kind before made public; and in his xviith. chapter he quotes for "sport's sake an old rhyme out of an old fish book," which rhyme, it seems from their silence, the commentators on the Angler have been unable, like myself, to find in any treatise extant. John Hockenhull, Esqr., in his "*Pleasant Hexameter Verses in praise of Mr.* (Thomas) *Barker's Book of Angling*," asks:

"Markham, *Ward*, Lawson, dare you with Barker now compare?"

but we have no trace of an angling book by any one of the second name. These unknown piscatorial treasures are hid in oblivion with the lost books of Livy.*

* Fishing seems to have afforded not a few similes for the pulpit, in the more early part of this century. The Rev. Mr. Cotton had in his collection a copy, which he considered unique, of "*A Booke of Angling or Fishing, wherein is shewed by conference with Scriptures the Argument betweene the Fishermen, Fishes and Fishing of both Natures, Temporall and Spirituall. By* Samuel Gardiner, *Doctor of Divinitie. Matthew iv.*, 19: '*I will make you fishers of men.*' *London: Printed by Thomas Parfoot.* 1606." And in a Visitation Sermon, called "*The Fisher*," preached at Horncastle, Lincolnshire, by Wm. Worship, D.D., and printed for Thomas Parvier, London, 1615, there is the following enumeration of

Before beginning to treat more particularly of Walton, it may be well to speak of a very interesting book which was published eleven years after the first edition of the Complete Angler, fourteen before Cotton's second part, and in 1676 incorporated with those treatises under the title of "*The Universal Angler*," I mean: "*The Experienced Angler, or Angling Improv'd, being a General Discourse on Angling, Imparting the Aptest Ways and Choicest Experiments for the taking of most sorts of Fish in Pond or River* (*by Col.* Robert Venables). *London: Printed for Richard Marriott, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's Church-Yard, Fleet Street.* 1662." 8vo.

All that can be ascertained of Venables is, that he served in the Parliament Army from the year 1643. In 1644 he was Governor of Chester, and a year after of Tarvin. In 1649 he was Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Ulster (Ireland) and had the towns of Lisnegarvey, Antrim, and Belfast, delivered to him. His actions in Ireland are recited in an exceedingly rare book: "*A Historie, or Briefe Chronicle of the Chief Matters of the Irish Warres.*" Lond.: 1650. When Cromwell, at the instigation of Mazarin, in 1651

worldly Fishers: "Some *fish* with *Veroe's nets* of the Richest threds, and these are *Golden Fishers*. Some angle for the *Tributary fish* with *Twentie-pence* in her mouth, and these are Silver fishers. Some cast their nets over a *Seale of Churches*, and these are *Steeple fishers*. Some fish with a *Shining Shell* in their *Net*, and these are Flattering fishers. Some fish for an *Euge tuum et Belle*, and these are *Vaine-glorious fishers*. Some fish with an *Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris*, and these are *Audacious fishers*. Some fish with a *Poke-net* for a *dinner* (forgetting Ierom to Nepotian: Facile contemnitur clericus, qui sæpe vocatus ad prandium non recusat), and these are *Hungry fishers*. Some fish with a *net* made of *Strawes* and *Knots*, and these are *Passport fishers*. Some fish for *Frogges* that may creke against our *Church*, and these are *Scismaticall fishers*. Some fish in the *Ayre*, above the *Cloudes*, and these are *Enthusiasticall fishers*. Some fish *above*, *beneath*, *side-slip*, and these are *Ubiquitarie fishers*. Some fish for *a paire* of *unhackt Gallows*, and these are *Seminarie fishers*. Some fish for *Princes' Crowns* and *Sceptres*, and these are *Belzebub fishers*. Some fish for *soules*, and these are Christian fishers."

fitted out a fleet for the conquest of Hispaniola, Venables and Admiral Penn were invested with the chief command of the armament. On their return from that disastrous expedition, both Venables and Penn were imprisoned, with the general approbation of the public. The time of his liberation is unknown. (Biographical Memoir prefixed to Gordon's reprint of Venables's Angler, 1827.) It would seem that the brave, once most successful, but in the end unfortunate, soldier, found consolation in angling and writing upon his quiet pleasures. It is impossible to read his book without being convinced that, whatever may have been his troubles, he was a wise and piously disposed man. His book dates seven years from the time that we know he was in the Tower. It was embellished with neat prints of various fish. He does not appear to have seen Walton's book, which is not surprising, when we consider the troublous times and his own particular troubles. Walton sent him a commendatory letter on his book before its publication,* which we transcribe, not only because it is highly characteristic of our favorite author, but also because it shows the zealous High-Churchman forgetting his prejudices against the Parliamentarian in the kindly fraternity of our gentle art :

"*TO HIS INGENIOUS FRIEND*, THE AUTHOR, *ON HIS*
"'ANGLING IMPROVED.'

"Honoured Sir,

"*Though I never, to my knowledge, had the happiness to see your face, yet accidentally coming to a view of this discourse before it went to the press: I hold myself obliged in point of gratitude for the great advantage I received thereby, to tender you my particular acknowledgments; especially, having been, for thirty years past, not only a lover but a practiser of that innocent recreation, wherein, by your judicious precepts, I find myself fitted for a* higher form ; *which expres-*

* Marriott, the publisher of Walton, was the publisher of Venables, and he used the same plates for both books. It was in his hands, probably, that Walton came to see "The Experienced Angler."

sion I take the boldness to use, because I have read and practised by many books of this kind formerly made public: from which, though I received much advantage in the practice, yet, without prejudice to their worthy authors, I could never find in them that height of judgment and reason *which you have manifested in this, as I may call it,* epitome of Angling: *since my reading whereof I cannot look upon some notes of my own gathering, but methinks I do* puerilia tractare. *But lest I should be thought to go about to magnify my own judgment in giving yours so small a portion of its due, I humbly take leave with no more ambition than to kiss your hand, and to be accounted*

"Your humble and thankful servant,

"I. W."

This is certainly the most courtly language that ever fell from Walton's pen.

There is another commendatory notice prefixed, which we may believe came from our culinary angler, Barker, whose initials it bears:

"TO THE AUTHOR OF THE *EXPERIENCED ANGLER.*

"BY A BROTHER OF THE ANGLE.

"Odds fish! what have you done? You 've half-undone 's,
The ART OF ANGLING to disclose at once
By publishing this book: what? You 're a lover
Of the said ART, and yet so much discover!
I can 't but snap at you: why, this same book
Teacheth to 'stroy all Fish by **Hook or Crook.**
Your plain directions when men understand,
No fish above ground can escape their hand;
For thereby *Pike, Carp, Tench, Pearch, Gudgeon, Trout,*
Etc., may have a total rout.
"Pray tell 's the reason, 't must be no small matter,
That makes you strive of them to rid the **Water.**
You 're no *Rescusant,* sure; if y' are, you 'd strive
More to preserve, and keep their Race alive;
Your book foreshews and makes it evident
That *in few years we cannot keep a Lent.*
But yet, Sir, 't was well-done, therein to put
To every one of these Fish so faire a *cut.*
That so, when we o' th' fish deprived are,
The cuts remain to show what shape they were.

Pardon, Sir, these confused lines of mine,
In too much hast I've cast in every line;
I could not draw 'em smooth; For who could stay
Seeing Fish go all so plum away.
For I must say, To catch Fish and cheat 'em,
Find, who can, surer ways, and, troth, I'le eat 'em.

T. B."

His own address to the Reader is so delightfully written that I must make some extracts: "In this pleasant and harmless *Art of Angling*, a man hath none to quarrel with but himself, and we are usually so entirely our own friends as not to retain an irreconcilable hatred against ourselves, but can in a short time easily compose the enmity; and besides ourselves none are offended, none are endamaged; and this Recreation falleth within the capacity of the lowest fortune to compass, affording also profit as well as pleasure; in the following of which Exercise a man may imploy his thoughts in the noblest studies almost as freely as in his closet.

"The minds of anglers being usually more calm and composed than many others, ... and suppose he take nothing, yet he enjoyeth a delightful Walk by pleasant Rivers, in Sweet Pastures, among odoriferous Flowers, which gratifie his Senses and delight his Mind: . . . .

"But, peradventure, some may alledg that this art is mean, melancholy, and insipid: I suppose the old answer, *De gustibus non est disputandum*, will hold as firmly in Recreations as Palats: many have supposed *Angling* void of delight, having never tried it, yet have afterward experimented it so full of content, that they have quitted all other Recreation (at least in its season) to pursue it, and I do persuade myself, that whosoever shall associate himself with some honest, expert *Angler*, who will freely and candidly communicate his skill unto him, will in a short time be convinced that *Ars non habet inimicum nisi ignorantem;* and the more any experiment its harmless delight (not subject to passion or expence) probably he

will be induc'd to relinquish those pleasures which are obnoxious to choler or contention (which so discompose the thoughts that nothing during that unsettlement can relish or delight the mind) to pursue that recreation, which composeth the Soul to that calmness and sincerity which give a man the fullest possession and fruition of himself and all his enjoyments; this clearness and equanimity of Spirit being a matter of so high a concern and value in the judgments of many profound Philosophers, as any one may see that will bestow the pains to read *Seneca De Tranquillitate Animi, and Petrarch, De Utriusque Conditionis Statu:* Certainly, he that lives *Sibi et Deo* leads the most happy life; and if this Art do not dispose and incline the mind to a quiet, calm sedateness, I am confident it doth not (as many other delights) cast blocks and rubs before him to make his way more difficult and unpleasant. The cheapness of the Recreation abates not its pleasure, but with rational persons heightens it; and if it be delightful, the charge of Melancholy falls upon that score, and if Example (which is the best proof) may sway anything, I know no sort of men less subject to Melancholy than *Anglers:* many have cast off other Recreations and embraced it, but I never knew an *Angler* wholly cast off (though occasions might interrupt) their affections to their beloved Recreation; but if this art may prove a *noble, brave rest* to my mind 'tis all the satisfaction I covet." . . .

Venables was in truth an excellent practical angler with the fly as well as other means. Hawkins is more indebted to him even than he admits for the information found among his notes. I bring my notice of Venables to a close with these words of Archdeacon Zouch: "The Experienced Angler, a little book written by Col. Robert Venables, is now before me. The perusal of it calls to memory days of youth, the guileless scenes of earlier life, spent with innocent companions in 'delightful walks by pleasant rivers, in sweet pastures, and among odoriferous

flowers!' The concluding observation of Venables applies to all readers: 'Make not a profession of any Recreation, lest your immoderate love towards it should bring a cross wish on the same.'"

There were five editions of Venables's work before 1694; the second was burnt in the great fire of London, and the fourth made part, as has been said, of the Universal Angler. Copies of the first edition are very scarce. The reprint by Gosden, in 1826, is beautifully got up, and the small engravings of fish on India paper (inlaid) exquisite.

We have now, happily, after a long, though I hope not wearisome travel, arrived at the venerable name of ISAAC, or (as he, following an older orthography, used to write it) IZAAK WALTON. The excellent account of his life and writings written by the Rev. Dr. Zouch, and prefixed to Walton's Lives (Nos. LXXXI., LXXXII. of this Library), leaves nothing that need be added, except some few particulars and corrections gathered from other sources, principally the elaborate Memoir by Sir Harris Nicholas, in his magnificent edition of the Complete Angler published by Pickering, 1836.

We have no account of Walton from his birth in 1593, at Stafford, until we find him living in London at the age of nineteen, he having been probably apprenticed to a relation of the same name as a *sempster* or haberdasher, which trade he afterwards followed. Of his education we know nothing but as it shows itself in his writings, though it is clear that he improved greatly the advantages he received in his youth by extensive reading, and intercourse with learned men. His knowledge of Latin, a few scraps of which appear on his pages, was evidently very slight, for, though he quotes from ancient authors, they were all supplied to him in translations or citations in English books. Of his natural genius, his taste, his fine relish of poetry, music, and the graces of style, we have abundant proof. As early as his 26th year he seems to have won the

respect of a literary friend for his judgment and talent, as there exists in the British Museum a copy of a poem entitled "The Love of Amos and Laura," 1619, which has this dedication;

"TO MY APPROVED AND MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND, IZ: WA:

"To thee, my more than thrice beloved friend,
I too unworthy of so great a bliss;
These harsh-turned lines I here to thee commend,
Thou being the cause it is now as it is:
For hadst thou held thy tongue, by silence might
These have been buried in oblivious night.

"If they were pleasing, I would call them thine
And disavow my title to the verse;
But being bad I needs must call them mine,
No ill thing can be clothed in thy verse:
Accept thou them, and where I have offended
Rase thou it out and let it be amended. S. P.*

Walton always expresses him very modestly with regard to his own attainments, professing himself "artless," as in his introduction to the life of Donne.

Notwithstanding "the tradition" (according to Dr. Zouch) still preserved in his family, that he was "a wholesale linen-draper and Hamburgh merchant," a "business (according to Major) not requiring the public exposure of his goods," his circumstances must have been moderate; for, besides that he first occupied a shop "only seven and a half feet long by five wide in the Royal Burse, Cornhill," and from 1624 "shared a house with John Mason, a hosier," we find him, in 1632, described as by occupation a *sempster* or *milliner;* "the former of which might be his own proper trade," says Hawkins, "and the latter, being a feminine occupa-

* Conjectured, without sufficient reason, to have been Samuel Purchas, the author of *The Pilgrimage*, "who is known to have written various miscellaneous pieces." *Sir Harris Nicholas.*

tion, might probably be carried on by his wife;" (he might, notwithstanding, have been a man-milliner, nor does the one seem a more feminine occupation than the other;) and retiring from London to the neighborhood of his birth-place in 1643 with what the same biographer calls, "a fortune very far short of what now would be considered a competency," he afterwards, according to Wood, "lived mostly in the families of eminent clergymen of England, of whom he was much beloved."

Sir Harris Nicholas also proves, what Walton's other biographers had overlooked, that he was married twice, his first wife being Rachel Floud, sister of the Robert Floud and John Floud, who wrote commendatory verses to their dear brother-in-law, Mr. Iz. Walton, on his Complete Angler, prefixed to the edition of 1665. The date of this marriage was the 27th of September, 1626, he being then thirty-three years of age. The mother of the first Mr. Walton was the daughter of the grand-nephew of Archbishop Cranmer. She died in 1640, and the only child that survived her in 1642, leaving Walton again a solitary man.

His second marriage, with Anne Ken (sister of Bishop Ken, whose hymns, and, especially, sublime Doxology,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," &c.,

are so dear to every lover of sacred poetry), occurred about the year 1646; the bride being not less than thirty-five, and he seventeen years her senior.

We cannot leave this part of Walton's life without entering a protest against the following impertinent observations of Major (Introd. Essay, xxix.): "That he was bred to trade may be accounted for, either from the circumstance of his father's dying when he was only two years old, or even from his own choice; and that there existed no incompatibility between the character he held

and that of a *gentleman*, surely he may be said to have demonstrated, of whom *that which is most certainly known* would do honor to any station whatever; his 'only son Isaac' we find bred to the Church seemingly as a matter of course; and that his only daughter was married to a dignified clergyman, Dr. Hawkins of Winchester, strengthens all the foregoing arguments." The italics are Mr. Major's own. Impertinent is not a word strong enough to characterize such an attempt to put honest Izaak's worth on another footing than his own pious virtue and unaffected talent. If the simple-hearted angler, and writer of plain artless English, could rise from his grave, not all his meekness, nor even Major's beautiful edition, could prevent him from giving the man a fillip for thus putting tawdry on his decent garments. Especially is such a folly out of place in a preface to the Complete Angler, throughout which the humble author, unspoiled by association with learned, dignified clergymen, and others who had heaped praises upon him, represents himself as a foot-traveller, content with a wayside inn, delighted to have "ballads stuck on the walls" and "sheets smelling of lavender," nay, ready to share his bed with the companion of his walks by the riverside. Cotton was a *gentleman*, and puts his collocutors on horseback: Sir Humphrey Davy invites his friends to go an angling "in a light carriage" with him, as befitted a knighted philosopher: let it be our comfort to know that good father Walton was the ready friend of the angler who goes afoot. Gentleman he was by orthography and spirit, but gentleman in any other sense he cared not to be. As he himself says: "I would rather prove myself a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors; and yet I grant that where a noble and ancient descent and such virtues meet in any man, it

is a double dignification of that person." We should not like him more, we could not like him less, if he had had

"All the blood of all the Howards,"

for, like his convert, Venator, we "do seriously approve of that saying of his, that he would rather be a civil, well-grounded, temperate, poor angler, than a drunken lord." (Chap. v.)

His literary habits having been confirmed and his literary reputation established by his Lives of Donne and Wotton, with a number of smaller productions, he published the first edition of his Complete Angler in 1653, being then in his sixtieth year, his judgment ripe as his experience had been great. Angling had been his favorite pastime while a resident of London; "the river which he seems mostly to have frequented for this diversion being the Lea which falls into the Thames a little below Blackwall, unless we will suppose that the vicinity of the New River to the place of his habitation might sometimes tempt him out" (Hawkins); nor would he have been likely to cease from the harmless indulgence when retired from business into the more pleasant country, which afforded him additional opportunities for the enjoyment. From the date of his friend Edw. Powel's commendatory verses, April 3d, 1650, we may infer that the work was prepared for the press as early as that year, though delayed probably because of the troublous times. He was moved to undertake it, partly, as he tells us in his preface, by the solicitations of friends anxious to profit by his practical wisdom, "having been too easily drawn to do all to please others;" and partly by the unfinished example of his dear fellow-angler, the excellent, learned, witty, and cheerful Sir Henry Wotton, "one of the delights of mankind," for in his Epistle Dedicatory he says: "This pleasant curiositie of Fish and Fishing has been thought worthy the pens

and practices of divers in other nations, that have been reputed men of great learning and wisdome. And amongst those in this nation, I remember Sir Henry Wotton, a dear lover of this art, has told me that his intentions were to write a Discourse of the Art and in praise of Angling; and doubtless he would have done so, if death had not prevented him; the remembrance of which hath often made me sorry; for if he had lived to do it, then the unlearned Angler (of which I am one) had seen some Treatise of this Art worthy his perusal, which, though some have undertaken it, I could never yet see in English." It is possible that among the papers of the Provost he found some memorandum on the subject; for the passage in which he gives Wotton's opinion of angling (chap. i.) seems quoted rather from book than memory: "It was an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent; for angling was, after tedious study, 'a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of the passions, a procurer of contentedness, and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.'" There is a Latin turn in these sentences (strongly reminding one of Apuleius' definition of Conscience, in his *Golden Ass*) which Walton could scarcely have given or remembered. His best reason, however, for his writing the treatise is given by himself in his epistle to the reader corrected for the third edition: "I wish the reader to take notice, that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have, in several places, mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to judge; for divines say, there are offences given, and offences not given, but taken. And I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part of it, because, though it is known that I can be serious at

seasonable times, yet the whole Discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business and gone a fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe ;* but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow, that passeth away and returns not." How little father Walton thought of book anglers, he wittily shows: "How to make a man that was none to be an angler by a book, he that undertakes it undertakes a harder task than Mr. Hales, a most valiant and excellent fencer, who in a litele book called 'A Private School of Defence,' undertook by it to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labour . . . . because that art was not to be taught by words, but practice."

The method of treating a subject in a supposed conversation between two or more persons was, as the reader knows, common among the ancients, and readily adopted by writers after the revival of literature in the West; so that Walton

* As no mention of their deaths is made in the previous edition, they must have died after 1655.

How great a loss, that of a dear friend, with whom we have often and long angled, is, none can tell but one who has felt it. The intimate communings; the morning walk, full of hopeful anticipations; the cheerful, confidential chat, when resting for our noon-tide meal under some tree that shaded the gurgling water; the saunter home in the mellow twilight, moving to contemplative silence, which made us not worse company for each other, all live in our recollections. We miss him when arranging our tackle, choosing our flies, or trying a new rod; he is not nigh with his prompt counsel, when we hook and play some larger trout; or when at home we open the well-filled basket. We look for his active form at every turn of the stream, listen for his exulting halloo, and long for the pressure of his arm locked with ours. Ever after he is gone a sadness hangs over the best fishing day; success loses half its pleasure, and, though agreeable companions offer to succeed him, we had rather ply the line alone: but, blessed is the consolation, when we can say with Walton, he is "now with God."

Very dear, my brother, my friend, wert thou to me when thou wert on earth; still dearer, now thou art in heaven!

may readily have adopted it without following any particular example. It is clear, however, that he had in his eye "A Treatise on the Nature of God," attributed to Bishop Morton, published in 1599. In both works the dialogue occurs between two persons travelling the same way, one of whom has overtaken the other, though the Bishop puts his characters on horseback; while Walton's, more appropriately, are on foot; and, in the former, the learner overtakes the teacher; in the latter, Piscator "stretches his legs" to get company on the "fine, pleasant, May-day morning." The Bishop begins: "Well overtaken, Syr;" Walton: "You are wel overtaken, Sir." Here, however, the particular resemblance ends, except in the inquiry about a lodging-place at the close of the day.

The probability that Walton took a hint from Plutarch's dialogue on the question "Whether Water or Land Animals are the most Crafty?" which was within his reach by the English translation of Dr. Holland from the French of Amyot (1602), has already been stated. The spirit of the dispute is much the same in both, for it is mainly carried on between a hunter and a fisher. It must, however, be remembered, that in all treatises on fishing from the Halieutic fragment, called Ovid's, down to Gervase Markham, a comparison is run between other sports in favor of fishing, nor could it be more readily carried on than by a dialogue; so that all these conjectures as to the source from which Walton took his plan may be hypercritical.

The work was dedicated to "John Offley, of Madely Manor, in Staffordshire, Esquire," with whom, and in whose grounds, no doubt, he had often angled, after his retirement from London; for our author declares that Mr. Offley was a most skilful angler, and that he had received many favors from him.

In the first edition the dialogue is mainly carried on by two interlocutors, Piscator and Viator, afterwards called

Venator (though in the course of the work, others, brother Peter and Coridon, are introduced); and he makes apologies for errors, omitted in subsequent impressions, when the work had been revised and enlarged. It was illustrated by an engraved title-page, elegantly designed, showing dolphins grouped with shells and strings of fish, and by "pictures of the Trout, and other fish: which," Walton says, with great truth: "I may commend, because they concern not myself." Sir John Hawkins (in the preface to his *fourth* edition) pronounces the cuts "exquisite;" and adds, "the artist who engraved them has been so modest as to conceal his name, but there is great reason to suppose that they are the work of Lombart (who is mentioned in the Sculptura of Mr. Evelyn), and also that the plates were of *steel.*" Sir Harris Nicholas ascribes them to "Lombart, Faithorne, or Vaughan;" but the credit is generally given to Peter Lombart, the eminent French engraver, who came to England before the Revolution, and gained high reputation by his emblematical and historical pieces, but especially by his portraits, which are after the manner of Van Dyke. The same title-page and plates were used for five editions of the Complete Angler, and five of Venables's work. The original advertisements of the Complete Angler, in the newspapers of the day (May, 1653), set it forth "as a book newly extant at 18*d.* price."

The second edition was published in 1655, and shows that the author, pleased with the success of his book, had taken much willing pains to revise and enlarge it. The title is enlarged to include with Fish and Fishing, "Rivers, and Fish-Ponds," and he says, in his Address to the Reader, that, "in this second impression, there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation and the communication of friends." The Complimentary Verses from some friends were now prefixed, though the date to Powel's lines was added in the third, and that to Weaver's in the fifth edition. The body of the work is increased

by a hundred pages of new matter, and the dialogue is mainly carried on by *three* persons, a huntsman, a falconer, and an angler, Venator (who takes the place of Viator), Auceps, and Piscator. The arrangement is also changed, much for the better. The first form was simply divided into thirteen chapters without headings; which insufficiency he himself felt, for he prefixes a table of contents, "because," as he says, "in this discourse of Fish and Fishing I have not observed a method, which (though the discourse be not long) may be of some inconvenience to the Reader" in "his finding out of some particular things which are spoken of." In this second edition there are twenty-one chapters, with headings giving the substance of each.

The *third* edition came out in 1661 (some titles are dated 1664, but clearly of the same impression, as there is no other variation). The Postscript on the Laws of Angling, written by some friend of the author, was now first added. Some few alterations may be detected, but they are too slight to need particular notice here, except in the Address to the Reader, which he re-wrote, adding to the clause where he speaks of possible "censure:" "which if it prove too severe, as I have liberty, so I am resolved to use it, and neglect all sour censures." From this we may infer that he had been censured for the style, or the skill, with which he had written, and suppose (though other editors have overlooked the coincidence) that he alludes to a conversation which *Richard Franck* says that he held with him in Staffordshire some time before 1658.

This Richard Franck wrote in that year (though it was not published until 1694) a work entitled, "*Northern Memoirs, Calculated for the Meridian of Scotland, &c., to which is added The Contemplative and Practical Angler: Writ in the year* 1658, by Richard* Franck, *Philanthropus.*

* Sir Harris Nicholas, by a slip of memory, calls him *Robert* Franck;

Plures necat Gula quam Gladius ;" a new edition of which was published at Edinburgh in 1821, with preface and notes, by Walter Scott, who does not append his name, but signs himself,

"No Fisher,
But a well-wisher
To the game."

From his excellent antiquarian authority we learn that Franck was a Cromwellian Trooper, and an Independent, though upon a mystical system of his own, who, for some time after the Restoration, had found refuge in America, as he published a "Philosophical Treatise of the Original and Production of Things, writ in America in a Time of Solitude," the head title of which was "RABBI MOSES." He was born, and for a great part of his life lived, at Cambridge, and speaks of himself as a person of slender education, though one would think (with Scott) that "some degree of learning was necessary to have formed so very uncommon and pedantic a style." We have taken thus much notice of him because he enjoys the bad notoriety of being the only author who has spoken unkindly of the kindly Walton,* and also because he certainly proves

but in Pickering's Ellis Catalogue there is a worse error, in the statement that he was a Captain in the *Royal army*, which is sufficiently refuted by Scott, and indeed by the book itself.

* There is another exception, Lord Byron, who, in the thirteenth canto of Don Juan, says of Walton,

"The quaint old coxcomb in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it;"

and then in a note calls him "a sentimental savage," and angling "the cursedest, coldest, and the stupidest of sports," and adds, that "no angler can be a good man," though he makes an exception in favor of "one of the best men he ever knew; as humane, delicate-minded, generous, and excellent a creature as any in the world, who was an angler: true, he angled

himself to have been an admirable fly-fisher, "whose contests with salmon are painted to the life." Absurd as he is, there are many pages in his grandiloquent work worth reading, and though but two hundred and fifty of the edition were printed, copies are sometimes to be met with, which deserve a place in an angler's library. The following passages, in which he speaks of Walton, will give the reader some idea of his style, and justify our supposition that it was he who so ruffled the meek spirit of our father Walton:

"You may dedicate your opinion to what scribbling practitioner you please: the Compleat Angler if you will, who tells you a tedious fly-story extravagantly collected from antiquated authors, such as Gessner, Dubravius, &c. . . . . Some will be solicitous to puzzle themselves about baits and seasons; so that I foresee it will aggravate and fret their intoxicated patience; where, note, each may search (as already noted) in the mouldy records of Aldrovandus, Dubravius, Gessner, or Isaac Walton (whose authority to me seems alike authentick, as is the general opinion of the vulgar prophetic." (Preface.)

"*Arnoldus*. . . . Indeed, the frequent exercise of fly-fishing, though painful, yet it's delightful, more especially when managed by the methods of art, and the practical rules and mediums of artists. But the ground-bait was

with *painted* flies, and would have been incapable of the extravagancies of I. Walton."

Truly a most worthy judge of morality, and a most worthy book in which to record his ethical condemnation of a man as notorious for keeping the commandments as his lordship was for breaking them.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas!

As a contrast to this, read Wordsworth's (the author of Hartleap Well, whose happy lot it is to fish the Dove) Sonnet to

"Meek WALTON's heavenly memory,"

on his "Lives."

of old the general practice, and beyond dispute brought considerable profit; which happened in those days when the curiosity of fly-fishing was intricate and impracticable. However, Isaac Walton (late author of the Compleat Angler) has imposed upon the world this monthly novelty, which he understood not himself; but stuffs his book with morals from Dubravius and others, not giving us one precedent of his own practical experiments, except otherwise when he prefers the trencher before the trolling-rod; who lays the stress of his argument upon other men's observations, wherewith he stuffs his indigested octavo; so brings himself under the angler's censure, and the common calamity of a plagiary, to be pitied (poor man!) for his loss of time in scribbling and transcribing other men's notions. These are the drones that rob the hive, yet flatter the bees that they bring them honey.

"*Theophilus.* I remember the book, but you inculcate his *erratas;* however, it may pass muster among common muddlers.

"*Arnol.* No, I think not, for *I remember in Stafford I urged his own argument upon him*, that pickerel weed of itself breeds pickerel. Which question was no sooner stated, but he transmits himself to his authority, viz. Gessner, Dubravius, and Androvandus. Which I readily opposed, and offered my reasons to prove the contrary; asserting, that pickerels have been fished out of ponds where that weed (for aught I knew) never grew since the nonage of time, nor pickerel ever known to shed their spawn there. This I propounded from a rational conjecture of the heronshaw, who to commande herself with a fry of fish, because in a great measure part of her maintenance, probably might lay some spawn about her leg in regard adhering to the segs and bull-rushes near the shallows, where the fish shed their spawn, as myself and others without curiosity have observed. And this slimy substance, adhering to her legs, &c., and she mounting the air for

another station, in probability mounts with her. When, note, the next pond she happily arrives at, possibly she may leave the spawn behind her, which my Compleat Angler no sooner deliberated, but drop'd his argument, and leaves Gessner to defend it, and so huff'd away: which renders him rather a formal opinionist than a reform'd and practical artist, because to celebrate such antiquated records, whereby to maintain such an improbable assertion.

"*Theophl.* This was the point, I confess: pray, go on.

"*Arn.* In his book, intituled The Compleat Angler, you may read there of various and diversified colors, as also the forms and proportions of flies. Where, poor man, he perplexes himself to rally and scrape together such a parcel of fragments, which he fancies arguments convincing enough to instruct the adults and minority of youth into the slender margin of his uncultivated art, never made practicable by himself, I'm convinc'd. When, note, the true character of an industrious angler more deservedly falls upon Merrill and Faulkener, or rather upon Isaac Owldham, a man that fish'd salmon with three hairs at hook, whose collections and experiments were lost with himself."

These extracts show the spleen of Franck against our author; and the fact of his having a conversation with him before the third edition of the Complete Angler, of a character well calculated to draw out the remark, alluded to, in Walton's preface.

The *fourth* edition, in 1668, Ellis describes as "a paginary reprint from the third;" though it is said on the titlepage to have been "much corrected and enlarged," meaning, probably, from the *first*. The list of *errata* is corrected, but in the Address to the Reader the expression "this *third* impression" remains.

In 1676, when Walton had reached his eighty-third year, the *fifth*, and last edition during his life, appeared, with not a few additions and improvements, though it

cannot be said that all the additions were improvements. The Complimentary Verses by Duport were prefixed, and twenty pages of new matter inserted.

Sir Harris Nicholas says: "It is questionable whether the additions then made to it have increased its interest. The garrulity and sentiments of an octogenarian are very apparent in some of the alterations, and the subdued coloring of religious feeling which prevails throughout the former editions, and forms one of the charms of the piece, is in this impression so much heightened as to become almost obtrusive. For example, the interpolation in the last chapter, following Piscator's recipe for coloring rods (p. 236), is in fact a religious essay, filled with trite reflections and Scriptural quotations, whilst the digression on Monsters (first chap.) and the introduction of the milk-maid's second song (fourth chap., p. 73) which contains the only objectionable allusions in the book, are not in Walton's usual good taste." From this criticism the reader will, I hope, agree with me in dissenting. The passage on Monsters does certainly savor of credulity, and the milk-maid's song may shock modern ears, though not against the taste of the times; but the religious essay, filled with (what Sir Harris calls) "trite reflections and Scriptural quotations," though somewhat less condensed than it might be, is a delightful specimen of our pious author's quaint morality, which few could read without being made the better for it. If I mistake not, it is *the* passage which would be selected by the best readers; and the excellent Bishop Horne quotes from it in his Commentary on the xxxviith Psalm v., 5: "The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

It seems, from the letters which the reader will find prefixed to the second part of the Complete Angler, that Walton, conscious of his inability to treat of fly-fishing sufficiently well, had some time before applied to Charles Cotton, of Beresford Hall whom, in the love of anglers,

he had adopted as his son, to give him some treatise on that branch of art, which he might append to his own work. This Cotton had promised to do, but procrastinated until the end of February, 1676, when "surprised with the sudden news of a sudden new edition of the Complete Angler, ... having not more than ten days to turn him in and rub up his memory, he was upon the instant forced to scribble what he thus presented" to his "most worthy Father and Friend, Mr. Izaak Walton the Elder," "which he had also endeavored to accommodate to Walton's own method." Walton gratefully received his "very pleasant and useful Discourse of the Art of Fly-Fishing," and "printed it just as it was sent" him, with some marginal notes, as a second part of The Complete Angler, "*being instructions how to angle for a trout or grayling in a clear stream;*" and ever since the two treatises have been published together. Of Mr. Cotton, and his part of our work, we shall have more to say in the prefatory remarks to it; but here remark that his experience in fishing the beautiful Dove, a rapid, clear, winding river, abounding with trout and grayling, well qualified him for the task which his accomplished pen executed so gracefully.

Marriott, the publisher of Walton, who had also published Venables's treatise, sometimes bound the three treatises together and sold them under the title of *The Universal Angler.*

Having, during the years in which he amused himself with his Angler, published his Lives of Hooker (1662) and Herbert (1670) besides some minor writings,—showing that a love and practice of angling are by no means hostile to industry, but rather promotive of it,—he finished his biographical labors with the Life of Dr. Robert Sanderson in 1678, when in his eighty-fifth year. In the spring of the same year he prepared for the press the pastoral poem of "Thealma and Clearchus, by John Chalkhill," though it was not published until 1683, the year in which he died.

An attempt has been made to show that Walton himself was the real author of the poem; and Mr. Singer, the editor of the reprint at Chiswick in 1820, hesitates not to say, that "Chalkhill is but a *name* unappropriated—a verbal phantom—a shadow of a shade. . . . . In his (Walton's) Complete Angler, he has given two songs, to which he has also affixed Chalkhill's name . . . . and I have sometimes been inclined to doubt whether Thealma and Clearchus might not be a youthful production of his own." Sir Harris Nicholas, however, shows, from the pedigree of the Walton and Kerr families, that there was a connexion by the second marriage of the second Mr. Walton's father with the Chalkhill family, which accounts for the manuscript being in Walton's hands. Archdeacon Nares, in an elaborate article furnished to the Gentleman's Magazine (vol. xciii., p. 2), copies the inscription of a monument to John Chalkhill, a Fellow of Winchester College, in Winchester Cathedral (1679). Walton's own preface to the poem is enough to settle the matter in the mind of every one who considers the frank and guileless character of our venerable author; besides which, it is so characteristic that we copy it at length:

"The Reader will find in this book, what the title declares, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easie verse, and will in it find many hopes and fears, finely painted and feelingly expressed; and he will find the first so often disappointed, when fullest of desire and expectation; and the latter so often, so strangely, and so unexpectedly relieved by an unforeseen Providence, as may beget in him wonder and amazement.

"And the Reader will here also meet with passions heightened by easie and fit descriptions of Joy and Sorrow; and find also such various wants and rewards of innocent Truth and undissembled Honesty, as is like to leave in him (if he be a good-natured reader) more sympathizing and virtuous impressions than ten times as much

time spent in impertinent, critical, and heedless disputes about religion, and I humbly wish it may do so.

"And here I have also this truth to say of the author, that he was in his time a man generally known, and as well-behaved; for he was humble and obliging in his behavior, a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent; and, indeed, his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous. God send this story may meet with, or make, all readers like him. May 7, 1678. I. W."

This character corresponds to that given of John Chalkhill on the monument referred to: "*Vir, quoad vixit, Solitudine et Silentio, Temperantia et Castitate, Orationibus et Eleemosynis, Contemplatione et Sanctimonia Ascetis vel primitivis par, qui a Parvulo in Regnum Cœlorum Viam fecit.*" The only difficulty arises from the date of Walton's preface, which is the year before the death of Chalkhill as given by the inscription; but the preface may have been altered without changing the date; or, as Chalkhill died at eighty, he may have been so infirm as to warrant Walton in speaking of his known life as past. The Commendatory Verses to Walton, on the publication of the poem, which the Reader will find in Zouch's Life, fully bear out this impression.

There have also been attributed to our author two letters published in 1679 and 1680, under the title, "Love and Truth, in two modest and peaceable letters, concerning the distempers of the present times: written from a quiet and comfortable citizen of London to the busy and factious shop-keepers in Coventry," A note, in Archbishop Sancroft's hand-writing, on an extant copy of the tract, directly ascribes it to Walton; and Dr. Zouch is confident, from the internal evidence of the style and sentiments, that it came from our author's pen. But the initials to the poem are R. W. not I. W., and we had far rather believe, with Sir Harris Nicholas, that "the

fictitious plan of the publication is inconsistent with Walton's scrupulous regard for veracity and straightforward adherence to fact. . . . . In no other instance is he known to have used an imaginary signature . . . . and when nearly eighty-seven years of age he must have been too indifferent to the world's censure or praise to have had recourse, for the first time in his life, to anything which bore the appearance of deception."

The amiable, most useful, and industrious life of our beloved Walton was now drawing to its close, yet he seems to have retained his faculties, both of body and mind, to the last. This was doubtless owing, in a great degree, to his temperate habits, his contented mind, and his *love of angling*. On this last reason, Stephen Oliver, jr., writes so well that I cannot do better than to quote what he says (pp. 25–29): "I am persuaded that angling is greatly conducive to health and longevity. It cannot have been from mere accident, or from their having originally stronger constitutions than other mortals, that so many anglers have lived to an age far exceeding the ordinary term of human existence. Their pursuits by the side of running streams, whose motion imparts increased activity to the vital principle of the air; their exercise regular, without being violent; and that composure of mind—so necessary to the perfect health of the body—to which angling so materially contributes, must all have had an influence on their physical constitution, the effect of which is perceived in the protracted duration of their lives. Henry Jenkins, who lived to the age of one hundred and ninety-six years, and who boasted, when giving evidence in a court of justice to a fact of one hundred and twenty years' date, that he could *dub* a fly as well as any man in Yorkshire, continued angling for more than a century after the greater number of those who were born at the same time, were mouldering in their graves. . . . Dr. Nowell (whose love for angling Walton celebrates) . . . . lived to the age of

ninety-five, having neither his eye-sight, his hearing, nor his memory impaired. Walton himself lived to upwards of ninety; Henry Mackenzie (the Man of Feeling) died in January, 1831, aged eighty-six; and the Rev. H. C., who resided a short distance from this, and had been an angler from his youth, continued to fish until upwards of eighty; and I could mention several others, who are upwards of seventy, and still continue in their 'frosty but kindly' age to fish by the side of those streams—associated in their minds with a hundred pleasing recollections—where first the love of angling and of Nature was impressed upon their youthful hearts, which time has deepened and confirmed, and which death only can efface. It must, however, be observed that the oldest anglers have been remarkable for their temperance, and for the quiet, even tenor of their lives." An observation of anglers in this country confirms these views.

The life of Walton (who was ready at eighty-six to make a journey of a hundred miles to angle with Cotton in the "fair Dove," and doubtless fished for years afterwards) is an admirable refutation of those who look upon angling as the idle sin of an idle man. Who, with his opportunities, has done more for religion and literature, or who has left a dearer and better name for every meek grace of Christianity behind him! My wish for my readers is, that they may be as good men and as good anglers; then, I am sure, their time by the silver streams will not be misspent. With what modest faith and meek repentance he looked forward to his translation from the present world, is seen in his touching conclusion of his Life of Sanderson: "Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life. 'Tis now too late to wish that my life may be like his; for I am now in the eighty-fifth year of my age (and God knows it hath not); but I humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may; and do as earnestly beg of every

reader to say Amen. Blessed is the man in whose spirit there is no guile, Ps. xxxii., 2."

His will, in which he declares himself to be in his "neintyeth yeare" and "in perfect memory, for wich praysed be God," was completed on the 24th of October, 1683, and on the 15th of the December following HE DIED. No account has been given of his last moments, but doubtless the end of the perfect and upright man was PEACE. "The morning sunshine," says Mr. Bowles, "falls directly on the marble slab which covers his remains, reminding us of the mornings when he was for so many years up and abroad with his angle on the banks of the neighboring stream," and, we may add, of the cheerful piety which filled his heart with love to God and man.

It would be indeed unnecessary, and, therefore, impertinent, to utter my weak praises of The Complete Angler; yet the reader will allow his attention to the fact, that it was written during the times of fiercest commotion and violent change in Church and State, yet contains scarcely a remote allusion to the bitter polemics of the day, but flows on like a gentle brook, itself a parable of the quiet spirit which it teaches; nor should we overlook the proof of the principal trait in Walton's character, as given by his preservation of his own simple, home-bred English style, notwithstanding his enlarged acquaintance with books and learned men, which would have tempted most men of so slender an education originally, to become affected and pedantic. His language has blemishes, no doubt, but what would be awkwardness in others has in him a graceful quaintness, nor could a fault be amended without marring a beauty. As a piece of pastoral writing, his Angler is in perfect keeping throughout, perhaps not equalled, certainly never excelled, by poetry or prose, ancient or modern. It is in every respect an original work,* though it has been the pattern which many since

* "This Art seems to have arrived at its highest Perfection at once, and

have imitated, indeed, all of any account who have written on the same subject except Bowlker and Salter, whose works are merely practical. As his first editor, Moses Browne, himself an honest angler, says: "Nothing can be drawn more in character; the honest man, the plain, good-natured, inoffensive angler is conversing with you in every line; withal there is a modesty so winning, through the whole; in a rich store of learning, it expresses, under a designed and studied concealment; that I question if its equal is to be met with in any book with so unpromising a title, and that gives no expectation, from its subject, of such an entertainment, that has been written in our own or any language. . . . . There was scarce a man living that ever received more public attestations of familiar love and esteem than Mr. Walton, from men of birth and learning: chiefly on account of that pleasing sweetness of nature and conversation, innate simplicity of manners, and, above all, his religious integrity and undissembled honesty of heart, for which he was so remarked and endeared to all that ever knew him. They sat so naturally on him, you may trace them in everything he writ; he drew his own picture in every line; I think there are hardly any writings ever showed more the features and limbs, the very spirit and heart of an author. These virtues seemed inwrought with his very frame, and gave him the name, with posterity, of a Nathaniel (like whom it might be said of him, and of none, perhaps, more justly) 'in whom there was no guile.'" (Preface to 6th edition.)

But I forbear, as there would be no end to quotations from the writings of the best authors and the best men

to have been the same in Mr. Walton as that of Poetry was in Homer. The Improvements that are made by the Generality of *later* writers, are indeed so few, and for the most part so trivial, rather adding to and perplexing his Words, like the Commentators on a Greek Poet, than either clearing up or enlarging his Sense, that I could not but wonder at seeing so much done to little Purpose."—*British Angler. J. Williamson, Gent.*, 1740.

eulogistic of our favorite author and favorite book. The collection of verses in his praise, given hereafter, will show how much he is appreciated by poets, and the reader cannot be ignorant of what has been said in prose, from Dr. Johnson (who, notwithstanding his definition of an angle-rod, written under an indigestion, intended to have written Walton's life, and prompted Browne to edit the Angler) to those of our own day,—Scott, Washington Irving, Wilson (Ambrosian Wilson, the best angler north of the Tweed), Bowles (Life of Kerr), and a host of others. Indeed, we may say of Walton's merits, to the readers of his writings, what Silvio Pellico says of honesty and religion: "Chi non trova tai prove nella sua conscienza, non le trovera mai in mio libro."

A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine (April, 1846) says, after relating a conference with a bookseller, that he believes Walton's Angler to be the most popular book in the English language, after Josephus. This is exaggeration, for, to say nothing of Shakspeare, Pilgrim's Progress and Robinson Crusoe, on a fair search, would be found to be more generally known and appreciated; but the number of editions through which the Angler has passed, and is constantly passing, might very well have suggested the mistake.

Copies of the early editions are rare: a good copy of the first will readily bring twelve guineas or more; the second, third, fourth, and fifth, a price in close proportion. At the Rev. Mr. Cotton's sale, his collection of the first, second, third (a presentation copy to Mrs. Ann King, with Walton's autograph) and fifth, sold together for £53. A fac-simile of the first edition was published by Bagster in 1810. The plates were engraved on silver, and unfortunately destroyed by fire.

No new edition of our work appeared until 1750, when the book having become scarce, Moses Browne published it with preface, notes, and (as he thought) emendations,

which he had been some time preparing (his preface is dated March, 1749), as he says: "At the Instigation of an ingenious and learned Friend, whose Judgment of Men and of Books is sufficiently established by his own writings in the Opinion of the World, Mr. Samuel Johnson, Author of the Folio Dictionary of the English Language, who may probably on another Occasion oblige the Publick with the Life of Mr. Walton." (This last clause was omitted in Browne's second edition, and the one before it substituted, no doubt at Dr. Johnson's request.)

Browne was originally a pen cutter, but early devoted himself to literary pursuits. At twenty years of age he produced two dramatic pieces, one a tragedy, the other a comedy, and was one of the chief poetical supporters of the Gentleman's Magazine: in 1729, when only twenty-five, he published, without his name, nine piscatory Eclogues, with the title of Angling Sports, which he edited again in 1730, and in an extended form in 1772. His preface is an elaborate defence of Pastorals, especially the Piscatory, against the strictures of Rapin and others. If he had not told us of his early fondness for Walton's Angler (which he calls "the elaborate apology," &c.), we could have detected it in the Eclogues, many passages of which were suggested by our author's book. The poetry deserves no higher epithet than pleasing, though the reading he shows does him no little credit. He seems to have been always of a religious turn, and his publication of contemplations in verse entitled "Sunday Thoughts," led to the advice of his friends that he should obtain orders. In 1753 (three years after his first edition of Walton) he was ordained, and presented with the living of Olney, Buckinghamshire (John Newton's parish), and afterwards with that of Sutton, and in 1763 he was elected Chaplain of Morden College, from which he dates his preface to the third edition of his Eclogues. Besides the books named, he published Sermons, showing himself an orthodox

divine, some other Poems, and a translation of Zimmerman's work on the Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ. He died at the age of eighty—another instance of anglers' longevity.

We cannot say much in favor of his editorial execution, though it is impossible not to be prepossessed in favor of one who devotes himself to such a work so much *con amore*. He was, notwithstanding, guilty of such bad taste as to apply his pruning knife to our author's sentences, though he excuses himself as having meddled only with "some inaccuracies and redundancies." The omitted passages he was obliged to restore in his third edition, "except a few that were objected to for their absurdity, and were not Mr. Walton's, but quotations from Pliny, Dubravius, and other credulous Writers, as his easy good-Nature, at that yielding Age of eighty-three, made him submit to the letting be injudiciously inserted, in condescension to some of his friends." This is the best apology I have seen for that unfortunate passage about monsters.

His *second* edition, in 1759, he announces on the title as very much amended and improved, and his *third*, in 1772, has twenty pages additional matter, with "several very useful notes and directions," and "the Songs, that are Simple and Natural, wrote with Humor and Character, *he had* endeavored to make still more Agreeable, by indulging himself in an Inclination he found of setting each of them to Music, as they now for the first Time appear, and are his only public, and perhaps his last, attempt in this way." These editions are illustrated with rather rude engravings of the fish, copied from the plates of Walton, and of the several more striking scenes in the book; as, the meeting in the beginning, the otter chase, the milk-maid singing, a fancy sketch of Cotton's fishing-house, and of Walton and Cotton fishing near the Peak.

In 1760, John Hawkins, having been preparing his first

edition of the Angler, it appeared as "the only correct and complete edition," and the reader was informed that "cuts were now added of the principal scenes, designed by Mr. Wale, and engraved by Ryland, in which the characters are dressed in the habits of the times, which cuts the readers may be assured cost in designing and engraving upwards of one hundred pounds." Browne, in a rival advertisement, set forth his emendation of the poetry, declaring the boasted plates (with some truth) copied from the designs to his, and the life of Walton in chief part borrowed from the one printed by him. (Pickering's Ellis, and others.) That Browne deserved rebuke for tampering with Walton's text, is true; and the idea that Hawkins's Life was in chief part borrowed from his meagre sketch is preposterous: but the cool, contemptuous, utter silence of Hawkins respecting Browne's editions, when it is very evident that he had read and appropriated some of their matter, was sufficiently provoking. It is true, also, that Wale did copy the fish from those in the original edition, nor can we compare the engravings of the principal scenes together, without seeing that Browne's designer gave the hints upon which the other improved. It is remarkable, also, that the scenes illustrated in Browne, with the exception of the otter hunt and the very absurd frontispiece, have been among those illustrated in every illustrated edition since, so that sound judgment was shown in the selection.

Hawkins, or, as he is first introduced to us, John Hawkins, Esqr., was born in 1719, and bred an attorney, in which profession he acquired some credit. He was an acquaintance of Dr. Johnson's, whose life he wrote, in a very slovenly, inaccurate, and catch-penny manner. His edition of the Complete Angler, in 1760, was his first literary performance, excepting some contributions to periodicals. He afterwards became a sort of Gervase Markham, a compiling author on various popular subjects; but his History of Music, in five volumes 4to., though not

infallibly accurate, any more than his other writings, is really very valuable for the anecdotes and curious particulars which it has preserved. He was made Justice of Peace for Middlesex in 1765, and in 1772 knighted for his dispersion of a mob in Moorfields. He died in 1789. His first edition was dedicated to Edward Popham, Esqr., of Littlecot, Wilts., and declares that his "only motives for the work were a desire to perpetuate the memory of a meek, benevolent, pious man, and to contribute something to the improvement of an art of which he professed himself a lover." He prefixed to it a rather elaborate, though not very accurate, Life of Walton, which has been the basis of all the biographical memoirs since, and the source of the popular information on the subject. He subjoined to the text many *Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory.*" He also caused to be added three plates, of fishing-tackle, flies, &c., with a portrait of Cotton, prefixed to a *Sketch of his Life and Writings*, furnished to the edition by another hand, and a view of the fishing-house, "as it stands in a kind of peninsula, with a delicate clear river about it." As we shall have frequent occasion for reference to his commentaries, little need be said here of their character. In general, his contributions to our Waltonian knowledge are valuable, but much as we owe him, we cannot help regretting that one who did so well, did no better. It has been several times remarked that he is by no means accurate; his notes are not always in good taste; he has overlooked many passages which need illustration; and he lacks, notwithstanding his professions, a proper veneration for his author; nor would we suppose him to have been a practical brother of the angle, if he had not declared himself one, for he has not the true enthusiasm. Still, he has deservedly linked his name to Walton's immortality.

The plates, which are numerous, better engraved by the skilful but unfortunate Ryland* than designed by Wale, were used in all the subsequent editions until that edited by his son, John Sidney Hawkins, in 1797, when all, except those of the fishing-tackle, were worn out.

His subsequent editions were, like the first, in 8vo.: 1766: 1775 (by now Sir John Hawkins): 1784 (in which "he was tempted to a revision, a correction of some mistakes, and the insertion of sundry such facts as he flattered himself would greatly improve it;" besides amplifying the notes, he made additions to the Life of Walton, and also "thought proper to give an account of Mr. Cotton, chiefly extracted from his own writings, less diffuse and desultory, but containing a greater number of interesting facts, and

* Some account of Ryland may not be uninteresting: He was the son of a copper-plate printer, learned engraving under Ravenet, and studied afterwards, with much profit, in France and Italy. His copper-plates yielded impressions having the softness of chalk-drawings, and he was appointed engraver to the King with a pension of £300 per annum. A partnership with a print-seller named Bryer, in Cornhill, brought him to bankruptcy, and in an evil hour he forged on the East India Company an acceptance for £7114. A reward of £300 was offered for him by the Company on April 2d, 1783, and on the 16th he was taken in the garret of a house at Stepney, occupied by a cobbler and his wife, having been discovered by his name written in his shoe, over which he had pasted a bit of paper when he gave the shoe to be mended. The cobbler's wife, having secured the reward, returned with two justices, and Ryland, seeing the carriage stop, instantly cut his throat so desperately, that on the 24th his recovery seemed impossible. He made a discovery of two of his three accomplices, and was afterwards executed. He is described in the advertisements as "about fifty years of age, about five feet nine inches high, wearing a wig with a club or cue, and his own hair turned over in front; a black complexion, a thin face, with strong lines; his common countenance very grave, but whilst he speaks rather smiling, and shows his teeth, and has great affability of manner."

The above account is compiled from various sources, but principally a scrap cut from the "Political Magazine" of the above year, and kindly furnished me by Edward D. Ingraham, Esqr., of Philadelphia, an accomplished bibliophile and lover of Walton.

an ampler description of his character than that which accompanied the former editions") : 1792 (with Sir John's name on the title, but edited by his son John Sidney Hawkins, who added some notes left by his father on the margin of the last edition, with others made up from Sir John's *Memoranda*, and communications of intelligent friends since his decease. In this the plates are omitted) : in 1779 another, but unaltered edition, by Sidney Hawkins.

Bagster, in 1808, published a revised edition of Hawkins, in a most liberal manner. The engravings of the scenes by Audinet, from Wale, and the fish, from fresh-taken specimens, are very excellent ; and in my copy, which has double plates, they are beautifully colored, and to my taste not surpassed as to *accuracy* of delineation by any since. It is from them the cuts in this edition are copied.

In 1815 Bagster published an edition with new and valuable notes, &c., by Sir Henry Ellis, whose name, in such a work, is itself a recommendation.

In 1822, 1824, 1835, and 1844, were published successive editions by John Major, with condensed notes and other interesting matter as *Appendices*, and an *Introductory Essay* by the Editor. It is profusely illustrated : the portrait of Walton, after the original by Housman, and that of Cotton, after the original by Lely, engraved by H. Robinson ; the scenes, after designs by Absolon, engraved by Wilmore, and the woodcuts, of which there is great number, chiefly by Jackson. It is impossible to praise too highly the designs, or execution of the engravings, or the delicacy of the wood-cuts. Art could scarcely go further, and no more elegant volume can find place in a library than a large paper copy of the last edition by Major. The same praise cannot be awarded to Mr. Major's matter, which is neither so well nor so accurately written as might

be wished; yet because of his beautiful embalmment of our favorite book, we yield to his deprecatory wish, that "the ROD of the *critic* may be exchanged for that of the *fisher*, and endless be the captives of Walton's imperishable LINE." The edition was printed by Nicol for Bogue: London.

In 1836, Professor Rennie edited the Angler after Sir John Hawkins, with notes, principally on the Natural History, but not so well as a professed angler and zoologist should have done.

Various other editions have from time to time been published, in various forms, by various booksellers, but the most magnificent of all is that by Sir Harris Nicholas, for Pickering, in 1836. It contains ccxii. pages, devoted to Lives, &c., of Walton and Cotton, the most elaborate, correct, and satisfactory that have ever appeared, and 436 of the two parts of the Angler, with notes, &c., besides an Index to the whole, very complete and accurate, in 36 pages. The page is tall imperial octavo, the type (excepting the Index) very large, the paper thick and fine. Liberal literary illustrations are given, with great taste and care. The engravings, by the best artists, after designs by the best pencils, are most of them exceedingly beautiful, and the fish live on the page. Sir Harris unfortunately is not an angler himself, but the notes relative to the art were selected by Mr. Pickering, who delights in the title of "an old angler and bibliopolist;" and we can readily believe "that it was to his old friend, Mr. Pickering, literally a labor of love. Neither time nor expense was spared to produce an edition of the *Complete Angler* worthy of the state of the Arts in the present day, and of the importance which was, in his opinion, due to the subject: and during seven years, in which the work has been in progress, his ardor never for a moment abated." Subsequently, upwards of thirty additional plates

were prepared to illustrate the work further; and a tall copy with proof impressions, appropriately bound, cannot be imported for less than one hundred dollars.

Thus have we traced The Complete Angler from the original square duodecimo through all sizes, the 48mo. (Pickering, 1825), to the imperial quarto, and from the original 18*d.* to twenty guineas: but, in whatever form, it is "a golden book," and the richest art of the publisher furnishes but a dim setting to such a priceless jewel.

It may please the reader to know some instances of the enthusiasm to which some of Walton's admirers, besides Mr. Pickering, have been transported. The Rev. Mr. Cotton had in his possession a fac simile copy of the first edition, in *manuscript* imitation of the original, "true, faithful, and accurate, *ad verbum verbo etiam usque ad maculam*, with the old plates admirably inlaid." Mr. Symond Higgs's quarto copy of the 1808 edition was illustrated with above two hundred and seventy prints and drawings, consisting of drawings from rare portraits, proof impressions of plates of fish, topographical prints, monuments, &c., which can in any way illustrate the text. "It was bound for him by Gosden (at five guineas price), the bands of the book made of wood from the door of Cotton's fishing-house, taken off by Mr. Higgs near the lock, where he was sure old Izaak must have touched it." (MS. note of Mr. Gosden to my copy of Higgs's Sale Catalogue.) It sold for £63. Gosden's own illustrated copy (if I make out correctly a pencilled note appended to the above), unbound, single leaves, in a port-folio, sold for £110!!!

I have now brought my notices of Walton, and of Fishing and Fishing Books before his time, to a close: and lest the reader should be tired of me (as he may already), I shortly end, with Walton's own words, and "stay him no further than to wish him a rainy morning to

read the foregoing discourse; and that, if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a-fishing."

THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

February, 1847.

Fac-simile of a Seal-Ring presented to W. H. Pepys, Esq., by Sir H. Davy.

Being a Diſcourſe of

FISH and FISHING,

Not unworthy the peruſal of moſt *Anglers.*

Simon Peter *ſaid, I go a* fiſhing: *and they ſaid, We alſo wil go with thee.* John 21. 3.

London, Printed by *T. Maxey* for RICH. MARRIOT, in *S. Dunſtans* Church-yard Fleetſtreet, 1653.

TO

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

JOHN OFFLEY, ESQ.,*

OF

MADELEY MANOR,

IN THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD,

MY MOST HONORED FRIEND.

SIR:

I HAVE made so ill use of your former favors, as by them to be encouraged to entreat that they may be enlarged to the patronage and protection of this book; and I have put on a modest confidence, that I shall not be denied; because it is a discourse of fish and fishing, which you know so well, and both love and practise so much.

You are assured, though there be ignorant men of another belief, that angling is an art, and you know that art better than others[1]; and that this is truth, is demonstrated by the fruits of that pleasant labor which you enjoy, when you purpose to give rest to your mind, and divest yourself of your more serious business, and, which is often, dedicate a day or two to this recreation.

Variations.—Wherever an interesting variation has been made in the text by the author's own pen, it will be noted; unimportant alterations will be passed by. The text has been carefully compared, so far as my means would permit.—*Am. Ed.*

[1] Than any that I know. First and second editions.

* Great grandson of Sir Thomas Offley, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1557. A John Offley proved the will of Agnes Walton in 1673, showing an acquaintance between the families.—*Sir Harris Nicholas, abridged.*

At which time, if common anglers should attend you, and be eye-witnesses of the success, not of your fortune, but your skill, it would doubtless beget in them an emulation to be like you, and that emulation might beget an industrious diligence to be so; but I know it is not attainable by common capacities.[1] And there be now many men of great wisdom, learning, and experience, which love and practise this art, that know I speak the truth.

Sir, this pleasant curiosity of fish and fishing, of which you are so great a master, has been thought worthy the pens and practices of divers in other nations, that have been reputed men of great learning and wisdom; and amongst those of this nation, I remember Sir Henry Wotton (a dear lover of this art) has told me, that his intentions were to write a discourse of the art, and in praise of angling; and doubtless he had done so, if death had not prevented him; the remembrance of which hath often made me sorry; for if he had lived to do it, then the unlearned angler[2] had seen some better treatise of this art, a treatise[3] that might have proved worthy his perusal, which, though some have undertaken, I could never yet see in English.

But mine may be thought as weak, and as unworthy of common view; and I do here freely confess, that I should rather excuse myself, than censure others, my own discourse being liable to so many exceptions; against which you, Sir, might make this one, that it can contribute nothing to your knowledge. And lest a longer epistle may diminish your pleasure, I shall[4] make this no longer than to add this following truth, that I am really, sir,

Your affectionate friend,

and most humble servant,

Izaak Walton.

[1] All following "capacities," to the end of the paragraph, added in the second edition.

[2] Of which I am one. After Angler, first edition.

[3] Worthy his perusal. First edition.

[4] Shall not adventure to make this epistle longer. First four editions.

TO ALL

READERS OF THIS DISCOURSE,

BUT ESPECIALLY TO

THE HONEST ANGLER.

I THINK fit to tell thee these following truths, that I did[1] neither undertake, nor write, nor publish, and much less own, this discourse to please myself: and having been too easily drawn to do all to please others, as I proposed not the gaining of credit by this undertaking, so I would not willingly lose any part of that to which I had a just title before I begun it, and do therefore desire and hope, if I deserve not commendations, yet I may obtain pardon.

And though this discourse may be liable to some exceptions, yet I cannot doubt but that most readers may receive so much pleasure or profit by it, as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not too grave or too busy men. And this is all the confidence that I can put on, concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure ;[2] and if the

[1] *Variations.*—I did not undertake to write or to publish this discourse on fish and fishing to please myself, and that I wish it may not displease others; for I have confest that there are many defects in it. And yet I cannot doubt but that by it some readers may receive so much profit as pleasure, as if they be not very busie men, may make it not unworthy the time of their perusal; and this is all the confidence that I can put on concerning the merit of this work (of what is opposed to their consideration and censure).—First and second editions.

[2] If the last prove too severe, I have a liberty and am resolved not to neglect it.—Added to the second. The rest of the passage added to the fifth edition, after, as has been conjectured, his conversation with Franck See Bib. Pref.

last prove too severe, as I have a liberty, so I am resolved to use it, and neglect all sour censures.

And I wish the reader also to take notice, that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed,[1] not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given and offences not given but taken.

And I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part of it, because though it is known I can be serious at seasonable times,[2] yet the whole discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe; but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away, and returns not.

And next let me add this, that he that likes not the book, should like the excellent picture of the trout, and some of the other fish; which I may take a liberty to commend[3] because they concern not myself.

Next let me tell the reader, that in that which is the more useful part of this discourse, that is to say, the observations of the nature of breeding, and seasons, and catching of fish, I am not so simple as not to know, that a captious reader[4] may find exceptions against something said of some of these; and therefore I must entreat him to[5] consider, that experience teaches us to know

[1] *Variation.*—Not any scurrility but. Added in second edition.

[2] Is a kind of picture of my own disposition, at least of my disposition in such days and times as I allow myself when honest Nat. and R. R. and I go a fishing together. In the first and second editions. The passage was re-written after the death of those worthy anglers.

[3] May commend.—First edition. Dare commend.—Second edition.

[4] He may.—First edition.

[5] To know or rather note that several countries alter the time and manner of fishes breeding, and therefore if he bring not candor to the reading of this discourse, he shall both injure me and possibly himself too, by too many criticisms.—First edition. The passage to the end of the paragraph was added in the second edition.

that several countries alter the time, and I think almost the manner, of fishes breeding, but doubtless of their being in season; as may appear by three rivers in Monmouthshire, namely, Severn, Wye, and Usk, where Camden Brit. 633, observes, that in the river Wye, salmon are in season from September to April; and we are certain, that in Thames and Trent, and in most other rivers, they be in season the six hotter months.

Now for the art of catching fish, that is to say, how to make a man that was none, to be an angler by a book; he that undertakes it, shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Hales,[1] a most valiant and excellent fencer, who in a printed book called A private School of Defence, undertook to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labor.[2] Not but that many useful things might be learnt by that book, but he was laughed at, because that art was not to be taught by words, but practice; and so must angling. And note also, that in this discourse I do not undertake to say all that is known, or may be said of it, but I undertake to acquaint the reader with many things that are not usually known to every angler; and I shall leave gleanings and observations enough to be made out of the experience of all that love and practise this recreation, to which I shall encourage them. For angling may be said to be so like the mathematics, that it can never be fully learnt; at least not so fully, but that there will still be more new experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us.

But I think all that love this game may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not poor and needy men; and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this discourse

[1] *Variation.*—Than Hales, that in his printed book undertook by it to teach the Art of Fencing.—First edition. In the second, the title of the book is given, and Mr prefixed to his name.—In the third, "a most valiant and excellent fencer" is inserted.

[2] Not but that something useful might be learned out of that book; but that art was not to be taught by words; nor is the art of angling.—First edition; the rest of the paragraph being omitted, which was added (slightly varied from the text) in the second.

boasts of no more; for I hate to promise much, and[1] deceive the reader.

And[2] however it proves to him, yet I am sure I have found a high content in the search and conference of what is here offered to the reader's view and censure: I wish him as much in the perusal of it, and so I might here take my leave, but will stay a little and tell him, that whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a trout, the angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year; I say, he that follows that rule shall be as sure to catch fish, and be as wise, as he that makes hay by the fair days in an almanac, and no surer; for those very flies that use to appear about and on the water in one month of the year, may the following year come almost a month sooner or later, as the same year proves colder or hotter; and yet in the following discourse I have set down the twelve flies that are in reputation with many anglers, and they may serve to give him some observations concerning them. And he may note, that there are in Wales and other countries peculiar flies, proper to the particular place or country; and doubtless, unless a man makes a fly to counterfeit that very fly in that place, he is like to

[1] And fail.—First edition.

[2] But pleasure I have found both in the search and conference about what is here offered to thy view and censure; I wish thee as much in the perusal of it, and so might I here take my leave; but I will stay thee a little longer in telling thee, that whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a trout the angler must observe his twelve flies for every month, I say if he observe that, he should be as able to catch fish, as they that make hay by the fair dayes in almanacks, and be no surer; for doubtless three or four flies rightly made, do serve for a trout all summer; and for winter-flies, all anglers know, they are as useful as an almanack out of date. Of these (because no man is born an artist or an angler) I thought fit to give thee this notice. I might say more, but it is not fit for this place; but if this discourse which follows shall come to a second impression, which is possible, for slight books have been in this age observed to have that fortune, I shall then for thy sake be glad to correct what is faulty, or by a conference with any to explain or enlarge what is defective, but for this time I have neither a willing nor a leisure to say more than to wish you, &c. Farewell. Iz. Wa.—First edition. The variations after the second edition are very slight.

Following the address to the Reader there was in this edition a table of contents, afterwards omitted for obvious reasons.

lose his labor, or much of it: but for the generality, three or four flies neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a trout in most rivers all the summer: and for winter fly-fishing, it is as useful as an almanac out of date. And of these, because as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler, I thought fit to give thee this notice.

When I have told the reader, that in this fifth impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation, and the communication with friends, I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse; and that, if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing.

I. W.

TO MY DEAR BROTHER,

MR. IZAAK WALTON,

UPON HIS

COMPLETE ANGLER.

ERASMUS in his learned Colloquies
Has mixt some toys, that by varieties
He might entice all readers: for in him
Each child may wade, or tallest giant swim.
And such is this discourse: there's none so low,
Or highly learn'd, to whom hence may not flow
Pleasure and information: both which are
Taught us with so much art, that I might swear
Safely, the choicest critick cannot tell,
Whether your matchless judgment most excell
In angling or its praise: where commendation
First charms, then makes an art a recreation.
'Twas so to me; who saw the chearful spring
Pictur'd in every meadow, heard birds sing
Sonnets in every grove, saw fishes play
In the cool crystal streams, like lambs in *May*
And they may play, till anglers read this book;
But after, 'tis a wise fish 'scapes a hook.

JO. FLOUD, *Mr. of Arts.*

TO THE

READER OF THE

COMPLETE ANGLER.

First mark the title well; my friend that gave it
Has made it good; this book deserves to have it.
For he that views it with judicious looks,
Shall find it full of art, baits, lines, and hooks.
The world the river is, both you and I,
And all mankind are either fish or fry:
If we pretend to reason, first or last
His baits will tempt us, and his hooks hold fast
Pleasure or profit, either prose or rhime,
If not at first, will doubtless take's in time.
Here sits in secret blest theology,
Waited upon by grave philosophy
Both natural and moral, history
Deck'd and adorn'd with flowers of poetry,
The matter and expression striving which
Shall most excel in worth, yet not seem rich;
There is no danger in his baits, that hook
Will prove the safest, that is surest took.
Nor are we caught alone, but, which is best,
We shall be wholsome, and be toothsome drest:
Drest to be fed, not to be fed upon;
And danger of a surfeit here is none.
The solid food of serious contemplation
Is sauc'd here with such harmless recreation,
That an ingenuous and religious mind
Cannot inquire for more than it may find
Ready at once prepared, either t' excite
Or satisfy a curious appetite.

More praise is due; for 'tis both positive
And trùth, which once was interrogative,
And utter'd by the poet then in jest,
Et piscatorem piscis amare potest.

CH. HARVIE, *Mr. of Arts.**

* Supposed to be *Christopher Harvie*, for whom see *Athen. Oxon.*, vol. i., 267, *et vide infra*, 105.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

MR. IZ. WALTON,

IN PRAISE OF ANGLING,

WHICH WE BOTH LOVE.

Down by this smooth stream's wand'ring side,
Adorn'd and perfum'd with the pride
Of *Flora's* wardrobe, where the shrill
Aërial choir express their skill,
First in alternate melody,
And then in chorus all agree,
Whilst the charm'd fish, as extasy'd
With sounds, to his own throat deny'd,
Scorns his dull element, and springs
I' th' air, as if his fins were wings.
'Tis here that pleasures sweet and high
Prostrate to our embraces lie.
Such as to body, soul, or fame,
Create no sickness, sin, or shame.
Roses not fenc'd with pricks grow here,
No sting to th' honey-bag is near.
But, what's perhaps their prejudice,
They difficulty want and price.
An obvious rod, a twist of hair,
With hook hid in an insect, are
Engines of sport, would fit the wish
O' th' Epicure and fill his dish.
In this clear stream let fall a grub,
And straight take up a *Dace* or *Chub*.
I' th' mud your worm provokes a *snig*,
Which being fast, if it prove big,
The *Gotham* folly will be found
Discreet, ere ta'en she must be drown'd.
The *Tench*, physician of the brook,
In yon dead hole expects your hook,

Which having first your pastime been,
Serves then for meat or medicine.
Ambush'd behind that root doth stay
A *Pike*, to catch and be a prey.
The treacherous quill in this slow stream
Betrays the hunger of a *Bream*.
And at that nimble ford, no doubt,
Your false fly cheats a speckled *Trout*.
When you these creatures wisely chuse
To practise on, which to your use
Owe their creation, and when
Fish from your arts do rescue men;
To plot, delude, and circumvent,
Ensnare and spoil, is innocent.
Here by these crystal streams you may
Preserve a conscience clear as they;
And when by sullen thoughts you find
Your harassed, not busied, mind
In sable melancholy clad,
Distemper'd, serious, turning sad;
Hence fetch your cure, cast in your bait,
All anxious thoughts and cares will straight
Fly with such speed, they'll seem to be
Possest with the *Hydrophobie*.
The water's calmness in your breast,
And smoothness on your brow shall rest.
Away with sports of charge and noise,
And give me cheap and silent joys:
Such as *Actæon's* game pursue,
Their fate oft makes the tale seem true,
The sick or sullen hawk to-day
Flies not; to-morrow, quite away.
Patience and purse to cards and dice
Too oft are made a sacrifice:
The daughter's dower, th' inheritance
O' th' son, depend on one mad chance.
The harms and mischiefs which th' abuse
Of wine doth every day produce,
Make good the doctrine of the *Turks*,
That in each grape a devil lurks.
And by yon fading sapless tree,
'Bout which the ivy twin'd you see,
His fate's foretold, who fondly places
His bliss in woman's soft embraces.
All pleasures, but the angler's, bring
I' th' tail repentance like a sting.

Then on these banks let me sit down,
Free from the toilsome sword and gown,
And pity those that do affect
To conquer nations and protect.
My reed affords such true content,
Delights so sweet and innocent,
As seldom fall unto the lot
Of scepters, though they're justly got.

1649. THO. WEAVER, *Mr. of Arts.*

TO THE READERS

OF MY

MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND'S BOOK,

THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

He that both knew and writ the lives of men,
Such as were once, but must not be again:
Witness his matchless *Donne* and *Wotton*, by
Whose aid he could their speculations try:
He that convers'd with angels, such as were
*Oulsworth** and *Featly*,† each a shining star
Showing the way to *Bethlem;* each a saint;
Compar'd to whom our zealots now but paint.
He that our pious and learn'd *Morley*‡ knew,
And from him suck'd wit and devotion too.
He that from these such excellencies fetch'd,
That *He* could tell how high and far they reach'd;
What learning this, what graces th' other had;
And in what several dress each soul was clad.

Reader, this *He*, this fisherman, comes forth,
And in these fisher's weeds would shroud his worth.
Now his mute harp is on a willow hung,
With which when finely touch'd, and fitly strung,
He could friend's passions for these times allay,
Or chain his fellow anglers from their prey.
But now the music of his pen is still
And he sits by a brook watching a quill:

* Dr. *Richard Holdsworth*. See an account of him in the *Fast. Oxon.* 207; and in *Ward's Lives of the Gresham Professors.*

† Dr. *Daniel Featly*, for whom see *Athen. Oxon.*, 603.

‡ Dr. *George Morley*, bishop of *Winchester*.

Where with a fixt eye, and a ready hand,
He studies first to hook and then to land
Some *Trout*, or *Pearch*, or *Pike;* and having done,
Sits on a bank, and tells how this was won,
And that escap'd his hook; which with a wile
Did eat the bait, and fisherman beguile.
Thus whilst some vex they from their lands are thrown,
He joys to think the waters are his own,
And like the *Dutch*, he gladly can agree
To live at peace now, and have fishing free.

April 3, 1650. EDW. POWEL. *Mr. of Arts.*

TO MY DEAR BROTHER

MR. IZ. WALTON,

ON HIS

COMPLETE ANGLER.

This book is so like you, and you like it,
For harmless mirth, expression, art and wit,
That I protest ingeniously 'tis true,
I love this mirth, art, wit, the book and you.

Rob. Floud, C.

CLARISSIMO AMICISSIMOQUE FRATRI,

DOMINO ISAACO WALTON

ARTIS PISCATORIÆ PERITISSIMO.

Unicus est medicus reliquorum piscis, et istis,
Fas quibus est medicum tangere, certa salus.
Hic typus est Salvatoris mirandus Jesu,
**Litera mysterium quælibet hujus habet.*

Hunc cupio, hunc capias, bone frater arundinis, ἰχθὺν;
†*Solveret hic pro me debita, teque Deo.*
Piscis is est, et piscator, mihi credito, qualem
Vel piscatorem piscis amare velit.

* ΙΧΘΥΣ, *Piscis.*
Ι Ἰησοῦς, *Jesus.*
Χ Χριστὸς, *Christus.*
Θ Θεοῦ, *Dei.*
Υ Ὑιὸς, *Filius.*
Σ Σωτὴρ, *Salvator.*

† Matt. xvii., 27, the last words of the chapter.

HENRY BAYLEY, *Artium Magister.*

AD VIRUM OPTIMUM, ET PISCATOREM PERITISSIMUM,

ISAACUM WALTONUM.

Magister artis docte piscatoriæ,
Waltone *salve, magne dux arundinis,*
Seu tu reductâ valle solus ambulas,
Præterfluentes interim observans aquas,
Seu fortè puri stans in amnis margine,
Sive in tenaci gramine et ripâ sedens,
Fallis peritâ squameum pecus manu ;
O te beatum ! qui procul negotiis,
Forique et urbis pulvere et strepitu carens,
Extraque turbam, ad lenè manantes aquas
Vagos honestâ fraude pisces decipis.
Dum cætera ergo pænè gens mortalium
Aut retia invicem sibi et technas struunt,
Donis, ut hamo, aut divites captant senes,
Gregi natantûm tu interim nectis dolos.
Voracem inescas advenam hamo lucium,
Avidamvè percam *parvulo alburno capis,*
Aut verme ruffo, musculâ aut truttam *levi,*
Cautumve cyprinum, *et ferè indocilem capi*
Calamoque linoque, ars at hunc superat tua,
Medicamvè tincam, gobium *aut escâ trahis,*
Gratum palato gobium, *parvum licet,*
Prædamvè, non æque salubrem barbulum,
Etsi ampliorem, et mystace insignem gravi.
Hæ sunt tibi artes, dum annus et tempus sinunt,
Et nulla transit absque lineâ dies.
Nec sola praxis, sed theoria et tibi
Nota artis hujus ; unde tu simul bonus
Piscator, idem et scriptor ; et calami potens
Utriusque necdum et ictus, et tamen sapis.
Ut hamiotam nempe tironem instruas !

Stylo eleganti scribis en Halieutica
Oppianus *alter artis et methodum tuæ, et*
Præcepta promis rite piscatoria,
Varias et escas piscium, indolem et genus.
Nec tradere artem sat putas piscariam
(Virtutis est et hæc tamen quædam schola
Patientiamque et temperantiam docet),
Documenta quin majora das, et regulas
Sublimioris artis, et perennia
Monimenta morum, vitæ et exempla optima;
Dum tu profundum scribis Hookerum, *et pium*
Dornum *ac disertum, sanctum et* Herbertum, *sacrum*
Vatem; hos videmus nam penicillo tuo
Graphicè, et peritâ, Isace, *depictos manu,*
*Post fata factos hosce per te Virbios.**
O quæ voluptas est legere in scriptis tuis!
Sic tu libris nos, lineis pisces capis,
Musisque litterisque dum incumbis, licet
Intentus hamo, interque piscandum studes.

* Virbius, *quasi bis vir*, is an epithet applied to *Hippolytus*, because he was by *Diana* restored to life after his death. *Vide* Ovidii *Met.*, lib. xv., v., 536., *et seq.* Hoffmanni *Lexicon Universale* art. Virbius. In this place it is meant to express that by *Walton's* skill in biography, those persons whose lives he has written, are so accurately represented, as that even after their deaths, they are again, as it were, brought to life.

ALIUD AD

ISAACUM WALTONUM,

VIRUM ET PISCATOREM OPTIMUM.*

Isace, Macte hâc arte piscatoriâ;
Hâc arte Petrus *principi censum dedit;*
Hâc arte princeps nec Petro *multò prior,*
Tranquillus ille, teste Tranquillo,† *pater*
Patriæ, solebat recreare se lubens
Augustus, *hamo instructus ac arundine.*
Tu nunc, Amice, proximum clari es decus
Post Cæsarem *hami, gentis ac Halieuticæ;*
Euge O professor artis haud ingloriæ,
Doctor cathedræ, perlegens piscariam!

Translation of Dr. Duport's verses, by ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM, *Life of Zouch,* vol. ii., 441:

HAIL, Walton, with that fisher skill
Which whilom Peter's tribute paid;
And cheered Augustus earlier still,
'Mid empire's toils in Tiber's shade!

Thee friend, next Cæsar now ere seen
Of fishing-rod and race the boast;
Reading on no inglorious theme,
Drop lectures to a listening host.

* These verses occur, for the first time, in the fifth edition.
† i. e. Suetonius Tranquillus.

Næ tu magister, et ego discipulus tuus,
Nam Candidatum et me ferunt arundinis,
Socium hâc in arte nobilem nacti fumus.
Quid amplius, Waltone, *nam dici potest?*
Ipse hamiota *Dominus en orbis fuit!*

JACO. DUP. D.D.*

And Master, thou, and Scholar, I,
A dread associate may record
(For I, too, watch the mimic fly),
A Fisher was great Nature's Lord.

* James Duport, S. T. P., Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, 1668, and became Dean of Peterborough on the 27th of July, 1664. He was the son of John Duport, who assisted in the translation of King James's Bible; was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; afterwards Professor of Greek in that University; and died about 1670. *Fuller's Church History*, B. x. Walton, in his life of Herbert, says that Dr. Duport had collected and published Herbert's Poems. In a collection of Latin poems, by Dean Duport, entitled *Musæ Subsecivæ*, printed in 8vo., 1676, the verses in the text, and some in Walton's Life of Herbert, will be found pp. 101, 118, 371. A short account of this person is given by Bishop Kennett in the Lansdowne MSS., 986, 987.—*Sir Harris Nicholas.*

Duport was the author of a curious and learned work (in my collection) of which Sir Harris seems not to have known: *Homeri Gnomologia, Duplici Parallelismo illustrata; Uno Ex Locis S. Scripturæ, quibus Gnomæ Homericæ aut propè affines aut non prorsus absimiles; Altero ex Gentium Scriptoribus, &c., loci Paralleli. Per Jacobum Duportum, Cantabrigiensem Græcæ Linguæ nuper Professorem Regium*, 4to., *Cantab.*, 1660. It abounds in critical and other notes, and has a fanciful dedication to what he calls a *quaternion* of his pupils, Edward Cecil, John Knatchbull, Henry Puckering, and Francis Willoughby.—*Am. Ed.*

FROM

THE ANGLERS,

EIGHT DIALOGUES IN VERSE,

ASCRIBED TO DR. SCOTT, OF IPSWICH, 1738.

WALTON could teach; his meek enchanting vein
The Shepherd's mingles with the Fisher's strain:
Nature and Genius animate his lines,
And our whole Science in his precepts shines.

WRITTEN BY

JAMES PARK, ESQ.,

LATE PROFESSOR OF LAW, KINGS COLLEGE, LONDON.

At nobis rigui fontes et flumina cordi;
Nos potius tua, Sancta Senex, veneranda per ævum
Auguria, et grato exequimur præcepta labore;
Omnia quæ quondam Leæ labentis ad undam
Cantasti: neque enim mihi fas, Waltone, tacere
Mentem in te facilem, et nullis pallentia culpis
Pectora, et antiquâ sanctam pietate senectam.
Felix, cui placidæ fraudes atque otia curæ,
Piscator! tibi enim tranquillo in corde severum
Subsidet desiderium, tibi sedulus angor;
Dum tremula undarum facies, et mobilis umbra,
Dum puræ grave murmur aquæ, virtute quietâ
Composuêre animum, et blandis affectibus implent.

TRANSLATION BY ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

Mine be the brook's green side, the river stream,
Whilst still, obedient to the instructive theme,
Sport of thy simple muse by gliding *Lea*,
I strive with grateful toil, to follow thee.
For, Walton, crime it were to leave unsung
Thy gentle mind, thy breast unblanch'd by wrong,
And, vivid glowing on the graphic page,
Thy guileless manners, and thy hallowed age.
Happy Piscator! with the viewless line,
Tranquil to dupe the finny tribe was thine.
Fled from thy tranquil bosom gnawing care,
No tumult throbb'd, no malice darken'd there;
The stream light quivering to the summer breeze,
The quickly shifting shade of clouds or trees,
The ripples' murmur breathed a holy rest,
And to complacent calmness lull'd thy breast.

THE FOLLOWING

GRACEFUL VERSES

Were written in a copy of the Complete Angler, which belonged to Sir Humphrey Davy, "by a noble lady, long distinguished at court for pre-eminent beauty and grace, and whose mind possesses undying charms," who is supposed to be the present Lady Charlotte Bury, then Lady Charlotte Campbell:—

Albeit, gentle Angler, I
Delight not in thy trade,
Yet in thy pages there doth lie
So much of quaint simplicity—
So much of mind
Of such good kind,
That none need be afraid—
Caught by thy cunning bait, this book—
To be ensnared on thy hook.

Gladly from thee, I'm lured to bear
With things that seem'd most vile before;
For thou didst on poor subjects rear
Matter the wisest sage might hear;
And, with a grace,
That doth efface
More labor'd works, thy simple lore
Can teach us that thy skilful *lines*
More than the scaly brood *confines*.

Our hearts and senses, too, we see
Rise quickly at thy master hand,
And ready to be caught by thee,
Are lured to virtue willingly;
Content and peace,
With health and ease,
Walk by thy side; at thy command
We bid adieu to worldly care,
And joy in gifts that all may share.

Gladly with thee I pace along,
And of sweet fancy dream—
Waiting till some inspired song,
Within my memory cherished long,
Comes fairer forth,
With more of worth,
Because that time, upon its stream,
Feathers and chaff will bear away,
But gives to gems a brighter ray.

C. C. 1812.

SONNET.

WALTON! when, weary of the world, I turn
My pensive soul to thee, I soothing find
The meekness of thy plain contented mind
Act like some healing charm. From thee I learn
To sympathize with nature, nor repine
At Fortune who, tho' lavish of her store,
Too often leaves her favorites richly poor,
Wanting both health and energy divine,
Life's blessings to enjoy. Methinks ev'n now
I hear thee 'neath the milk-white scented thorn
Communing with thy pupil, as the morn
Her rosy cheek displays,—while streams that flow,
And all that gambol near their rippling source,
Enchanted listen to thy sweet discourse.

EDWARD MOXON.

THE

COMPLETE ANGLER;

OR,

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

A Conference between an Angler, a Hunter, and a Falconer, each commending his Recreation.

PISCATOR, VENATOR, AUCEPS.*

PISCATOR. You are well overtaken, gentlemen, a good morning to you both; I have stretched my legs up Tottenham-hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine, fresh May morning.

VARIATION.—THE TEXT OF THE FIRST EDITION.

Piscator.—Viator.

Piscator. You are wel overtaken, Sir; a good morning to you; I have stretch'd my legs up *Totnam Hil* to overtake you, hoping your businesse may occasion you towards *Ware*, this fine pleasant fresh *May day* in the Morning.

* The homely simplicity of the introduction is very characteristic of Walton, and shows his opinion of the frank courtesy which honest men, and especially honest anglers, should show to those they fall in company with by the way. On a fine, fresh May day morning an angler going to the stream cannot be otherwise than in a good humor.—*Am. Ed.*

Venator. Sir, I for my part shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatched-house* in Hedsden, and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me: but for this gentleman that you see with me, I know not how far he intends his journey; he came so lately into my company, that I have scarce had time to ask him the question.

Auceps. Sir, I shall by your favor bear you company as far as Theobald's,† and there leave you; for then I turn up to a friend's house who mews a hawk for me, which I now long to see.

Ven. Sir, we are all so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool morning, and I hope we shall each be the happier in the other's

---

Viator. Sir, I shall almost answer your hopes: for my purpose is to be at *Hodsden* (three miles short of that town), I will not say, before I drink; but before I break my fast: for I have appointed a friend or two to meet me there at the *Thatcht House*, about nine of the clock this morning; and that made me so early up, and indeed, to walk so fast.

Pisc. Sir, I know the *Thatcht House* very well: I often make it my resting place, and taste a cup of Ale there, for which liquor that place is very remarkable; and to that house I shall by your favour accompany you, and either abate of my pace, or mend it,

* The Thatched-house was seventeen miles from London on the Ware road.—*Moses Browne.*

† Theobald's (anciently Thebaudes), in the parish of Cheshunt, Hartford, about twelve miles from London, built for Cecil, Lord Burghley, 1576. Elizabeth often visited it, and was sumptuously entertained. Cecil's son, the Earl of Salisbury, received James I. here, on his way to London. James liked it so well, that he gave the palace at Hatfield for it, and made it his favorite residence. He died there. It was there Charles I. received the petition of parliament in 1642. The greater part of it was torn down by order of parliament. In 1660, Charles II. bestowed it upon Monck, Duke of Albemarle, and, it having reverted to the crown, William III. gave it to Bentinck, Duke of Portland. It now belongs to Sir William Prescott. The former house was very magnificent. (Gent. Mag., Sept., 1835. Clutterbuck's, Hertford, vol. ii., 87–95.) Theobald's is not named in the first edition of Walton.—*Am. Ed., from Sir H. Nicholas and other authorities.*

company. And, gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it; knowing that, as the Italians say, Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter.

Auc. It may do so, Sir, with the help of good discourse, which methinks we may promise from you that both look and speak so cheerfully: and for my part I promise you, as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and open-hearted, as discretion will allow me to be with strangers.

Ven. And, Sir, I promise the like.

Pisc. I am right glad to hear your answers: and, in confidence you speak the truth, I shall put on a boldness to ask you, Sir, whether business or pleasure caused you to be so early up, and walk so fast; for this other gentleman hath declared he is going to see a Hawk that a friend mews for him.*

Ven. Sir, mine is a mixture of both, a little business and more pleasure; for I intend this day to do all my business, and then bestow another day or two in hunting the otter, which, a friend that I go to meet tells me, is much pleasanter than any other chase whatsoever: howsoever I mean to try it; for to-morrow

---

to enjoy such a companion as you seem to be, knowing that (as the Italians say) *Good company makes the way seem the shorter.*

Viat. It may do so, Sir, with the help of good discourse, which (me thinks) I may promise from you, that both look and speak so chearfully. And to invite you to it, I do hereby promise you, that for my part, I will be as free and open-hearted, as discretion will warrant me to be with a stranger.

Pisc. Sir, I am right glad of your answer; and in confidence that you speak the truth, I shall (Sir) put on a boldnesse to ask, whether pleasure or business hath occasioned your Journey.

Viat. Indeed, Sir, a little businesse, and more pleasure: for my purpose is to bestow a day or two in hunting the *Otter* (which my friend that I go to meet, tells me is more pleasant than any

* Mews a hawk, from the old French *mué*. The care taken of a hawk during the moulting season, from about the first of March till August.—*Major*.

morning we shall meet a pack of otter-dogs* of noble Mr. Sadler's,† upon Amwell-hill, who will be there so early, that they intend to prevent the sun-rising.

Pisc. Sir, my fortune has answered my desires, and my purpose is to bestow a day or two in helping to destroy some of those villanous vermin; for I hate them perfectly, because they love fish so well, or rather, because they destroy so much: indeed so much, that in my judgment all men that keep otter-dogs ought to have pensions from the king to encourage them to destroy the very breed of those base otters, they do so much mischief.

Ven. But what say you to the foxes of the nation, would not you as willingly have them destroyed? for doubtless they do as much mischief as otters do.

---

hunting whatsoever:) and having dispatcht a little businesse this day, my purpose is to morrow to follow a pack of dogs of honest Mr. ——, who hath appointed me and my friend to meet him upon *Amwell hill* to morrow morning by day break.

Pisc. Sir, my fortune hath answered my desires; and my purpose is to bestow a day or two in helping to destroy some of those villanous vermin: for I hate them perfectly, because they love fish so well, or rather, because they destroy so much: indeed, so much, that in my judgment, all men that keep Otter dogs ought to have a Pension from the Commonwealth to incourage them to destroy the very breed of those base *Otters*, they do so much mischief.

Viat. But what say you to the *Foxes* of this Nation? would not you as willingly have them destroyed? for doubtlesse they do as much mischief as the *Otters*.

* Otter-dogs were bred between the harriers and terriers.—***Daniel's Rural Sports.***

† Mr. Ralph Sadler, grandson of Sir Ralph Sadler, so conspicuous in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. "He delighted much in hawking and hunting and the pleasures of a country life, was famous for his noble table, his great hospitality to his neighbors, and his kindness to the poor." He appears to have been also much attached to angling.—***Sir Henry Chauncey's Ant. of Hertfordshire***, p. 219.

Pisc. Oh, Sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my fraternity, as those base vermin the otters do.*

Auc. Why, Sir, I pray, of what fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor otters ?

Pisc. I am, Sir, a brother of the angle, and therefore an enemy to the otter : for you are to note, that we anglers all love one another, and therefore do I hate the otter, both for my own and for their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

Ven. And I am a lover of hounds ; I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry huntsmen make sport and scoff at anglers.

Auc. And I profess myself a falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men pity them, 'tis such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

Pisc. Oh Sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my Fraternitie, as that base Vermin the *Otters* do.

Viat. Why Sir, I pray, of what Fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor *Otter ?*

Pisc. I am a Brother of the *Angle*, and therefore an enemy to the *Otter*, he does me and my friends so much mischief ; for you are to know, that we *Anglers* all love one another : and therefore do I hate the *Otter* perfectly, even for their sakes that are of my Brotherhood.

Viat. Sir, to be plain with you, I am sorry you are an *Angler :* for I have heard many grave, serious men pitie, and many pleasant men scoffe at *Anglers.*

Pisc. Sir, there are many men that are by others taken to be serious grave men, which we contemn and pitie ; men of sowre complexions ; mony-getting-men, that spend all their time first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it : men that are condemn'd to be rich, and alwayes discontented, or busie. For these poor-rich-men, wee Anglers pitie them ; and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think our selves happie : For

* Here see the spirit of the book, which was to lead the mind away from the political agitations of the day to the quiet pleasures of angling. It is very remarkable, that with Walton's strong feelings on church and state subjects, he should have avoided touching on them.—*Am. Ed.*

Pisc. You know, gentlemen, 'tis an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit, mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it: but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught even in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of scoffers.

> "*Lucian well skill'd in scoffing this hath writ:*
> *Friend, that's your folly, which you think your wit;*
> *This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,*
> *Meaning another, when yourself you jeer.*"*

If to this you add what Solomon says of Scoffers, that "they are an abomination to mankind,"† let him that thinks fit, scoff on, and be a scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me, and to all that love virtue and angling.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity

(trust me, Sir) we enjoy a contentednesse above the reach of such dispositions.

And as for any scoffer, *qui mockat mockabitur*. Let mee tell you (that you may tell him) what the wittie French-man sayes[1]

* The epigram is altered by Walton from the version of it in "Certain select Dialogues of Lucian, together with his true History, translated from the Greek into English, by Mr. Francis Hickes, Oxford, 1634, 4to." The epigram is signed T. H., *i. e.*, Thomas Hickes, the son, who published the work, and reads thus:

> "Lucian well skilled in old toyes this hath writ;
> For all's but folly that men think is wit;
> No settl'd judgment doth in men appear,
> But thou admirest that which others jeer."

While speaking of Lucian, the reader's attention may be called to a keen satire of his on the mercenary philosophers of his time, in a dialogue called *The Fisherman*, the point of which is this: Lucian borrows an angle, baits his hook with gold and figs, seats himself on the Pelasgic wall and angles in the city; when he catches, one after another, an Epicurean, a Cynic, a Platonist, a Peripatetic, a Stoic, &c. It is admirably carried out, and has been more than once imitated by modern writers.—*Am. Ed.*

† Proverbs xxiv., 19, "The thought of foolishness is sin; and a scorner is an abomination to mankind."

[1] The Lord Mountagne in his Apol. for Ra. Sebond.—*Walton's own Note.*

anglers; let me tell you, Sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion, money-getting men, men that spend all their time first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented; for these poor, rich men, we anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenuous Montaigne says like himself freely,* "When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better? and who knows but that she

---

in such a Case. *When my* Cat *and I entertaine each other with mutuall apish tricks* (*as playing with a garter*,) *who knows but that I make her more sport then she makes me? Shall I conclude her simple, that has her time to begin or refuse sportiveness as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that our agreeing no better, is the defect of my not understanding her language?* (*for doubtlesse Cats talk and reason with one another*) *and that shee laughs at, and censures my folly, for making her sport, and pities mee for*

* The passage referred to is in Montaigne's apology for Raimonde de Sebonde, II., 12. The translation Walton used was that of Florio; but the passage as given here is greatly enlarged and paraphrased. In Florio we read only: "When I am playing with my cat, who knows whether she have more sport in dallying with me, than I have in gaming with hir? We entertaine one another with mutuall apish tricks. If I have my houre to begin or refuse, so hath she hirs." Then follow some observations on conversing with brutes. Walton throughout the Angler cites carelessly, and does not scruple to make his author speak as he chooses.

John Florio's parents were fugitive Waldenses, who fled from persecution to London. He taught Italian and French at Oxford, and also to Anne of Denmark and the Prince Henry.—*Am. Ed.*

pities me for being no wiser, than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport for her, when we two play together ?"

Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats; and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what anglers can say in the justification of their art and recreation; which I may again tell you is so full of pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy.

VEN. Sir, you have almost amazed me; for though I am no scoffer, yet I have, I pray let me speak it without offence, always looked upon anglers as more patient and more simple men, than I fear I shall find you to be.

---

understanding her no better ? To this purpose speaks *Mountagne* concerning *Cats :* And I hope I may take as great a libertie to blame any Scoffer, that has never heard what an Angler can say in the justification of his Art and Pleasure.

But, if this satisfie not, I pray bid the Scoffer put this Epigram into his pocket, and read it every morning for his breakfast (for I wish him no better;) Hee shall finde it fix'd before the Dialogues of *Lucian* (who may be justly accounted the father of the Family of all *Scoffers :*) And though I owe none of that Fraternitie so much as good will, yet I have taken a little pleasant pains to make such a conversion of it as may make it the fitter for all of that Fraternity.

> *Lucian* well skill'd in *scoffing*, this has writ,
> Friend, that's your folly which you think your wit:
> This you vent oft, void both of *wit* and *fear*,
> Meaning an other, when your self you jeer.

But no more of the *Scoffer :* for since *Solomon** sayes, he is an abomination to men, he shall be so to me; and I think, to all that love *Vertue* and *Angling*.

Viat. Sir, you have almost amazed me: for though I am no Scoffer, yet I have (I pray let me speak it without offence)

* Pro. 24, 9.

Pisc. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience: and for my simplicity, if by that you mean a harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were, as most anglers are, quiet men, and followers of peace; men that were so simply wise, as not to sell their consciences to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die; if you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer lawyers; when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age; I say, Sir, if you take us anglers to be such simple men as I have spoken of, then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood. But if by simplicity you meant to express a general defect in those that profess and practise the excellent art of angling, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so evidently, that if you will but have patience to hear me, I shall remove all the anticipations

---

alwayes look'd upon *Anglers* as more patient, and more simple men, then (I fear) I shall finde you to be.

Piscat. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestnesse to be impatience: and for my *simplicitie*, if by that you mean a *harmlesnesse*, or that *simplicity* that was usually found in the Primitive Christians, who were (as most *Anglers* are) quiet men, and followed peace; men that were too wise to sell their consciences to buy riches for vexation, and a fear to die. Men that lived in those times when there were fewer Lawyers; for then a Lordship might have been safely conveyed in a piece of Parchment no bigger then your hand, though several skins are not sufficient to do it in this wiser Age. I say, Sir, if you take us Anglers to be such simple men as I have spoken of, then both my self, and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood. But if by simplicitie you meant to expresse any general defect in the understanding of those that professe and practise *Angling*, I hope to make it appear to you, that there is so much contrary reason (if you have but the patience to hear it) as may remove all the anticipations that Time or Discourse may have possess'd you with, against that Ancient and laudable Art.

that discourse, or time, or prejudice, have possessed you with against that laudable and ancient art; for I know it is worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

But, gentlemen, though I be able to do this, I am not so unmannerly as to engross all the discourse to myself; and therefore, you two having declared yourselves, the one to be a lover of hawks, the other of hounds, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practise; and having heard what you can say, I shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own recreation and art of angling, and by this means we shall make the way to seem the shorter: and if you like my motion, I would have Mr. Falconer to begin.*

Viat. Why (Sir) is Angling of Antiquitie, and an Art, and an art not easily learn'd?

Pis. Yes (Sir:) and I doubt not but that if you and I were to converse together but til night, I should leave you possess'd with the same happie thoughts that now possess me; not onely for the Antiquitie of it, but that it deserves commendations; and that 'tis an Art; and worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise, and a serious man.

Viat. Sir, I pray speak of them what you shall think fit; for wee have yet five miles to walk before we shall come to the *Thatcht house*. And, Sir, though my infirmities are many, yet I dare promise you, that both my patience and attention will indure to hear what you will say till wee come thither: and if you please to begin in order with the antiquity, when that is done, you shall not want my attention to the commendations and accommodations of it: and lastly, if you shall convince me that 'tis an Art, and an Art worth learning, I shall beg I may become your Scholar, both to wait upon you, and to be instructed in the Art itself.

* From the change in the plan of the dialogue, the insertions and transpositions are so numerous, that it is not possible, except in special instances, to mark the variations satisfactorily, without burdening the page.—*Am. Ed.*

Auc. Your motion is consented to with all my heart; and to testify it, I will begin as you have desired me.

And first, for the element that I use to trade in, which is the air, an element of more worth than weight, an element that doubtless exceeds both the earth and water; for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the air is most properly mine, I and my hawks use that, and it yields us most recreation: it stops not the high soaring of my noble, generous falcon; in it she ascends to such an height, as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations: in the air my troops of hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods; therefore I think my eagle is so justly styled Jove's servant in ordinary: and that very falcon, that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner a title; for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun's heat, she flies so near it, but her mettle makes her careless of danger; for then she heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her high way over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth (which she both knows and obeys), to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation.

And more; this element of air which I profess to trade in, the worth of it is such, and it is of such necessity, that no creature whatsoever, not only those numerous creatures that feed on the face of the earth, but those various creatures that have their dwelling within the waters, every creature that hath life in its nostrils stands in need of my element. The waters cannot preserve the fish without air, witness the not breaking of ice in an extreme frost: the reason is, for that if the inspiring and expiring organ of any animal be stopped, it suddenly yields to nature, and dies. Thus necessary is air to the existence both of fish and beasts, nay, even to man himself; that air or breath of life with which God at first inspired mankind, he, if he wants it, dies

presently, becomes a sad object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an instant turns to putrefaction.

Nay more, the very birds of the air, those that be not hawks, are both so many and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations: they both feed and refresh him; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices. I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of fowl by which this is done; and his curious palate pleased by day, and which with their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night. These I will pass by, but not those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

As first, the lark,* when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

* What can be more delightful than this description of the lark! In all the poets there is nothing said of the lark or of the nightingale comparable to this exquisite passage of our pious author. Bishop Horne, in his commentary on Psalm civ., 12, quotes the description of the nightingale, prefacing it thus: "The music of birds," as one has well observed (Wesley's Wisdom of God in creation), "was the first song of thanksgiving, which was offered on earth before man was formed. All their sounds are different, but all harmonious, and all together composed a choir which we cannot imitate." If these little choristers of the air, when refreshed by the streams near which they dwell, express their gratitude by chanting in their way the praises of their Maker and Preserver, how ought Christians to blush, who, besides the comforts and conveniences of this world, are indulged with copious draughts of the water of eternal life; if, for so great blessings, they pay not their tribute of thanks-giving, and sing not unto the Lord the songs of Zion: "He that at midnight," &c. The thrassel is the song-thrush; laverock is a name still used in Scotland for the skylark, and the fondness of the robin for church yards is well known.—*Am. Ed.*

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the leverock, the tit-lark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?

And this makes me the less to wonder at the many aviaries in Italy, or at the great charge of Varro's aviary,* the ruins of which are yet to be seen in Rome, and is still so famous there, that it is reckoned for one of those notables which men of foreign nations either record, or lay up in their memories, when they return from travel.

This for the birds of pleasure, of which very much more might be said. My next shall be of birds of political use: I think 'tis not to be doubted that swallows have been taught to carry letters, between two armies. But it is certain, that when the Turks besieged Malta or Rhodes, I now remember not which it was, pigeons are then related to carry and recarry letters. And Mr. G. Sandys,† in his travels, relates it to be done between Aleppo and Babylon. But if that be disbelieved, it is not to be

* Walton has been thought to have gathered this out of his favorite Hakewill's *Apology for the Government of God*, iv., 5, but what he cites is not there, though extracts from Varro on aviaries are given. The reader will find Varro's own account *De Re Rustica*, iii., 4, 8, *et seq.* His aviary, however, was at Casinum in the Volscian territory, and was, with most of his wealth, taken from him by Anthony.—*Am. Ed.*

† The passage occurs in the "Relation of a Journey, &c., by George Sandys," who travelled extensively two years after, August, 1610, when he left Oxford. He was the son of Sandys, Archbishop of York. He paraphrased in verse the Psalms, Canticles, and Ecclesiastes, and translated Ovid's Metamorphoses and Grotius' tragedy on Christ's Passion. He was an accomplished scholar, a sound versifier, and a pious man.—*From several authorities.*

doubted that the dove was sent out of the ark by Noah, to give him notice of land, when to him all appeared to be sea, and the dove proved a faithful and comfortable messenger. And for the sacrifices of the law, a pair of turtle-doves or young pigeons were as well accepted as costly bulls and rams. And when God would feed the prophet Elijah, after a kind of miraculous manner, he did it by ravens, who brought him meat morning and evening. Lastly, the Holy Ghost, when he descended visibly upon our Saviour, did it by assuming the shape of a dove.* And to conclude this part of my discourse, pray remember these wonders were done by birds of the air, the element in which they and I take so much pleasure.

There is also a little contemptible winged creature, an inhabitant of my aerial element, namely the laborious bee, of whose prudence, policy, and regular government of their own commonwealth, I might say much, as also of their several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax is both for meat and medicines to mankind; but I will leave them to their sweet labor, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy at this very time amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this May morning.

And now to return to my hawks, from whom I have made too long a digression; you are to note, that they are usually distinguished into two kinds; namely, the long-winged and the short-winged hawk: of the first kind, there be chiefly in use amongst us in this nation.

The gerfalcon and jerkin,
The falcon and tassel-gentle,
The laner and laneret,
The bockerel and bockeret,
The saker and sacaret,
The merlin and jack merlin,
The hobby and jack:

* Moses Browne's note on this opinion of Walton is correct. The Evangelist does not mean that the Holy Ghost assumed the form of a dove, but descended *hovering*, gently fluttering *like a dove.—Am. Ed.*

There is the stelletto of Spain,
The blood-red rook from Turkey,
The waskite from Virginia:
And there is of short-winged hawks,
The eagle and iron,
The goshawk and tarcel
The sparhawk and musket,
The French pie of two sorts.
These are reckoned hawks of note and worth, but we have also of an inferior rank,
The stanyel, the ringtail,
The raven, the buzzard,
The forked kite, the bald buzzard,
The hen-driver, and others that I forbear to name.

Gentlemen, if I should enlarge my discourse to the observation of the eires, the brancher, the ramish hawk, the haggard, and the two sorts of lentners, and then treat of their several ayries, their mewings, rare order of casting, and the renovation of their feathers: their reclaiming, dieting, and then come to their rare stories of practice; I say, if I should enter into these, and many other observations that I could make, it would be much, very much pleasure to me: but lest I should break the rules of civility with you, by taking up more than the proportion of time allotted to me, I will here break off, and entreat you, Mr. Venator, to say what you are able in the commendation of hunting, to which you are so much affected; and, if time will serve, I will beg your favor for a further enlargement of some of those several heads of which I have spoken. But no more at present.

Ven. Well, Sir, and I will now take my turn, and will first begin with a commendation of the earth, as you have done most excellently of the air; the earth being that element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade. The earth is a solid, settled element; an element most universally beneficial both to man and beast: to men who have their several recreations upon it, as horse-races, hunting, sweet smells, pleasant walks: the earth feeds man, and all those several beasts that both feed him, and afford him recreation. What pleasure doth

man take in hunting the stately stag, the generous buck, the wild boar, the cunning otter, the crafty fox, and the fearful hare? And if I may descend to a lower game, what pleasure is it sometimes with gins to betray the very vermin of the earth! as namely, the fitchet, the fulimart, the ferret, the pole-cat, the mouldwarp,* and the like creatures that live upon the face and within the bowels of the earth! How doth the earth bring forth herbs, flowers, and fruits, both for physic and the pleasure of mankind! and above all, to me at least, the fruitful vine, of which, when I drink moderately, it clears my brain, cheers my heart, and sharpens my wit. How could Cleopatra have feasted Mark Antony with eight wild boars roasted whole at one supper,† and other meat suitable, if the earth had not been a bountiful mother? But to pass by the mighty elephant, which the earth breeds and nourisheth, and descend to the least of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little pismire, who in the summer provides and lays up her winter provision, and teaches man to do the like! The earth feeds and carries those horses that carry us. If I would be prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I say in commendations of the earth? that puts limits to the proud and raging sea, and by that means preserves both man and beast, that it destroys them not, as we see it daily doth those that venture upon the sea, and are there shipwrecked, drowned, and left to feed haddocks; when we that are so wise as to keep ourselves on earth, walk and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a hunting: of which recreation I will say a little, and then leave Mr. Piscator to the commendation of angling.

Hunting is a game for princes and noble persons; it hath been highly prized in all ages; it was one of the qualifications

* Prof. Rennie says, that "the fitchet, or fitchew, the fulimart, or fumart, and the polecat, appear to be all of the same species (*mustela putorius*)." The fulmart is named in the Boke of St. Albans among the beasts of the chase, though Skinner, in his *Etymologium Linguæ Anglicanæ*, says the word only occurs in Walton. Foumart is still used in Scotland. The mouldwarp is the mole. Mould-warp, *i. e.* a cast earth, according to Verstigan.—*Am. Ed., from several authorities.*

† Plutarch's Life of Anthony.

that Xenophon bestowed on his Cyrus, that he was a hunter of wild beasts. Hunting trains up the younger nobility to the use of manly exercises in their riper age. What more manly exercise than hunting the wild boar, the stag, the buck, the fox, or the hare? how doth it preserve health, and increase strength and activity?

And for the dogs that we use, who can commend their excellency to that height which they deserve? how perfect is the hound at smelling, who never leaves or forsakes his first scent, but follows it through so many changes and varieties of other scents, even over, and in the water, and into the earth? What music doth a pack of dogs then make to any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments? How will a right greyhound fix his eye on the best buck in a herd, single him out, and follow him, and him only, through a whole herd of rascall* game, and still know and then kill him? For my hounds I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another, as perfectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.

I might enlarge myself in the commendation of hunting, and of the noble hound especially, as also of the docibleness of dogs in general; and I might make many observations of land-creatures,† that for composition, order, figure, and constitution, approach nearest to the completeness and understanding of man; especially of those creatures which Moses in the law permitted to the Jews, which have cloven hoofs and chew the cud, which I shall forbear to name, because I will not be so uncivil to Mr. Piscator, as not to allow him a time for the commendation of angling, which he calls an art; but doubtless it is an easy one:

* Rascall, means a deer too lean to kill, but more anciently any beast too worthless for game.

"Other bestys all
Whener ye theym finde, *rascall* ye them call."—*Boke of St. Albans.*

† The whole of this part of the dialogue strongly reminds us of Plutarch's *De Solertia Animalium*, the translation of which Walton had probably seen. See Bib. Pref.—*Am Ed.*

and Mr. Auceps, I doubt we shall hear a watery* discourse of it, but I hope it will not be a long one.

Auc. And I hope so too, though I fear it will.

Pisc. Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, calm and quiet ;[1] we seldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise him or pray to him ; if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure ; I must tell you it is neither our fault nor our custom ; we protest against it. But pray remember, I accuse nobody ; for as I would not make a watery discourse, so I would not put too much vinegar into it ; nor would I raise the reputation of my own art by the diminution or ruin of another's. And so much for the prologue to what I mean to say.

And now for the water, the element that I trade in. The water is the eldest daughter of the creation,† the element upon which the spirit of God did first move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly ; and without which, those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great law-giver, and chief philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the first in the creation ; this is the element upon which the spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation : many philosophers have made it to comprehend all the

[1] *Var.* We seldom make the welkin roar, we seldom take the name, &c.—*First and second Ed.*

* It is seldom that Walton attempts a pun ; perhaps this was acciden tal.—*Am. Ed.*

† Thales, of Miletus (540 B. C.), one of the seven wise men of Greece, like Homer, regarded *water* as the primary element, the passive principle on which an intelligent Cause moved to form all things. He meant by water chaos ; Cicero, *De Nat. Deorum*, i., 10 ; Aristotle, *Metaphysica*, i., 8. So Pindar : " Water is best." See Horne's sermon on *The Sea*, from which it would appear that the bishop took a hint out of his favorite Walton ; though if he had not been so familiar with The Complete Angler, we might not have suspected it, as similar passages occur in other authors.—*Am. Ed.*

other elements, and must allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only: they endeavor to demonstrate it thus:

Take a willow, or any like speedy growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the trees begin to grow, and then weigh all altogether after the tree is increased from its first rooting to weigh an hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one dram weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood to be from water or rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element. And they affirm, they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm also the same may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of water.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all the herbs, and flowers, and fruits, are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run under ground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills; and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.*

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water, are not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for the preventing of sickness; for it is observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent and other fish days, which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed, hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, sal-

* There is scarcely need of repeating that Walton does not excel as a physical philosopher, and was easily led astray by the crude hypotheses then advanced.—*Am. Ed.*

lads, and plenty of fish; of which it is observed in story, that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.*

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, as namely, the whale, three times as big as the mighty elephant; that is so fierce in battle; but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans in the height of their glory have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had music to usher in their sturgeons, lampreys, and mullets, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed.† He that shall view the writings of Macrobius or Varro, may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fish ponds.

But, Gentlemen, I have almost lost myself, which I confess I may easily do in this philosophical discourse; I met with most of it very lately, and, I hope, happily, in a conference with a most learned physician, Dr. Wharton,‡ a dear friend; that loves both me and my art of angling. But, however, I will wade no deeper in these mysterious arguments, but pass to such observations as I can manage with more pleasure, and less fear of running into error. But I must not yet forsake the waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages.

And first, to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the sea for our daily traffic: without which we could not now subsist? How does it not only furnish us with food and physic for the bodies, but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want?

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of Florence, of the monuments, urns, and rarities, that yet remain in and near unto old and new Rome, so many as it is said will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient con-

* Lev. xi., 9; Deut. xiv., 9

† See Bib. Preface.—*Am. Ed.*

‡ Thomas Wharton, M. D., resided in London during the great Plague, 1665. He published a work on the glands, *Adenographia, sive Glandularum totius Corporis Descriptio*, 1656. Amsterdam, 1659. Vesaliæ, 1671 Wharton's name is not in the text until the fifth edition

sideration; and therefore it is not to be wondered at, that so learned and devout a father as St. Jerome, after his wish to have seen Christ in the flesh, and to have heard St. Paul preach, makes his third wish, to have seen Rome in her glory; and that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of Livy, the choicest of the historians; of Tully, the best of orators; and to see the bay-trees that now grow out of the very tomb of Virgil?* These, to any that love learning, must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian to see there the humble house in which St. Paul was content to dwell; and to view the many rich statues that are there made in honor of his memory? Nay, to see the very place in which St. Peter† and he lie buried together? These are in and near to Rome. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a Christian to see that place on which the blessed Saviour of the world was pleased to humble himself, and to take our nature

* Virgil's tomb is at Naples, a mile or more north of the city, on the hill immediately over the entrance of the grotto of Posilippo. Silius Italicus, according to Martial, restored it to notice. It is a small roofed building, entirely stripped of decorations, and grown over with creeping plants, in a vineyard. Pietro Stefano, in the thirteenth century, says that he had seen the urn, which Robert of Anjou conveyed to Castel Nuovo for safety during the civil wars, from which time it has been lost. It had this modest inscription, said to have been written by the poet himself, a few moments before his death,

"Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuêre; tenet nunc
Parthenope. Cecini pascua, rura, duces."

Walton would have puzzled Nibby's archæological skill, had he visited Rome lately. Rennie says here, "Walton's opinions on Livy and Cicero are far different from those now commonly entertained—of the one being a tedious fabulist, and the other a mere *builder* of *flowing* sentences, without pith or point"!! How does the zoological professor account for his not having long ears on his own head?—*Am. Ed*

† Some learned men, Scaliger, Salmasius, F. Spanheim, Bower, have denied that Peter ever was at Rome, whence the disbelief of that fact by Protestants generally; but Protestants as learned are on the other side, Cave, Pearson, Bassnage, Le Clerc, and especially Lardner (Credibility of Gospel History), who pronounces it worse than folly to deny without proof the general, uncontradicted, disinterested testimony of ancient writers, Greeks, Syrians, and Latins.—*Am. Ed.*

upon him, and to converse with men: to see Mount Sion, Jerusalem, and the very sepulchre of our Lord Jesus? How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian, to see the devotions that are daily paid to him at that place? Gentlemen, lest I forget myself I will stop here, and remember you, that but for my element of water, the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments; I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship to carry and set his prophet Jonah safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see Theobald's house. I cry you mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

Auc. Sir, my pardon is easily granted you: I except against nothing that you have said; nevertheless I must part with you at this park-wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr. Piscator, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but your recreation. And so, Gentlemen, God keep you both.

Pisc. Well, now, Mr. Venator, you shall neither want time nor my attention to hear you enlarge your discourse concerning hunting.

Ven. Not I, Sir, I remember you said that angling itself was of great antiquity, and a perfect art, and an art not easily attained to; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say further concerning those particulars.

Pisc. Sir, I did say so, and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours, to leave you possessed with the same high and happy thoughts that now possess me of it; not only of the antiquity of angling, but that it deserves commendations, and that it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

Ven. Pray, Sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the Thatched-house, during which walk, I dare promise you, my patience and diligent attention shall not

be wanting. And if you shall make that to appear which you have undertaken; first, that it is an art, and an art worth the learning, I shall beg that I may attend you a day or two a-fishing, and that I may become your scholar, and be instructed in the art itself which you so much magnify.

Pisc. O, Sir, doubt not but that angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout! that is more sharp sighted than any hawk[1] you have named,* and more watchful and timorous than your high mettled merlin is bold? and yet, I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend's breakfast. Doubt not therefore, Sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning: the question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit; but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself.

Ven. Sir, I am now become so full of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed; and in the order that you propose.

Pisc. Then first, for the antiquity of angling,† of which I shall not say much, but only this; some say‡ it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood: others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of angling: and some others say, for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it, that Seth, one of the sons of Adam,

[1] *Variation.*—In correcting the fifth edition, Walton forgot to ascribe the remark about Hawks to the proper person, who was not Venator but Auceps. The enlargement of the sentence led him into the error.—*Am. Ed.*

* The reader will find the vision of fish very ably, agreeably, and *piscatorially* discussed in Ronald's Fly Fisher's Entomology. (*Art. Sight*, p. 8.)—*Am. Ed.*

† See Bib. Preface.—*Am. Ed.*

‡ On the margin of the first edition there is a reference; J. Da., Jer. Mer., which is explained in my Bib. Preface.—*Am. Ed.*

taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity: others say, that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge, and those useful arts which by God's appointment or allowance and his noble industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, Sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavored to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you, that angling is much more ancient than the incarnation of our Saviour; for in the Prophet Amos* mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the Book of Job,† which was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to be writ by Moses, mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors,—and yet I grant that where a noble and ancient descent and such merits meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person:—so if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honor or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it; of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that I shall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, and it remains yet unresolved, whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action.

Concerning which some have endeavored to maintain their opinion of the first, by saying, that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they

* iv., 2. † xii., 1, 2. See my remarks Bib. Pref.—*Am. Ed.*

say, that God enjoys himself only by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion, prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to Martha, Luke x., 41, 42.*

And on the contrary there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent; as namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others; either to serve his country, or do good to particular persons; and they say also, that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third by declaring my own, and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenious, quiet, and harmless art of angling.†

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it: and this seems to be maintained by the learned Pet. Du Moulin, who in his discourse of the fulfilling of prophecies‡ observes, that when God intended to reveal

* The best advice I have ever known drawn from the characters of these two sisters, was by an old Scotch woman, "To be Mary in our hearts and Martha with our hands."—*Am. Ed.*

† A most sensible conclusion of a dispute, not easily settled nor profitably discussed.—*Am. Ed.*

‡ Peter Du Moulin, son of the famous Du Moulin of Charenton, whom a Jesuit opponent, Erizon, wittily but unjustly called *Moulin sans farine.* The elder Du Moulin, with Drelincourt and Daillé, as appears from papers preserved in *The Phœnix*, vol. i., 15, had certified to their Protestant correspondents in London, the attachment of Charles II. to the Protestant religion, which tended to the Restoration. The younger Du Moulin, afterwards coming over to London, was made Prebendary of Canterbury and chaplain to the king. He wrote several pieces on the Roman Catholic

any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the children of Israel, Psal. 137, who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow-trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon those banks bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious Spaniard* says, that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers and then of fish; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And first, concerning rivers; there be so many wonders reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them; and those by authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

Controversy. The passage referred to by Walton, occurs in the preface to a treatise on "The Accomplishment of Prophecies," translated by Heath, Oxford, 1613. In the same volume of the Phœnix, the reader will find a curious paper, xvi., tending to show that Charles II. died a Catholic.—*Am. Ed.*

* This passage is supposed to be quoted by memory from John Valdesso, an old soldier of Charles V., who after his master's abdication retired to Naples, where he wrote in Spanish "The Hundred and Ten Considerations of Signor Valdesso," which were translated into Italian by Curio, and thence into English by Nicholas Farrar, Jr., Oxford, 1638, 4to. (Major.) Hawkins could not find the passage in Valdesso, and therefore doubted Browne's opinion that Valdesso was the "ingenious Spaniard;" but Walton, as we have said, quoted from memory and incorrectly.—*Am. Ed.*

As namely of a river in Epirus, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted.* Some waters being drank cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death.† The river Selarus ‡ in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone; and our Camden mentions the like in England, and the like in Lochmere in Ireland. There is also a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion color.§ And one of no less credit than Aristotle,[1] tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of music, for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness.‖ And Camden tells us of a well near to Kirby in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day: and he tells us of a river in Surrey, it is called Mole,¶ that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way under ground, and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Jose-

[1] *Var.* In the margin of the first edition is inserted: In his Wonders of Nature. This is confirmed by Ennius and Solon in his holy history.

* From evolving sulphuretted hydrogen gas. (*Rennie.*) What are called in this country burning springs.—*Am. Ed.*

† Poisonous water.

‡ *Selarus*, properly *Silarus*, the modern Silaro, on the banks of which stand the ruins of Pæstum. The waters retain the quality to this day. Lochmere is Loch Neagh. It requires more than a few hours to produce the pètrifaction.—*Am. Ed.*

§ The river referred to was probably the Adonis, running out of Mount Libanus, which turns red, from the red soil of the mountain at the time of freshets. This the Biblyans connected with the story of the death of Adonis, in honor of whom they kept the Adonia. The reader will find a full account in Lucian's *Syrian Goddess*, and in Dupuis, *Origine des Cultes*, vol. iv.—*Am. Ed.*

‖ A report no doubt taken from some bubbling spring.—*Rennie.*

¶ This notion of the Mole is found in Drayton's Poly-Olbion, Milton on Rivers, and Pope's Windsor Forest. It arises from the bed of the river being of absorbent earth, into which in dry seasons it seems to disappear.—*Defoe's Tour through England; Dallaway's Letheræum sive Horti Letheræani.*

phus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their Sabbath.*

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny the philosopher says, in the third chapter of his ninth Book, that in the Indian Sea, the fish called balæna or whirlpool is so long and broad, as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground, and of other fish of two hundred cubits long,† and that in the river Ganges, there be eels of thirty feet‡ long. He says there, that these monsters appear in that sea only, when the tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of waters falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says, that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish-bones. He there tells us, that there are sometimes a thousand of these great eels found wrapped, or interwoven together. He tells us there, that it appears that dolphins love music,§ and will come, when called for, by some men or boys, that know and use to feed them, and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out of a bow, and much of this is spoken concerning the dolphin, and other fish, as may be found also in the learned Dr. Casaubon's Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity, printed by him about the year 1670.‖

* Josephus tells a story of a river between Arcea and Raphanea, and says that Titus saw it. (Jewish War, vii., 5.) He, however, reverses Walton's account, making it run on the seventh day, and stand still six days; but Pliny (Nat. Hist., xxxi., 11) makes it run six days and stand still on the seventh. Instances of intermitting fountains are given by geographers (Varenius i., 17). This stream has been found by no traveller but Purchas.—*Am. Ed.*

† *Balæna* properly means a whale. Pliny's story is outdone by the Kraken of Bishop Pantoppidan, which was an English mile and a half in circumference.—*Am. Ed.*

‡ What would he have said to our sea serpent?—*Am. Ed.*

§ The story of Arion and his Dolphin is well known, and has several repetitions among the ancients. For another delightful story see Oppian, v., 570-660 (Jones's Translation.) The seal is also fond of music.—*Am. Ed.*

‖ Meric Casaubon, a native of Geneva, but educated at Oxford, after-

I know we islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant,* and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq.; who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house near to Lambeth near London, as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may there see the hog-fish, the dog-fish, the dolphin, the coney-fish, the parrot-fish, the shark, the poison-fish, sword-fish, and not only other incredible fish; but you may there see the salamander, several sorts of barnacles, of Solan geese, the bird of Paradise, such sorts of snakes, and such bird's-nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder: and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection, as will make the other wonders I spake of, the less incredible; for you may note, that the waters are Nature's store-house, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, Sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet Mr. George Herbert's divine contemplation on God's Providence.†

Lord, who hath praise enough, nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, they are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owes them!

wards Prebendary of Canterbury. He wrote many learned works; that to which Walton refers, was first printed in 1668, and again in 1670. Walton has taken much from Casaubon.—*Sir H. Nicholas, and others.*

* There were three Tradescants, the grandfather and father, gardeners to Queen Elizabeth, the son to Charles I., all great collectors of curiosities. A catalogue of their collections is extant, *Musæum Tradescantianum*, 1656. The collection was purchased or obtained as a gift, by Elias Ashmole, and presented by him to the University of Oxford, and became the foundation of the Ashmolean Museum.—*Hawkins, Nicholas, and others.*

† George Herbert is too well known by his Country Parson and Poems, and Walton's life of him, to need notice here. Walton quotes from memory, or has purposely improved the lines, as they differ a little from the author's in his own work.—*Am. Ed.*

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine ;
Who dost so strangely and so sweetly move,
Whilst all things have their end, yet none but thine.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me, and all my fellows, praise to thee ;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

And as concerning fish in that Psalm (104), wherein for height of poetry and wonders, the Prophet David seems even to exceed himself, how doth he there express himself in choice metaphors, even to the amazement of a contemplative reader, concerning the sea, the rivers, and the fish therein contained ? And the great naturalist, Pliny,* says, " That Nature's great and wonderful power is more demonstrated in the sea than on the land." And this may appear by the numerous and various creatures inhabiting both in and about that element ; as to the readers of Gesner,† Rondeletius,‡ Pliny, Ausonius,§ Aristotle, and others, may be demonstrated. But I will sweeten this discourse also out of a contemplation in divine Du Bartas,‖ who says,

* Pliny was translated by Philemon Holland, M. D., 1601. It is from that translation Walton quotes.—*Am. Ed.*

† Conrade Gesner, a learned physician and naturalist of Zurich. His principal works were his *Historia Animalium*, in three folio volumes, Zurich, and a smaller volume, *De Piscibus et Aquatilibus*, curious for *Scholia* on the *Halicuticon*, ascribed to Ovid, a list of the fish in Pliny, and their names in Latin, German and English. My copy of the last has no date.—*Am. Ed.*

‡ Rondeletius, or Guillaume Rondelet, a physician and naturalist of Languedoc. His best work is *De Piscibus Marinis.* Walton is really citing from Topsel's *Historie of Four-footed Beasts*, 1607, and *Hist. of Serpents*, 1608.—*Am. Ed.*

§ Ausonius, see Bib. Preface.

‖ Guillaume de Sallust, Sieur du Bartas. He served in the army of Henry IV., and was employed on several missions to England, Scotland, and Denmark. His great work is a poem in seven books, entitled " A Commentary of the Work of the Creation of the World," which passed through thirty editions in six years, and obtained for him the title, " Prince of the French Poets." The doctrines are those of the Huguenots. It was translated by Joshua Sylvester (Ben Jonson's friend), in 1605. It is supposed, with no great reason, to have given Milton the idea of his great

God quickened in the sea and in the rivers,
So many fishes of so many features,
That in the waters we may see all creatures,
Ev'n all that on the earth are to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters drown'd.
For Seas as well as Skies, have Sun, Moon, Stars;
As well as Air—Swallows, Rooks, and Stares;
As well as Earth—Vines, Roses, Nettles, Melons,
Mushrooms, Pinks, Gilliflowers, and many millions
Of other plants, more rare, more strange than these,
As very fishes living in the seas:
As also Rams, Calves, Horses, Hares, and Hogs,
Wolves, Urchins, Lions, Elephants, and Dogs;
Yea Men and Maids; and which I most admire,
*The mitred Bishop, and the cowled Friar.**
Of which, example but a few years since,
Were shown the Norway and Polonian Prince.

These seem to be wonders, but have had so many confirmations from men of learning and credit, that you need not doubt them; nor are the number, nor the various shapes of fishes, more strange or more fit for contemplation, than their different natures, inclinations, and actions; concerning which I shall beg your patient ear a little longer.

The cuttle-fish will cast a long gut out of her throat, which, like as an angler doth his line, she sendeth forth and pulleth in again at her pleasure, according as she sees some little fish come

poem. Walton quotes from the Fifth Day of the First Week, but, as usual, varies from the original. Du Bartas follows Oppian in his notice of fishes.—*Am. Ed.*

* Various stories are told of fish resembling men. Rondeletius, vouched by Bellonius, gives an account of a fish taken in Polonia and brought alive to the king, that resembled a bishop, and was afterwards let go into the water again. The same author describes a fish resembling a monk. Stow, in his Chronicles, says that a fish was taken in the time of Henry II., resembling a man, which was kept for six months, and even brought to church, though he never spoke nor gave signs of reason. He afterwards escaped into the sea.—*Hawkins.*

Redding, in *The Itinerary of Cornwall* (p. 111), says, that sometimes, though rarely, there is a species of *shark* (*Squatina Angelus* of Cuvier, and Ῥ νη of Oppian) taken on that coast, which is called an angel or monk-fish, and might well be the original of both "the mitred bishop and the cowled friar."—*Am. Ed.*

near to her; and the cuttle-fish, being then hid in the gravel, lets the smaller fish nibble and bite the end of it, at which time she by little and little draws the smaller fish so near to her, that she may leap upon her, and then catches and devours her: and for this reason some have called this fish the sea-angler.*

And there is a fish called a hermit,† that at a certain age gets into a dead fish's shell, and like a hermit dwells there alone, studying the wind and weather, and so turns her shell, that she makes it defend her from the injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is also a fish called, by Ælian, in his ninth Book of Living Creatures, ch. 16, the Adonis,‡ or Darling of the Sea; so called, because it is a loving and innocent fish, a fish that hurts nothing that hath life, and is at peace with all the numerous inhabitants of that vast watery element; and truly I think most anglers are so disposed to most of mankind.

And there are also lustful and chaste fishes, of which I shall give you examples.

And first, what Du Bartas says of a fish called the sargus: which because none can express it better than he does, I shall

* The cuttle-fish, which is not properly a fish, but of the class *Mollusca*, is confounded by Walton here with the *Lophius Piscatorius*, common angler, toad-fish, sea-frog, sea-devil. See Donovan, British Fishes, vol. v., plate ci. Donovan has overlooked this passage in Walton, when he says the name of sea-angler is of modern origin. Walton probably copied from Montaigne, but this trait of the cuttle-fish is given in Plutarch, *De Solertia Animalium*, and in Oppian, *Hal.*, xi., 192–200, Jones's Translation. The art employed by this fish in taking its prey has been doubted by some naturalists, but not by Tennant, or Donovan, or Yarrell, who says: "On the head are two long filaments, . . . which have great freedom of motion in any direction. . . . They are of bone covered by the common skin, and very delicate organs of touch. . . . When couching close to the ground, the fish by the action of its fins stirs up the mud; hidden by the obscurity thus produced, it raises the filaments, moves them in various directions by way of bait, and as the small fish come near they become its prey. . . . This design of the angler is not more wonderful than that of the spider," &c., vol. i., 305. Aristotle testifies to the same thing; as does St. Ambrose in his *Hexæmeron*, when speaking of fish.—*Am. Ed.*

† Oppian (Jones), i., 496–520.—*Am. Ed.*

‡ The ancients delight in the praise of this fish. It was a sort of barbel. *Oppian*, i., 257; v., 397.—*Am. Ed.*

give you in his own words; supposing it shall not have the less credit for being verse, for he hath gathered this, and other observations, out of authors that have been great and industrious searchers into the secrets of nature.

The adult'rous Sargus doth not only change*
Wives every day in the deep streams, but—strange!
As if the honey of sea-love delight
Could not suffer his ranging appetite,
Goes courting she-goats on the grassy shore,
Horning their husbands that had horns before.

And the same author writes concerning the Cantharus, that which you shall also hear in his own words.

But contrary, the constant Cantharus†
Is ever constant to his faithful spouse,
In nuptial duties spending his chaste life,
Never loves any but his own dear wife.

* This story of the Sargus (*Perca Labrax*, or Basse) is often repeated by the ancients. Du Bartas evidently has Oppian in his eye when writing of fishes, but mistakes his author in saying that the finny gallants went ashore (*Sur les bordes herbus*). Oppian describes the amours as occurring when

"Their sweating *goats* the swains compel to lave
Their languid bodies in the cooling wave;
* * * * *
Tumultuous round the rival lovers throng,
Display the fin and roll the busy tongue;
* * * * *
The willing goats receive the soft address,
While those repeat the bliss and unfatigued caress."
Halieutics, iv., 395 (*Jones*).

The notion was derived probably from the fish crowding round the goats to feed on the vermin, &c., which fell from them. See also another method of accounting for it in *Lacépède, Hist. des Poissons Tom.*, vii., 21.—*Am. Ed.*

† The cantharus, *Scarabæus*, sea beetle. To show how closely Oppian is followed, I give Jones's translation:

"The beetle no promiscuous joy allows,
True to his vow, and grateful to his spouse;
No change he seeks, nor leaves his dusky fair,
Propitious Hymen joins the constant pair."
(I., 845–6.)—*Am. Ed.*

Sir, but a little longer, and I have done.

Ven. Sir, take what liberty you think fit, for your discourse seems to me music, and charms me to an attention.

Pisc. Why then, Sir, I will take a little liberty to tell, or rather to remember you what is said of turtle-doves; first, that they silently plight their troth and marry; and that then, the survivor scorns, as the Thracian women are said to do, to outlive his or her mate, and this is taken for a truth, and if the survivor shall ever couple with another, then not only the living but the dead, be it either the he or the she, is denied the name and honor of a true turtle-dove.

And to parallel this land-rarity, and teach mankind moral faithfulness, and to condemn those that talk of religion, and yet come short of the moral faith of fish and fowl; men that violate the law affirmed by St. Paul, Rom. ii., 14, 15, to be writ in their hearts, and which, he says, shall at the last day condemn and leave them without excuse;—I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings, for the hearing of such conjugal faithfulness will be music to all chaste ears, and therefore I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings of the mullet.

*But for chaste love the Mullet hath no peer;**
For if the fisher hath surpris'd her pheer,
As mad with woe, to shore she followeth,
Prest to consort him both in life and death.

On the contrary, what shall I say of the house-cock, which treads any hen, and then, contrary to the swan, the partridge, and pigeon, takes no care to hatch, to feed, or to cherish his own brood, but is senseless, though they perish.

And it is considerable, that the hen, which, because she also takes any cock, expects it not, who is sure the chickens be her own, hath by a moral impression her care and affection to her own brood more than doubled, even to such a height, that our Saviour, in expressing his love to Jerusalem, Matt. xxiii., 37, quotes her for an example of tender affection; as his Father had done Job for a pattern of patience.

* Oppian, iv., 59.—*Am. Ed.* Pheer, fellow; bed pheer, bed fellow.—*Hawkins.*

And to parallel this cock, there be divers fishes that cast their spawn on flags or stones, and then leave it uncovered, and exposed to become a prey, and be devoured by vermin, or other fishes; but other fishes, as, namely, the barbel, take such care for the preservation of their seed, that, unlike to the cock or the cuckoo, they mutually labor, both the spawner and the melter, to cover their spawn with sand, or watch it, or hide it in some secret place, unfrequented by vermin, or by any fish but themselves.

Sir, these examples may, to you and others, seem strange; but they are testified some by Aristotle, some by Pliny, some by Gesner, and by many others of credit, and are believed and known by divers, both of wisdom and experience, to be a truth; and indeed are, as I said at the beginning, fit for the contemplation of a most serious and a most pious man. And doubtless this made the prophet David say, "They that occupy themselves in deep waters see the wonderful works of God:"* indeed such wonders and pleasures too as the land affords not.

And that they be fit for the contemplation of the most prudent, and pious, and peaceable men, seems to be testified by the practice of so many devout and contemplative men, as the patriarchs and prophets of old, and of the apostles of our Saviour in our latter times; of which twelve, we are sure he chose four that were simple fishermen, whom he inspired and sent to publish his blessed will to the Gentiles, and inspired them also with a power to speak all languages, and by their powerful eloquence to beget faith in the unbelieving Jews, and themselves to suffer for that Saviour whom their fore-fathers and they had crucified; and, in their sufferings, to preach freedom from the incumbrances of the law, and a new way to everlasting life. This was the employment of these happy fishermen, concerning which choice, some have made these observations.

First, That he never reproved these for their employment or calling, as he did scribes and the money-changers. And secondly, he found that the hearts of such men by nature were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and

* Ps. cvii., 23–24.

peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are: these men our blessed Saviour, who is observed to love to plant grace in good natures, though indeed nothing be too hard for him, yet these men he chose to call from their irreprovable employment of fishing, and gave them grace to be his disciples, and to follow him and do wonders; I say four of twelve.

And it is observable, that it was our Saviour's will, that these our four fishermen should have a priority of nomination in the catalogue of his twelve apostles, Mat. x., 2, Acts i., 13, as namely, first St. Peter,* St. Andrew, St. James, and St. John, and then the rest in their order.

And it is yet more observable, that when our blessed Saviour went up into the mount, when he left the rest of his disciples and chose only three to bear him company at his Transfiguration, that those three were all fishermen. And it is to be believed, that all the other apostles, after they betook themselves to follow Christ, betook themselves to be fishermen too; for it is certain, that the greater number of them were found together fishing by Jesus after his resurrection, as it is recorded in the 21st chapter of St. John's Gospel.†

* Peter is the only one of the twelve who is known to have *angled*, which was when he caught the fish with the tribute money in its mouth, Matt. xvii., 27. In the poems, published with the *Iter Boreale*, by R. Wild, D.D., Lond., 1671, there is this polemical epigram upon those who claim authority from St. Peter.

"Peter a fisher was and he caught men,
And they have nets and in them catch men too;
Yet I'll not swear they are alike, for those
He caught he sav'd, these catch and them undo."

Am. Ed.

† St. Jerome on Ezech. xlvii., 10, says that Oppian marks the number of kinds of fish to be a hundred and fifty-three. Rittershusius, in his edition of Oppian (pp. 372–6), makes the same number from Oppian. If you subtract the *Crustacea* from Pliny's *Aqualilia*, you have the same number very nearly, i. e., one hundred and forty-four. So that if we take the number of Oppian, who was the most correct as a naturalist, to be that known to the ancients, it corresponds with the "one hundred and fifty and three" of the miraculous draught; which has led some to think it a parable of the success of the preaching of the Gospel, begun by the fishermen Apostles, reaching the whole race of man.—*Am. Ed.*

And since I have your promise to hear me with patience, I will take a liberty to look back upon an observation that hath been made by an ingenious and learned man, who observes, that God hath been pleased to allow those, whom he himself hath appointed to write his holy will in Holy Writ, yet, to express his will in such metaphors as their former affections or practice had inclined them to; and he brings Solomon for an example, who before his conversion was remarkably carnally-amorous; and after by God's appointment wrote that spiritual dialogue or holy amorous love-song the Canticles, between God and his church; in which he says his beloved had eyes like the fish-pools of Heshbon.*

And if this hold in reason, as I see none to the contrary, then it may be probably concluded, that Moses, who, I told you before, writ the book of Job, and the Prophet Amos, who was a shepherd, were both anglers; for you shall in all the Old Testament find fish-hooks, I think but twice mentioned,† namely, by meek Moses the friend of God, and by the humble Prophet Amos.

Concerning which last, namely the Prophet Amos, I shall make but this observation, that he that shall read the humble, lowly, plain style of that prophet, and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent style of the Prophet Isaiah, though they be both equally true, may easily believe Amos to be, not only a shepherd, but a good-natured, plain fisherman.

Which I do the rather believe by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble epistles of St. Peter, St. James, and St. John, who we know were all fishers, with the glorious language and high metaphors of St. Paul, who we may believe was not.

And for the lawfulness of fishing it may very well be maintained by our Saviour's bidding St. Peter cast his hook into the water and catch a fish, for money to pay tribute to Cæsar. And let me tell you, that angling is of high esteem, and of much use

* The force of the compliment lies in the sparkling clearness of the waters.—*Am. Ed.*

† Walton forgot Is. xix., 8; Habakkuk i., 15.—*Hawkins.*

in other nations. He that reads the Voyages of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto,* shall find, that there he declares to have found a king and several priests a fishing.

And he that reads Plutarch, shall find that angling was not contemptible in the days of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, and that they in the midst of their wonderful glory used angling as a principal recreation. And let me tell you, that in the Scripture, angling is always taken in the best sense, and that though hunting may be sometimes so taken, yet it is but seldom to be so understood. And let me add this more, he that views the ancient ecclesiastical canons, shall find hunting to be forbidden to churchmen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find angling allowed to clergymen, as being a harmless recreation, a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness.†

I might here enlarge myself by telling you what commendations our learned Perkins bestows on angling: and how dear a lover, and great a practiser of it our learned Doctor Whittaker‡

* Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a Portuguese, who might be called the mendacious Pinto. "He was travelling for nearly twenty-one years in the East with many strange adventures. He is not named in the first edition. The voyages and adventures of Pinto were translated by H[enry] C[ogan] Gent, 1633. The passage alluded to by Walton, occurs p. 319."—*Major.*

† I have alluded to this in the Bib. Pref. In a collection of canons by St. Ives (Yves, Yvon, Yon), at the close of the eleventh century, he gives the decree of Gratian forbidding hunting, founded upon the passage ascribed to St. Jerome on xc. (in King James's version, xci.) Psalm (which I have given in my Bib. Pref., commencing *Esau*, the usual way of quoting canon law). The reasons for angling being preferred, are either conjectured by Walton, or supplied by St. Ives, the compiler. I quote from the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, of *Gregory* xiii., ed. 1582 (where the decree is found *Dist.* lxxxvi., c. 11), which has been kindly lent me by a well-read friend. This reference has not been made by any previous commentator on Walton.—*Am. Ed.*

‡ William Perkins was a learned divine and a pious and painful preacher. Dr. William Whittaker was an able writer in the Romish controversy, and Regius Professor of the University of Cambridge. They both flourished at the latter end of the 16th century. I remark the extreme caution of our author in this passage; for he says not of Perkins as he does of Whittaker, that he was a "practiser of, but only that he bestows (in some of his writ-

was, as indeed many others of great learning have been. But I will content myself with two memorable men, that lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the art of angling.

The first is Doctor Nowel,* sometime Dean of the Cathedral

ings we must conclude) great "commendations on angling." Perkins had the misfortune to want the use of his right hand, as we find in this distich on him:

"Though Nature hath thee of thy right hand bereft,
Right well thou writest with the hand that's left."—*Trans.*

And, therefore, can hardly be supposed capable of even baiting his hook. The fact respecting Whittaker is thus attested by Fuller in his *Holy State*, Book III., ch. 13: "Fishing with an angle is to some rather a torture than a pleasure, to stand an hour as mute as the fish they mean to take, yet herewithal Dr. Whittaker was greatly delighted."—*Hawkins*

* Dr. Alexander Nowel was a learned divine and famous preacher, in the reign of Edward VI., on whose death he fled into Germany, till the persecutions were over, when he returned and was made Dean of St. Paul's. He died in 1601. The monument spoken of as standing in Walton's day, was destroyed in the Great Fire. Dr. Dunham Whittaker, in his *History of Whalley*, says of Nowel, that Walton, "a man of the same tranquil devotion," records his (Nowel's) spending the tenth part of his time in angling, "an amusement suited above all others to calm and contemplative minds, and sacred as it would seem to the relaxation of eminent divines." There has been much dispute about the authorship of the Catechism in the Church of England Prayer Book, and Strype (*Memorials*, ii., 442) holds the opinion of Walton; but Nowel did write two catechisms, a small and a larger one, the latter by the request of Secretary Cecil and others, which was approved (not by parliament), but by a convocation held 1562. In the conference at Hampton Court, Dr. Reynolds distinguished between the catechism of Nowel and that in the service-book, saying that the first was too long and the latter too short. Both Nowel's catechisms contained the doctrines of the sacraments, which the catechism in the book did not, until after the Hampton Court conference, when Dr. Overall, to answer the objections of the Puritans to it on that account, added what has been ever since printed in it after the explanation of the Lord's Prayer. The true author of the Church of England Catechism will never probably be ascertained. The curious may consult Dibdin's Typographical Antiquities (Herbert's), vol. iv., 13; and Cardwell's Documentary Annals of the Reformed Church of England, vol. i., 266.—*Hawkins, Major, &c.*

Fuller (*Worthies*, Lancashire) ascribes the invention of bottling ale to Nowel, who, he tells us, having taken some ale in a bottle with him when

Church of St. Paul's in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced: a man that in the Reformation of Queen Elizabeth, not that of Henry VIII., was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence and piety, that the then parliament and convocation both, chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a catechism for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many nor by hard questions, like an honest angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism which is printed with our good old service-book. I say, this good man was a dear lover, and constant practiser of angling, as any age can produce; and his custom was to spend besides his fixed hours of prayer, those hours which by command of the church were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians: I say, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in angling; and also, for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him, to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught: saying often, "That Charity gave life to Religion:" and at his return to his house would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble; both harmlessly, and in a recreation that became a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an angler, as may appear by his picture, now to be seen, and carefully kept in Brazen-nose-College, to which he was a liberal benefactor, in which picture he is drawn leaning on a desk with his Bible before him, and on one hand of him his lines, hooks, and other tackling lying in a round; and on his other hand are his angle-rods of several sorts: and by them this is written, "That he died 13 Feb., 1601, being aged 95 years, 44 of which he had been Dean of St. Paul's Church; and that his age had neither impaired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor

he went an angling, forgot it in the grass, and found it a few days afterwards "not a bottle any longer, but a *gun*," from the noise it made on drawing the cork.—*Hawkins*.

weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless." 'Tis said that angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings, and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

My next and last example shall be that under-valuer of money, the late Provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton,* a man with whom I have often fished and conversed, a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind: this man, whose very approbation of angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of angling; of which he would say, "'Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent:" for angling was, after tedious study, "a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness:" and "that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it." Indeed, my friend, you will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it.

Sir, this was the saying of that learned man, and I do easily

* See his Life, by Walton, No. lxxxii. of this Library. The good provost had a fishing-house in the Thames, near Windsor, where he used to enjoy his quiet sport and the society of "the ever welcome company" of his friend Walton, "at the time of the fly and the cork." "The whole scenery," according to the description of Jesse (the naturalist, author of *Angler's Rambles*), "appears suited to a lover of angling. A little green lawn slopes gently down to the river, and on the top of it a modest fishing-house is seen, such an one as we may suppose the provost and his friend might retire to either for shelter or to partake of fishermen's fare. It stands on an ayte, round which the delicate clear river finds its way. To the left, the turrets of Windsor Castle are seen through a vista of magnificent elms; and to the right, the chapel and college of Eton, with their venerable and beautiful architecture, add to the charm of the scenery; and . . . near by are graceful willows, amongst which the sedge bird and the willow wren sing in concert day and night. The property still belongs to Eton College, and is rented by Mr. Bachelder, of Windsor, a worthy and expert brother of the angle."—*Sir H. Nicholas.*

believe that peace, and patience, and a calm content, did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton, because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age, he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly in a summer's evening on a bank a fishing; it is a description of the spring, which, because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that river does at this time, by which it was then made, I shall repeat it unto you.

This day dame Nature seem'd in love:
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines,
The jealous Trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly;
There stood my friend with patient skill,*
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves possest
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest:
The groves already did rejoice,
In Philomel's triumphing voice:
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smil'd.
Joan takes her neat rubb'd pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain.
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulips, crocus, violet;
And now, though late, the modest rose,
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay, and full of cheer,
To welcome the new-livery'd year.

These were the thoughts that then possessed the undisturbed mind of Sir Henry Wotton. Will you hear the wish of another angler, and the commendation of his happy life, which he also sings in verse? viz., Jo. Davors, Esq.†

* Walton, doubtless, is the friend here spoken of.

† John Dennys, not Jo. Davors. See my notice of his "Secrets of Angling," Bib. Pref. As usual, Walton has, from a slip of memory, or more probably from design, varied the lines, as he puts for "Trent and

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon, have a dwelling-place;
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or dace,
And on the world and my Creator think;
Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t' embrace,
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill,
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass, and azure culverkeys.

I count it higher pleasure to behold
The stately compass of the lofty sky,
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
The watery clouds that, in the air up roll'd,
With sundry kinds of painted colors fly;
And fair Aurora lifting up her head,
Still blushing, rise from old Tithonus' bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the plains,
The plains extended level with the ground,
The grounds divided into sundry veins,
These veins enclos'd with rivers running round;
These rivers making way through nature's chains
With headlong course into the sea profound;
The raging sea, beneath the vallies low,
Where lakes, and rills, and rivulets do flow.

Avon," " Tyne and Trent," " Barbel " for " Perch;" and the three last lines of the first verse instead of those of Dennys, which are,

" While they proud Thais' painted cheek embrace,
And with the fume of strong tobacco smoke,
And quaffing round, are ready for to choke."

besides other less noticeable changes.—*Am. Ed.*

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song
Do welcome with their quire the summer's Queen:
The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts among
Are intermix'd, with verdant grass between:
The silver-scaled fish, that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery stream.

All these, and many more of his creation
That made the heavens, the angler oft doth see;
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they be;
Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his heart from other fancies free;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

Sir, I am glad my memory has not lost these last verses, because they are somewhat more pleasant and more suitable to May-day, than my harsh discourse, and I am glad your patience hath held out so long, as to hear them and me: for both together have brought us within the sight of the Thatched-house: and I must be your debtor, if you think it worth your attention, for the rest of my promised discourse, till some other opportunity, and a like time of leisure.

VEN. Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the Thatched-house; and I now find your words true, "That good company makes the way to seem short;" for trust me, Sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of this house till you shewed it to me; but now we are at it, we'll turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink and a little rest.

PISC. Most gladly, Sir, and we'll drink a civil cup to all the otter-hunters that are to meet you to-morrow.

VEN. That we will, Sir, and to all the lovers of angling too, of which number I am now willing to be one myself; for by the help of your good discourse and company, I have put on new thoughts both of the art of angling, and of all that profess it: and if you will but meet me to-morrow, at the time and place appointed, and bestow one day with me and my friends in hunting the otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait upon you,

and we two will for that time do nothing but angle, and talk of fish and fishing.

Pisc. 'Tis a match, Sir, I'll not fail you, God willing, to be at Amwell-hill* to-morrow morning before sun-rising.

* Amwell-hill, now called Amwellbury. This beautiful village is the subject of a poem by John Scott, Esq., 1782, in which Walton is thus alluded to.

"It little yields
Of interesting art to swell the page
Of history or song; yet much the soul
Its sweet simplicity delights, and oft
From noise of busy towns, to fields and groves
The muses' sons have fled to find repose.
Fam'd Walton, erst th' ingenious fisher swain
Oft our fair haunts explored: upon Lea's shore,
Beneath some green tree oft his angle laid,
His sport suspending to admire their charms."

Sir H. Nicholas

CHAPTER II.

Observations of the Otter and Chub.

VENATOR. My friend Piscator, you have kept time with my thoughts, for the sun is just rising, and I myself just now come to this place, and the dogs have just now put down an otter. Look down at the bottom of the hill there in that meadow, chequered with water-lilies and lady-smocks; there you may see what work they make: look, look, you may see all busy, men and dogs, dogs and men all busy.

PISC. Sir, I am right glad to meet you, and glad to have so fair an entrance into this day's sport, and glad to see so many dogs, and more men all in pursuit of the otter; let's compliment no longer, but join unto them; come, honest Venator, let's be gone, let us make haste; I long to be doing; no reasonable hedge or ditch shall hold me.

VEN. Gentleman Huntsman, where found you this otter?

HUNT. Marry, Sir, we found her a mile from this place a fishing: she has this morning eaten the greatest part of this trout; she has only left thus much of it as you see, and was fishing for more; when we came we found her just at it: but we were here very early, we were here an hour before sun-rise, and have given her no rest since we came; sure she will hardly escape all these dogs and men. I am to have the skin if we kill her.

VEN. Why, Sir, what's the skin worth?

HUNT. 'Tis worth ten shillings to make gloves; the gloves of an otter are the best fortification for your hands that can be thought on against wet weather.

PISC. I pray, honest Huntsman, let me ask you a pleasant question; do you hunt a beast or a fish?

HUNT. Sir, it is not in my power to resolve you, I leave it to

be resolved by the College of Carthusians,* who have made vows never to eat flesh. But I have heard, the question hath been debated among many great clerks, and they seem to differ about it; yet most agree that her tail is fish: and if her body be fish too, then I may say, that a fish will walk upon land, for an otter does so sometimes five, or six, or ten miles in a night to catch for her young ones, or to glut herself with fish, and I can tell you that pigeons will fly forty miles for a breakfast; but, Sir, I am sure the otter devours much fish, and kills and spoils much more than he eats: and I can tell you, that this dog-fisher, for so the Latins call him, can smell a fish in the water an hundred yards from him: Gesner says much further, and that his stones are good against the falling-sickness: and that there is an herb, benione, which being hung in a linen cloth near a fish-pond, or any haunt that he uses, makes him to avoid the place; which proves he smells both by water and land; and I can tell you there is brave hunting this water-dog in Cornwall, where there have been so many, that our learned Camden says, there is a river called Ottersey,† which was so named, by reason of the abundance of otters that bred and fed in it.

And thus much for my knowledge of the otter, which you may now see above water at vent, and the dogs close with him; I now see he will not last long, follow therefore, my masters, follow, for Sweetlips was like to have him at this last vent.

VEN. Oh me, all the horse are got over the river, what shall we do now? shall we follow them over the water?

HUNT. No, Sir, no, be not so eager, stay a little and follow me, for both they and the dogs will be suddenly on this side again,

* What Walton here says of the otter, he takes from Topsell's (Rev. Edw.) *Historie of Four-Footed Beasts*, Lond., 1607, which is mainly a translation of Gesner, *De Quadrupedibus*, with some additional observations and authorities. The statement about the Carthusian friars, is copied by Topsell from Gesner, lib. i., *Lutra*. Ælian, *De Nat. Anim.*, i., calls the otter a *sea-dog*, which is the name he bears in the East, as in the Latin of Pliny; hence the name *dog-fisher* by Walton for dog-fish. Topsell also speaks of the otter being tamed and used in fishing.—*Am. Ed.*

† Cambden, *Britannia*, p. 32, names it Otterey, and places it in Devonshire, not Cornwall.—*Moses Brown.*

I warrant you; and the otter too, it may be: now have at him with Kilbuck, for he vents again.

Ven. Marry so he does, for look he vents in that corner. Now, now Ringwood has him: now he's gone again, and has bit the poor dog. Now Sweetlips has her; hold her, Sweetlips! now all the dogs have her, some above and some under water; but now, now she's tired, and past losing: come bring her to me, Sweetlips. Look, 'tis a bitch-otter, and she has lately whelped, let's go to the place where she was put down, and not far from it you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you, and kill them all too.

Hunt. Come, gentlemen, come all, let's go to the place where we put down the otter. Look you, hereabout it was that she kennelled; look you, here it was indeed, for here's her young ones, not less than five; come, let's kill them all.

Pisc. No, I pray, Sir, save me one, and I'll try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenious gentleman in Leicestershire, Mr. Nich. Seagrave, has done; who hath not only made her tame, but to catch fish, and do many other things of much pleasure.

Hunt. Take one with all my heart, but let us kill the rest. And now let's go to an honest ale-house, where we may have a cup of good barley-wine, and sing Old Rose,* and all of us rejoice together.

Ven. Come, my friend Piscator, let me invite you along with us; I'll bear your charges this night, and you shall bear mine to-morrow; for my intention is to accompany you a day or two in fishing.

* A rollicking drinking song of the time of Charles I., in Hannington's collection:

"Now we've met like jovial fellows,
Let us do as wise men tell us,
Sing Old Rose and burn the bellows," &c.
Sir H. Nicholas.

The reader will observe the tact with which here and in the conversation the next day, Walton contrasts the noisy, intemperate huntsman, with the quiet, well behaved angler.—*Am. Ed.*

Pisc. Sir, your request is granted, and I shall be right glad, both to exchange such a courtesy, and also to enjoy your company.

Ven. Well, now let's go to your sport of angling.

Pisc. Let's be going with all my heart. God keep you all, Gentlemen, and send you meet this day with another bitch-otter, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

Ven. Now, Piscator, where will you begin to fish?

Pisc. We are not yet come to a likely place, I must walk a mile further yet, before I begin.

Ven. Well then, I pray, as we walk tell me freely, how do you like your lodging, and mine host, and the company? Is not mine host a witty man?

Pisc. Sir, I will tell you presently what I think of your host; but first I will tell you, I am glad these otters were killed, and I am sorry that there are no more otter-killers: for I know that the want of otter-killers, and the not keeping the fence-months for the preservation of fish, will in time prove the destruction of all rivers; and those very few that are left, that make conscience of the laws of the nation, and of keeping days of abstinence, will be forced to eat flesh, or suffer more inconveniences than are yet foreseen.

Ven. Why, Sir, what be those that you call the fence-months?

Pisc. Sir, they be principally three, namely, March, April, and May, for these be the usual months that salmon come out of the sea to spawn in most fresh rivers, and their fry would about a certain time return back to the salt water, if they were not hindered by wears and unlawful gins, which the greedy fishermen set, and so destroy them by thousands, as they would, being so taught by nature, change the fresh for salt water. He that shall view the wise statutes made in the 13th of Edward I., and the like in Richard III., may see several provisions made against the destruction of fish: and though I profess no knowledge of the law, yet I am sure the regulation of these defects might be easily mended. But I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, "That which is everybody's business, is nobody's business." If it were otherwise, there could not be so many nets and fish

that are under the statute-size, sold daily amongst us, and of which the conservators of the waters should be ashamed.

But above all, the taking fish in spawning-time, may be said to be against nature; it is like the taking the dam on the nest when she hatches her young: a sin so against nature, that Almighty God hath in the levitical law made a law against it.*

But the poor fish have enemies enough beside such unnatural fishermen, as namely, the otters that I spake of, the cormorant, the bittern, the osprey, the sea-gull, the heron, the king-fisher, the gorara, the puet, the swan, goose, ducks, and the craber, which some call the water-rat: against all which any honest man may make a just quarrel, but I will not, I will leave them to be quarrelled with, and killed by others; for I am not of a cruel nature, I love to kill nothing but fish.

And now to your question concerning your host; to speak truly,† he is not to me a good companion: for most of his conceits were either Scripture-jests, or lascivious jests; for which I count no man witty, for the devil will help a man that way inclined, to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter; but a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man; and indeed such a companion should have his charges borne, and to such company I hope to bring you this night; for at Trout-hall,‡ not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an angler that proves good company: and let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue: but for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others, the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless; I am sorry the other is a gen-

* Deuteronomy, chap. xxii., 6, 7.

† Would that all who are anglers followed father Walton's opinion and practice!

‡ Piscator and his friend did not sleep, as he proposes here, at Trout-hall, but returned to the ale-house where they dined, which we learn was called Bleak-hall. The plan was changed, because the hostess, "on his going out of the door, told him that his brother Peter and a cheerful companion had sent word they would lodge there that night."

tleman, for less religion will not save their souls than a beggar's; I think more will be required at the last great day. Well, you know what example is able to do, and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:

> .....*Many a one*
> *Owes to his country his religion:*
> *And in another would as strongly grow,*
> *Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.*

This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more; for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures: I'll to my own art, and I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a chub, and then we'll return to an honest cleanly hostess, that I know right well; rest ourselves there, and dress it for our dinner.

Ven. Oh, Sir, a chub is the worst fish that swims,* I hoped for a trout to my dinner.

Pisc. Trust me, Sir, there is not a likely place for a trout hereabout, and we stayed so long to take our leave of your huntsmen this morning, that the sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a trout till evening; and though a chub be by you and many others reckoned the worst fish, yet you shall see I'll make it a good fish, by dressing it.

Ven. Why, how will you dress him?

Pisc. I'll tell you by and by, when I have caught him. Look you here, Sir, do you see? but you must stand very close: there lie upon the top of the water in this very hole twenty chubs; I'll catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all: and

* The chub of this country is the scorn and vexation of the angler, and, except when large, is by no means the shy fish that Walton and other English writers describe him to be; on the contrary, he is a bold biter, more ready than welcome at any bait offered to him. Palmer Hackle (*Hints on Angling and Angling Excursions in France*, &c., Lon., 1846, 8vo.), speaking of Walton's recipe for cooking the chub, suggests as an improvement that the chub be left out, in imitation of the Irish play bill which announced that the tragedy of Hamlet would be performed, the part of Hamlet omitted. Hackle also says that the chub in France has been known to reach a weight of ten pounds; but this is an enormous size.—*Am. Ed.*

that I will do so, I'll hold you twenty to one, and you shall see it done.

VEN. Ay, marry, Sir, you now talk like an artist, and I'll say you are one, when I shall see you perform what you say you can do: but I yet doubt it.

PISC. You shall not doubt it long, for you shall see me do it presently: look, the biggest of these chubs has had some bruise upon his tail, by a pike or some other accident, and that looks like a white spot; that very chub I mean to put into your hands presently; sit you but down in the shade, and stay but a little while, and I'll warrant you I'll bring him to you.

VEN. I'll sit down and hope well, because you seem to be so confident.

PISC. Look you, Sir, there is a trial of my skill, here he is;

that very Chub that I showed you with the white spot on his tail: and I'll be as certain to make him a good dish of meat, as I was to catch him. I'll now lead you to an honest ale-house where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall; there my Hostess, which I may tell you, is both cleanly and handsome and civil, hath dressed many a one for me, and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat.

VEN. Come, Sir, with all my heart, for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and indeed to rest myself too; for though I have walked but four miles this morning, yet I begin to be weary; yesterday's hunting hangs still upon me.

PISC. Well, Sir, and you shall quickly be at rest, for yonder is the house I mean to bring you to.

Come, Hostess, how do you do? Will you first give us a cup

of your best drink, and then dress this chub, as you dressed my last, when I and my friend were here about eight or ten days ago? But you must do me one courtesy, it must be done instantly.

HOSTESS. I will do it, Mr. Piscator, and with all the speed I can.

PISC. Now, Sir, has not my Hostess made haste? and does not the fish look lovely?

VEN. Both, upon my word, Sir, and therefore let's say grace, and fall to eating of it.

PISC. Well, Sir, how do you like it?

VEN. Trust me, 'tis as good meat as I ever tasted: now let me thank you for it, drink to you, and beg a courtesy of you; but it must not be denied me.

PISC. What is it, I pray, Sir: you are so modest, that methinks I may promise to grant it before it is asked.

VEN. Why, Sir, it is, that from henceforth you would allow me to call you Master, and that really I may be your scholar; for you are such a companion, and have so quickly caught, and so excellently cooked this fish, as makes me ambitious to be your scholar.

PISC. Give me your hand; from this time forward I will be your master, and teach you as much of this art as I am able; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the nature of most of the fish that we are able to angle for, and I am sure I both can and will tell you more than any common angler yet knows.

CHAPTER III.

How to fish for, and to dress the Chavender, or Chub.

PISCATOR. The chub, though he eat well thus dressed, yet as he is usually dressed, he does not: he is objected against, not only for being full of small forked bones, dispersed through all his body, but that he eats waterish, and that the flesh of him is not firm, but short and tasteless. The French esteem him so mean, as to call him Un Vilain; nevertheless he may be so dressed as to make him very good meat; as namely, if he be a large chub, then dress him thus:

First scale him, and then wash him clean, and then take out his guts; and to that end make the hole as little and near to his gills as you may conveniently, and especially make clean his throat from the grass and weeds that are usually in it, for if that be not very clean, it will make him to taste very sour: having so done, put some sweet herbs into his belly, and then tie him with two or three splinters to a spit, and roast him, basted often with vinegar, or rather verjuice and butter, with good store of salt mixed with it.

Being thus dressed, you will find him a much better dish of meat than you, or most folk, even than anglers themselves, do imagine; for this dries up the fluid watery humor with which all chubs do abound.

But take this rule with you, that a chub newly taken and newly dressed, is so much better than a chub of a day's keeping after he is dead, that I can compare him to nothing so fitly as to cherries newly gathered from a tree, and others that have been bruised and lain a day or two in water. But the chub being thus used and dressed presently, and not washed after he is gutted;—for note, that lying long in water, and washing the blood out of any fish after they be gutted, abates much of their sweetness,—you will find the chub being dressed in the blood and

quickly, to be such meat as will recompense your labor, and disabuse your opinion.

Or you may dress the chavender or chub thus:

When you have scaled him, and cut off his tail and fins, and washed him very clean, then chine or slit him through the middle, as a salt fish is usually cut; then give him three or four cuts or scotches on the back with your knife, and broil him on charcoal, or wood-coal that are free from smoke, and all the time he is a broiling baste him with the best sweet butter, and good store of salt mixed with it; and to this add a little thyme cut exceeding small, or bruised into the butter. The cheven thus dressed hath the watery taste taken away, for which so many except against him. Thus was the cheven dressed that you now liked so well, and commented so much. But note again, that if this chub that you ate of, had been kept till to-morrow, he had not been worth a rush. And remember that his throat be washed very clean, I say very clean, and his body not washed after he is gutted, as indeed no fish should be.

Well, Scholar, you see what pains I have taken to recover the lost credit of the poor despised chub. And now I will give you some rules how to catch him; and I am glad to enter you into the art of fishing by catching a chub, for there is no fish better to enter a young angler, he is so easily caught, but then it must be this particular way.

Go to the same hole in which I caught my chub, where in most hot days you will find a dozen or twenty chevens floating near the top of the water: get two or three grasshoppers as you go over the meadow, and get secretly behind the tree, and stand as free from motion as is possible; then put a grasshopper on your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the water, to which end you must rest your rod on some bough of the tree: but it is likely the chubs will sink down towards the bottom of the water at the first shadow of your rod, for a chub is the fearfullest of fishes, and will do so if but a bird flies over him, and makes the least shadow on the water: but they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again: I say when they lie upon the top of the water, look out the best chub, which you, setting yourself

in a fit place, may very easily see, and move your rod as softly as a snail moves, to that chub you intend to catch; let your bait fall gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait, and you will be as sure to catch him; for he is one of the leather-mouthed fishes, of which a hook does scarce ever lose its hold; and therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water. Go your way presently, take my rod, and do as I bid you, and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

VEN. Truly, my loving Master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I'll go and observe your directions.

Look you, Master, what I have done! that which joys my heart, caught just such another chub as yours was.

PISC. Marry, and I am glad of it: I am like to have a towardly scholar of you. I now see, that with advice and practice, you will make an angler in a short time. Have but a love to it, and I'll warrant you.

VEN. But, Master, what if I could not have found a grasshopper?

PISC. Then I may tell you, that a black snail, with his belly slit, to show his white; or a piece of soft cheese, will usually do as well: nay, sometimes a worm, or any kind of fly, as the ant-fly, the flesh-fly, or wall-fly, or the dor or beetle, which you may find under cow-dung, or a bob, which you will find in the same place, and in time will be a beetle; it is a short white worm, like to and bigger than a gentle; or a cod-worm, or a case-worm, any of these will do very well to fish in such a manner. And after this manner you may catch a trout in a hot evening: when as you walk by a brook, and shall see or hear him leap at flies, then if you get a grasshopper, put it on your hook, with your line about two yards long, standing behind a bush or tree where his hole is, and make your bait stir up and down on the top of the water: you may, if you stand close, be sure of a bite, but not sure to catch him, for he is not a leather-mouthed fish: and after this manner you may fish for him with almost any kind of live fly, but especially with a grasshopper.

VEN. But before you go further, I pray, good Master, what mean you by a leather-mouthed fish?

Pisc. By a leather-mouthed fish, I mean such as have their teeth in their throat, as the chub or cheven, and so the barbel, the gudgeon, and carp, and divers others have; and the hook being stuck into the leather or skin of the mouth of such fish, does very seldom or never lose its hold; but on the contrary, a pike, a perch, or trout, and so some other fish,—which have not their teeth in their throats, but in their mouths, which you shall observe to be very full of bones, and the skin very thin, and little of it,—I say, of these fish the hook never takes so sure hold, but you often lose your fish, unless he have gorged it.

Ven. I thank you, good Master, for this observation; but now what shall be done with my chub or cheven, that I have caught?

Pisc. Marry, Sir, it shall be given away to some poor body; for I'll warrant you I'll give you a trout for your supper: and it is a good beginning of your art to offer your first-fruits to the poor, who will both thank God and you for it, which I see by your silence you seem to consent to. And for your willingness to part with it so charitably, I will also teach you more concerning chub-fishing: you are to note that in March and April he is usually taken with worms; in May, June, or July, he will bite at any fly, or at cherries, or at beetles with their legs and wings cut off, or at any kind of snail, or at the black bee that breeds in clay walls; and he never refuses a grasshopper on the top of a swift stream, nor at the bottom the young humble-bee that breeds in long grass, and is ordinarily found by the mower of it. In August, and in the cooler months, a yellow-paste, made of the strongest cheese, and pounded in a mortar with a little butter and saffron, so much of it as being beaten small, will turn it to a lemon-color. And some make a paste for the winter months,—at which time the chub is accounted best, for then it is observed, that the forked bones are lost or turned into a kind of gristle, especially if he be baked,—of cheese and turpentine; he will bite also at a minnow or penk, as a trout will; of which I shall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other baits. But take this for a rule, that in hot weather he is to be fished for towards the mid-water, or near the top; and in colder weather nearer the bottom. And if you fish for him on the top, with a beetle or

any fly, then be sure to let your line be very long, and to keep out of sight. And having told you that his spawn is excellent meat, and that the head of a large cheven, the throat being well washed, is the best part of him, I will say no more of this fish at the present, but wish you may catch the next you fish for.

But lest you may judge me too nice in urging to have the chub dressed so presently after he is taken, I will commend to your consideration how curious former times have been in the like kind.

You shall read in Seneca's Natural Questions, Lib. 3, Cap. 17,* that the ancients were so curious in the newness of their fish, that they seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guest's hand; and he says that to that end they did usually keep them living in glass bottles in their dining-rooms; and they did glory much in their entertaining of friends, to have that fish taken from under their table alive that was instantly to be fed upon. And he says, they took great pleasure to see their mullets change to several colors, when they were dying. But enough of this, for I doubt I have stayed too long from giving you some observations of the trout, and how to fish for him, which shall take up the next of my spare time.

* Walton is said, by some of his editors, to be quoting Seneca at second-hand, through Hakewill, but he must have followed Hakewill's reference to Lodge's translation of Seneca, published 1614, as he gives more particulars than Hakewill.—*Am. Ed.*

THE SAMLET OR SKEGGER-TROUT.—*Vide* Page 60.

CHAPTER IV.

Observations of the Nature and Breeding of the Trout, and how to fish for him. And the Milk-maid's Song.

PISCATOR.—The trout is a fish highly valued both in this and foreign nations: he may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck that he also has his seasons; for it is observed, that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck; Gesner says his name is of a German offspring,* and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water fish, as the mullet may with all sea-fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste, and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him.

And before I go further in my discourse, let me tell you, that you are to observe, that as there be some barren does, that are good in summer, so there be some barren trouts that are good in winter; but there are not many that are so, for usually they be in their perfection in the month of May, and decline with the buck. Now you are to take notice, that in several countries, as in Germany and in other parts, compared to our's, fish do differ much in their bigness, and shape, and other ways, and so do trouts;† it is well known that in the Lake Leman, the Lake of Geneva,‡ there are trouts taken of three cubits long, as is af-

* There can scarcely be any doubt of our word *trout* having come originally from the Latin *trutta*, from the Greek τρώκτης, though the fish bearing that name was not a trout, but a sea fish, and as Gesner shows, *De Aquatilibus* (IV., p. 1006), probably the *Amia.—Am. Ed*

† Gesner's division of trouts into sea, lake, and river, does sufficiently well for popular purposes.—*Am. Ed.*

‡ Four feet and a half is Gesner's measurement; and he speaks of them

firmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit; and Mercator says,* the trouts that are taken in the Lake of Geneva, are a great part of the merchandise of that famous city. And you are further to know, that there be certain waters, that breed trouts remarkable both for their number and smallness. I know a little brook in Kent, that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour; but none greater than about the size of a gudgeon; there are also in divers rivers, especially that relate to, or be near to the sea, as Winchester, or the Thames about Windsor, a little trout called a samlet or skegger-trout,—in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a standing,—that will bite as fast and as freely as minnows; these be by some taken to be young salmons,† but in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a herring.

as attaining thirty pounds weight. The lake trout of this country are often much heavier. At the Falls of St. Mary, Columbia River, trout are taken as heavy as sixty pounds. Cox (*Col. River*, ii., 263) speaks of one which weighed ninety pounds. Dr. Mitchell described *Jour. Am. Academy of Nat. Sciences*, Vol. I., p. 410–12) a *great trout of the lakes*, which from the color of the flesh he named *salmo amethystus*, that, according to reports, grows to a hundred and twenty pounds weight, more than six feet long. A fine test of a cool hand, with a single gut!

The Milwaukie Sentinel (Sept. 21, 1846), says: "A friend of ours just returned from Fort Washington, tells us that he saw a little shaver, eight or nine years old, there fishing in the lake, who hooked a fish so large that it became doubtful whether the boy would go into the lake or the fish come out of it. Finally the youthful disciple of Walton landed a famous lake trout. Bets were made as to which was the heaviest, the captive or the captor. The scales showed the boy to weigh forty-six pounds, the fish forty."—*Am. Ed.*

* Gerard Mercator, a famous Flemish mathematician, geographer, and theologian. He wrote many books, and died in 1594. Walton is again quoting at third hand.—*Am. Ed.*

† The reader will find in Yarrell's *British Fishes* many interesting observations on queries similar to this, and in Scrope's *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing* (a most sumptuous and able work), a long series of careful experiments on the breeding and interbreeding of the several species. The account is too long to extract, and too particular to be abridged, but goes far to show that the different varieties of the *salmo* are nearer relatives than has been generally thought, even by the most observant naturalists.—*Am. Ed.*

There is also in Kent near to Canterbury, a trout called there a Fordidge trout,* a trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish ; many of them near the bigness of a salmon, but known by their different color, and in their best season they cut very white ; and none of these have been known to be caught with an angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir George Hastings, an excellent angler, and now with God ; and he hath told me, he thought that trout bit not for hunger but wantonness ; and it is the rather to be believed, because both he then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food was by which they lived : and have found out nothing by which they may satisfy their curiosity.

Concerning which you are to take notice, that it is reported by good authors, that grasshoppers and some fish have no mouths,† but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how ; and this may be believed, if we consider that when the raven hath hatched her eggs, she takes no further care, but leaves her young ones to the care of the God

* Fordwich is about two miles east of Canterbury and the river, the Stour. Yarrell says, unhesitatingly, that the Fordwich trout is the *salmon trout* (*salmo trutta* of Linnæus, *salmo albus* or white trout, Flem. Brit. An), what is called the *hirling* in some parts of Scotland. He says also in contradiction to Walton and his friend Sir George Hastings, that quantities are taken with the rod, and on being examined are found full of various insects, particularly the sandhopper. The very rapid digestion of the salmon family led to our author's error. He quotes also Dr. Macullogh *Jour. Roy. Inst.*, xxxiv., p. 211), as stating that the salmon trout, or sea trout as it is called in Scotland, is " now a permanent resident of a fresh water lake in the Island of Lismore, one of the Hebrides, and without the power of visiting the sea. There it has been known for a number of years, perfectly reconciled to its prison, and propagating without difficulty." The same thing has doubtless occurred in this country.—*Am. Ed.*

† The reader hardly needs to be told that both these statements are mistakes of Walton's. The grasshopper is a hearty feeder, and well furnished with jaws, and the raven as good a mother as the wren. It is, however, an ascertained fact, that fish bred in the darkness of the great Kentucky cave have no eyes, because they have no use for them. I have seen a *fish* of this description (*Amblyopsis speleus.* of De Kay), there being no appearance whatever of eyes in its head, which led an incorrigible punster to pronounce it to be of the *feel*-ine species.—*Am. Ed.*

of Nature, who is said in the Psalms (Psal. cxlvii., 9), "To feed the young ravens that call upon him." And they be kept alive, and fed by a dew, or worms that breed in their nests, or some other ways that we mortals know not; and this may be believed of the Fordidge trout, which, as it is said of the stork (Jerem. viii., 7), that "he knows his season," so he knows his times, I think almost his day of coming into that river out of the sea, where he lives, and, it is like, feeds, nine months of the year, and fasts three in the river of Fordidge. And you are to note that those townsmen are very punctual in observing the time of beginning to fish for them; and boast much that their river affords a trout that exceeds all others. And just so does Sussex boast of several fish; as namely, a Shelsey cockle, a Chichester lobster, an Arundel mullet, and an Amerly trout.

And now for some confirmation of the Fordidge trout; you are to know that this trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be the better believed, because it is well known, that swallows and bats and wagtails, which are called half-year birds, and not seen to fly in England for six months in the year, but about Michaelmas leave us for a better climate;* yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows, have been found many thousands at a time, in hollow trees, or clay caves; where they have been observed to live and sleep out the whole winter without meat; and so Albertus† observes, that there is one kind of frog‡ that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of August, and that she lives so all the winter: and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.

* View Sir Fran. Bacon, Exper. 899.—*Walton's own note.*

† Albertus Magnus, a German Dominican monk, a studious man and learned author, made Archbishop of Ratisbon against his will, by Alexander IV. His devotion to occult sciences got him the name among the vulgar of being a magician. Among many works, amounting to more than twenty volumes folio, several treatises, "*De Secretis Naturæ, Mulierum*," *&c.*, have been attributed to him, but it is thought falsely. They are of a licentious tendency not seen in his other writings. He died in 1280. Walton is quoting here, through Topsel, *on Serpents* (p. 180), from the treatise *De Secretis Naturæ.—Am. Ed.*

‡ See Topsel on Frogs.—*Walton's own Note.*

And so much for these Fordidge trouts, which never afford an angler sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly gotten in the sea, not unlike the swallow or frog, or by the virtue of the fresh water only; or as the bird of paradise and the chamelion are said to live by the sun and the air.

There is also in Northumberland a trout called a bull-trout,* of a much greater length and bigness than any in these southern parts: and there are in many rivers that relate to the sea, salmon-trouts, as much different from others, both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep in some countries differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of their wool: and certainly, as some pastures breed larger sheep, so do some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger trouts.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is, that the trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish: concerning which you are also to take notice, that he lives not so long as the perch and divers other fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his History of Life and Death.

And next you are to take notice, that he is not like the crocodile, which, if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death: but 'tis not so with the trout; for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigness or thrives only in his head till his death.† And you are to know, that he will about, especially before, the time of his spawning, get almost miraculously through wears and flood-gates against the streams; even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later: which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in

* The bull-trout (*Salmo Eriox* of Linnæus), or the grey trout (*Cinereus aut Griseus*) of Willoughly, and others; a distinct species from the salmon and salmon-trout. It is an inferior fish, and seldom taken with the rod when in good condition. *Yarrell and others.—Am. Ed.*

† Every angler has met with such big-headed trout; which peculiarity arises not from old age, but the comparative leanness of the body, after spawning, or when in ill-health.—*Am. Ed.*

the spring or summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season: for it may be observed of the trout that he is like the buck or the ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pasture that horses do, which will be fat in one month; and so you may observe, that most other fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat and in season, than the trout doth.

And next you are to note, that till the sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water, the trout is sick and lean, and lousy, and unwholesome: for you shall in winter find him to have a big head, and then to be lank, and thin, and lean: at which time many of them have sticking on them sugs, or trout-lice, which is a kind of a worm, in shape like a clove or pin, with a big head, and sticks close to him and sucks his moisture; those, I think, the trout breeds himself, and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is when warm weather comes; and then, as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead, still water, into the sharp streams, and the gravel, and there rubs off these worms or lice; and then, as he grows stronger, so he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any fly or minnow that comes near to him; and he especially loves the May-fly, which is bred of the cod-worm, or cadis; and these make the trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of that month, than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know, that it is observed, that usually the best trouts are either red or yellow; though some, as the Fordidge trout, be white and yet good; but that is not usual: and it is a note observable, that the female trout hath usually a less head, and a deeper body than the male trout; and is usually the better meat: and note, that a hog-back, and a little head to either trout, salmon, or any other fish, is a sign that the fish is in season.*

* The observant angler in this country knows how the color of the trout varies with his circumstances. When he is "hog-backed," it is because he is fat; and as soon as it is warm enough to fish with any comfort, especially after the streams are clear, though still full from the spring freshets, the angler may righteously fill his basket from the play of the *blue-dun*, the

But yet you are to note, that as you see some willows or palm-trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some trouts be

March-brown, the *cow-dung*, a *small* hackle *nearly black*, the ever-killing *red-hackle*, and, as the season advances, the *stone-fly*, each variously trimmed to suit the time of day, state of the atmosphere, and color of the water. Fancy may increase the list, though not to much advantage, until a warm sun brings out the yellow green of the May fly. I subjoin an exquisite little song by that capital angler Stoddart, in his "Angling Reminiscences." The reader will believe with me that it is as true to nature, as it is to the best spirit of the English lyric.

"Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Meet the morn upon the lea;
Are the emeralds of spring
On the angler's trysting tree?
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there buds on our willow tree?
Buds and birds on our trysting tree?

"Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Have you met the honey bee
Circling upon rapid wing
Round the angler's trysting tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, up and see!
Are there bees at our willow tree?
Birds and bees at the trysting tree?

"Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Are the fountains gushing free;
Is the south wind wandering
Through the angler's trysting tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Is there wind up our willow tree?
Wind or calm at our trysting tree?

"Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Wile us with a merry glee,
To the flowery haunts of spring,
To the angler's trysting tree.
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there flowers 'neath our willow tree?
Spring and flowers at the trysting tree?"

Leaves upon the willow, birds singing, bees humming, the water full

in rivers sooner in season: and as some hollies or oaks are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some trouts in rivers longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note, that there are several kinds of trouts; but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men, for they go under the general name of trouts: just as pigeons do in most places; though it is certain there are tame and wild pigeons; and of the tame, there be helmits and runts, and carriers and cropers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of trouts especially, which differ in their bigness and shape, and spots and color.* The great Kentish hens may be an instance compared to other hens: and doubtless there is a kind of small trout which will never thrive to be big, that breeds very many more than others do that be of a larger size; which you may rather believe, if you consider that the little wren and titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when usually the noble hawk, or the musical thrassel or black-bird, exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a trout; and at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how yourself shall fish for him.

Ven. Trust me, Master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub: for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

Pisc. Well, Scholar, you must endure worse luck sometimes,†

and clear, and the early flowers peeping through the grass, and a south wind blowing, are sure signs that the trout are waiting to try our skill.—*Am. Ed.*

* This is the common sense view of the matter. The history of the trout and salmon is as yet very obscure, especially in this country. Dr. De Kay describes but three species of salmon, and two of trout. The researches of Agassis, who devotes himself with peculiar zeal to this family of fishes, will, it is hoped, throw much light upon the subject.—*Am. Ed.*

† Franklin's story of "a glorious nibble," is well known; but there is another told of an angler trying, without success, a spot where he had

or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? there is a trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him, and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him: reach me that landing-net: so, Sir, now he is mine own, what say you now? is not this worth all my labor and your patience?

VEN. On my word, Master, this is a gallant trout: what shall we do with him?

PISC. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my Hostess, from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My Hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best;* we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch,† or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.‡

seen a brother of the rod standing often, learned upon inquiry that the latter gentleman had fished that hold for years without ever having even a nibble. The fly-fisher, led on by hope from one promising spot to another, has less of this tedium than the down angler, whose bait is hidden.—*Am. Ed.*

* Rather primitive, and would stir the spleen of an English tourist if he found it in an American book; but it is perfectly in keeping with the Complete Angler of Walton.—*Am. Ed.*

† Anglers are generally, and "ought to be, musical," as Markham says; nor are the pleasant songs few, that are written by those whose poetical temperament leads them to delight in the running stream, the green meadow, and the sweet fresh air.—*Am. Ed.*

‡ Seneca, in his *Natural Questions*, iii., 13, says: "There are many things of an amusing character that have come into my mind, incredible and fabulous, as that a man should go a fishing with a pickaxe instead of nets and hooks;" but the late Capt. Rickets, of Philadelphia, a highly honorable man, and the best fly-fisher I ever met at a stream side, assured me, that he once saw in Switzerland three men going to take trout, one with a *sledge-hammer*, another with a *crow-bar*, the third with a large *basket*. He followed them to the river, in which the water was low, and watched the operation. The man with the sledge struck hardly on a large stone in the stream; the second, with the crow-bar, instantly turned it over, when the third with the basket seldom failed to pick up one or more trout, that had been stunned with the blow, as the fish seen swimming under the ice are often served by skaters.—*Am. Ed.*

Ven. A match, good Master: let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so: let's be going, good Master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

Pisc. Nay, stay a little, good Scholar, I caught my last trout with a worm, now I will put on a minnow and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, Scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all. Have with you, Sir! o' my word I have hold of him. Oh it is a great logger-headed chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good Scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look, under that broad beech-tree, I sat down when I was last this way a fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose-hill: there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam: and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams.* As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it,

I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possess'd joys not promis'd in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; it was a handsome milk-maid that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind

* How perfectly beautiful is this description! I cannot tell from whom Walton quotes this couplet.—*Am. Ed.*

with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do: but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow,* now at least fifty years ago: and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.†

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age.‡ Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a fishing, and am going to Bleak-Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milk-W. Marry, God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a fishing two months hence, a grace of God I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice in a new-made hay-cock§ for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men; in the mean time, will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

* Christopher Marlow, contemporary with Shakspeare, and a favorite actor with Elizabeth and James I. He wrote seven tragedies, and has received high praise as a poet. He was a man of loose principles in religion and morals, and came to a corresponding end, being killed in a brawl with a servant about a low woman. He is known as Kit Marlow; as Thomas Heywoode, 1635, says ("*Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*," p. 206),

> "Marlow, renowned for his rare art and wit,
> Could ne'er attaine beyond the name of *Kit*."

[*Am. Ed.*

† See note on the song.

‡ He probably means the affectation of condensing too much for clearness.—*Am. Ed.*

§ Verjuice is the acid of the crab apple, wild grapes, or other fruits, with which the good woman hoped, when the season of them, "two months hence," was come, to prepare her syllabub. "Red cow's milk" was probably thought to be better for health, as the vulgar think that *red* flannel

Pisc. No, I thank you; but I pray do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song, that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow about eight or nine days since.

Milk-W. What song was it, I pray? Was it, Come, Shepherds, deck your herds? or, As at noon Dulcina rested? or, Philida flouts me? or, Chevy Chase? or, Johnny Armstrong? or, Troy Town?*

has some peculiar virtue, and tie a red string round the neck to stop the nose-bleed.—*Am. Ed.*

* The first of these songs was first reprinted in Sir Harris Nicholas' edition of the Angler, having been furnished him in MS. by Mr. Rodd from Mr. Heber's collection.

"As at noon Dulcina rested" is in Percy's *Reliques* (Series III., B. 2, 12). It is quite free, as this best of the verses shows:—

"But in vayne she did conjure him
To depart her presence soe;
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
And but one to bid him goe:
Where lippes invite,
And eyes delighte,
And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay;
What boots she say,
Forgoe me now, come to me soone?"

"Philida flouts me" is in Ritson's *Songs from Henry III. to the Revolution*, taken from "*The Theatre of Compliments*," 1659. It is a serio-ludicrous complaint, as this third verse shows:—

"Fair maid, be not so coy—
Do not disdain me;
I am my mother's joy—
Sweet, entertaine me!
I shall have, when she dies,
All things that's fitting—
Her poultry and her bees,
And her goose sitting;
A pair of mattress beds,
A barrel full of shreds;
And yet for all these goods,
Philida flouts me."

PISC. No, it is none of those: it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

MILK-W. O, I know it now: I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin,* sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.†

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove

"Chevy Chase" is well known. The commonly received version criticised by Addison (*Spectator*, Nos. 70, 74), cannot be older (from the style) than Queen Elizabeth's time. Percy (Series I., B. 1, 1) gives the ancient poem from an old MS. at the end of Hearne's Preface to *Gul. Newbrigiensis Hist.*, 1719, Vol. I., to the end of which is subjoined the name of the author, Rychard Sheale. He (Percy) fixes its date in the time of Henry VI. Had the young shepherdess sung the whole of that ballad, our friends would have been very late for supper.

"Johnny Armstrong" is the well known ballad on the border freebooter of that name. The English version is given by Ritson (*English Songs*, Vol. II.), the genuine in Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, from Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*.

"Troy Town" is a very old ballad on the story of Dido and Æneas, beginning,

"When Troy towne had for ten yeeres past."

It sends Dido's ghost to punish the faithless lover, and he dies most miserably.

"And thus as one being in a trance,
A multitude of uglye feinds
About this woffull prince did dance.
He had no helpe of any friends:
His body they took quite away,
And no one knew his dying day."

It is in Percy's *Reliques*, Series III., B. 2, 22.—*Am. Ed.*

* Maudlin, diminutive for Matilda.

† The fact that Shakspeare puts the second verse of this song into Evans's mouth (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. III., Scene I.), has led

That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed our flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;

Warburton and others to think it Shakspeare's; and, indeed, it was published as his. But that play was first published in 1602, and this song is ascribed to Marlow in "*England's Helicon*," 1600, seven years after Marlow's death, in very nearly the same words as in our text. In Marlow's "Jew of Malta," written before 1493, these lines occur :—

"Thou in whose groves by Dis above,
Shall live with me and be my love."

But that play was not published until 1633; and in "*The Passionate Pilgrime and Sonnets, to sundry notes of Musicke*, by Mr. William Shakspeare," printed for W. Jaggard, 1599, a copy of this madrigal, containing only four verses (the fourth and fifth being wanting), appears, accompanied by the first verse of the answer. Shakspeare, however, was notoriously careless of his pieces, and this last publication may not have had his authority. The song passed for Marlow's with his contemporaries; and with Dr. Johnson, Percy, and others, I incline to think it his. There may have been an older song with the same line, "Come live with me and be my love," which the writer of the song in the text imitated, as Dr. Donne did this in his poem called "The Bait," and Herrick in his "Live, live with me" (Hesperides, Vol. I., 269, ed. 1825). There is a ballad entitled "Queen Elinor," to the tune of "Come live with me and be my love," printed in Delancy's "*Strange Histories, or Songs and Sonnets*," 1607; and Nicholas Breton, in his "*Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters*," 1637, speaks of the old song, "Come live with me and be my love," as sung by the "blacke browes with the cherrie cheeke under the side of the pide-cowe." The old music will be found in the appendix, as also Herrick's imitation. Walton, it is to be observed, inserted the sixth verse in the second and subsequent editions of his Angler, which is not in good keeping with the pastoral simplicity of the rest.—*Nicholas, Percy, Hawkins, Washbourne's Edition of the Angler, &c., collated by Am. Ed.*

Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

(*Thy silver dishes for thy meat,*
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.)

The Shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

VEN. Trust me, Master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milk-maid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night: and, without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milk-maid's wish upon her, "That she may die in the spring, and being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet."*

* This is taken from the characters printed with Sir Thomas Overbury's "Wife," which had been often published before Walton's book. Sir Thomas Overbury was the confidant of Carr, Earl of Somerset, whom he dissuaded from marrying the profligate Countess of Essex, and afterwards, through the means of the enraged woman, was poisoned when imprisoned in the Tower on a false charge of treason; for which crime the Earl and Countess were condemned, but pardoned by the King, though the under agents were executed. "Overbury was the author of several works in prose and verse of considerable merit, and has been compared, in his learning, wisdom, and melancholy fate, to Germanicus." The description is so beautiful that I subjoin it:—

"*A fayre and happy Milk-Maid*

Is a Countrey Wench, that is so farre from making her selfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face Physicke* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a *Dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.*

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every Shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

silently, as if they had stolne upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her selfe) is farre better than outsides *of Tissew:* for though she be not arraied in the spoile of the *Silke-worme*, shee is deckt in *innocency*, a farre better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoile both her *complexion* and *conditions;* Nature hath taught her, too *immoderate sleepe is rust to the Soule;* she rises therefore with *Chaunticleare* her dame's cock, and at night makes the *Lambe* her *Curfew*. In milking a Cow, a-straining the *Teats* through her fingers, it seems that so sweete a Milk-presse makes the Milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came *Almond Glove* or *Aromatique oyntment* on her palme to taint it. The golden eares of corne fall and kisse her feet when shee reapes them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which sents all the yeare long of *June*, like a new-made Haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pitty; and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her mery wheele) she sings a defiance to the giddy *wheele of Fortune*. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems *ignorance* will not suffer her to doe ill, being her mind is to doe well. Shee bestowes her yeere's wages at next faire; and in chusing her garments, counts no bravery i' th' world like decency. The *Garden* and *Bee-hive* are all her *Physick* and *Chyrurgerye*, and shee lives the longer for't. She dares goe alone, and unfold sheepe i' th' night, and feares no manner of ill, because she meanes none; yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with *old songs*, *honest thoughts*, and *prayers*, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with insuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreames are so chaste, that shee dare tell them: only a Fridaie's dreame is all her *superstition:* that shee conceales for feare of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the *Spring-time*, to have store of flowers stucke upon her winding-sheet." *Character* 51, sign. L. 7. From the copy in the Library of Sion College, London.

* Sir Harris Nicholas says, that this reply was taken by Walton from *England's Helicon*, where it was printed with the signature S. W. R.; but in most of the copies "Ignoto" was pasted over those initials, "which tends to prove that it was not written by Raleigh; and Walton's error probably arose from using a copy in which the alteration had not been made." Hannah (in his edition of *Poems by Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others*, Pickering, 1845) says that the alteration is

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields,
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

(*What, should we talk of dainties then,*
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain; that's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.)

known to have been made in three copies; and Percy (*Rel.*, Ser. I., B. 2, 12), that "Ignoto" is known to have been a signature of Raleigh's, and that there is another imitation in England's Helicon of the first song, beginning—

"Come live with me and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year," &c.;

and that on the whole he (Percy) is inclined to attribute this to Raleigh. Nicholas thinks that they are both Shakspeare's; Hannah leans to the side of Raleigh, because of "the general consent in his favour," but is in doubt, as he thinks the signature "Ignoto" inconsistent, if Raleigh were the author. I go with the popular majority in this instance. Walton added the sixth verse in a note to the second edition; and it bears his impress so strongly that we may suppose it to be his own.

There is great skill shown in making the daughter, who is "in her golden age," sing the first song, and the mother, "when the cares of the world began to take hold upon her," the second; it is the subsidence of youthful romance into the sober common sense of riper years.—*Am. Ed.*

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

MOTHER. Well, I have done my song; but stay, honest anglers, for I will make Maudlin to sing you one short song more. Maudlin, sing that song that you sung last night, when young Coridon the shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

MAUD. I will, mother.

I married a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate:
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly estate.

But oh! the green sickness
Soon changed her likeness;
And all her beauty did fail:
But 'tis not so,
With those that go,
Through frost and snow,
*As all men know,**
And carry the milking pail.

PISC. Well sung, good woman; I thank you; I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days, and then beg another song of you. Come, Scholar, let Maudlin alone; do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look, yonder comes mine hostess, to call us to supper. How now! is my brother Peter come?

HOST. Yes, and a friend with him; they are both glad to hear that you are in these parts, and long to see you, and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

* This song and the passage before it was added to the fifth edition; until then Piscator's commendation, following it here, followed the mother's song. Sir Harris Nicholas objects to the introduction of this song "as the only objectionable allusion in the book;" but it was not so objectionable in those times as many other writings show, and seems a homely boast of the good health which recommended the pastoral beauties, as likely to be useful as well as pleasing wives. Had the milk-maid sung "Dulcina," it would have been much "higher-kilted," as the Scotch say.—*Am. Ed.*

CHAPTER V.

More Directions how to fish for, and how to make for the Trout an artificial Minnow and Flies—with some Merriment.

Pisc. Well met, brother Peter : I heard you and a friend would lodge here to-night, and that hath made me to bring my friend to lodge here too. My friend is one that would fain be a brother of the angle ; he hath been an angler but this day, and I have taught him how to catch a chub by dapping with a grasshopper,* and the chub he caught was a lusty one of nineteen inches long. But pray, brother Peter, who is your companion ?

Peter. Brother Piscator, my friend is an honest countryman, and his name is Coridon, and he is a downright witty companion, that met me here purposely to be pleasant and eat a trout, and I have not yet wetted my line since we met together ; but I hope to fit him with a trout for his breakfast, for I'll be early up.

Pisc. Nay, brother, you shall not stay so long : for, look you, here is a Trout

* Dapping for trout with the grasshopper, the grass-beetle, the cricket, &c., over a running stream, affords very fine sport, and is the nearest imitation, as it was the original, of fly fishing. Many an "attic minstrel" have I, when a boy, made to seduce the shy, speckled, shining beauties from their haunts ; but no artificial imitation have I ever succeeded with. Though the very counterfeit of life, the trout will not take them.—*Am. Ed.*

will fill six reasonable bellies. Come, Hostess, dress it presently, and get us what other meat the house will afford, and give us some of your best barley-wine, the good liquor that our honest forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and to do so many great deeds.

Peter. O'my word this trout is perfect in season. Come, I thank you; and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the brothers of the angle wheresoever they be, and to my young brother's good fortune to-morrow; I will furnish him with a rod, if you will furnish him with the rest of the tackling: we will set him up and make him a fisher.

And I will tell him one thing for his encouragement, that his fortune hath made him happy to be scholar to such a master; a master that knows as much both of the nature and breeding of fish as any man; and can also tell him as well how to catch and cook them, from the minnow to the salmon, as any that I ever met withal.

Pisc. Trust me, brother Peter, I find my scholar to be so suitable to my own humor, which is to be free, and pleasant, and civilly merry, that my resolution is to hide nothing that I know from him. Believe me, Scholar, this is my resolution; and so here's to you a hearty draught, and to all that love us, and the honest art of angling.

Ven. Trust me, good Master, you shall not sow your seed in barren ground, for I hope to return you an increase answerable to your hopes; but however you shall find me obedient, and thankful, and serviceable to my best ability.

Pisc. 'Tis enough, honest Scholar, come, let's to supper. Come, my friend Coridon, the trout looks lovely, it was twenty-two inches when it was taken, and the belly of it looked some part of it as yellow as a marigold, and part of it white as a lily; and yet, methinks, it looks better in this good sauce.

Coridon. Indeed, honest friend, it looks well, and tastes well; I thank you for it, and so doth my friend Peter, or else he is to blame.

Pet. Yes, and so I do, we all thank you; and when we have

supped, I will get my friend Coridon to sing you a song for requital.

Cor. I will sing a song, if anybody will sing another; else, to be plain with you, I will sing none: I am none of those that sing for meat, but for company: I say, "'Tis merry in hall, when men sing all."*

Pisc. I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made at my request, by Mr. William Basse,† one that hath made the choice songs of the Hunter in his Career, and of Tom of Bedlam, and many others of note; and this that I will sing is in praise of angling.

* The old saw is,

"When beards wag all."

Hawkins says, i. e., "when all are eating." Why not laughing?—*Am. Ed.*

† William Basse. Sir Harris Nicholas, in his Life of Walton (cxx.), calls Basse "an eminent composer," and in his note on the "Angler's Song," says, "These initials (W. B.) occur in the first edition only, and prove that Walton, in saying that this song 'was lately made at my request,' by that composer did not refer to the music only." It appears to me that Walton did not refer to the music but the song itself, and this is the more certain from the fact, that we have no trace of Basse as a musical composer. Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music, makes no mention of him in that character, as from his familiarity with Walton he would have done, had he known him to be a composer. Basse was a poetical writer, for, besides the songs, "The Hunter in his Career" (first reprinted in Pickering's edition by Sir Harris, from a collection of ballads, 1625), and "Tom of Bedlam" (which the reader will find in Percy's *Reliques*, Series ii., B. 3, 17, but with a mistake in the third verse of "Pentrarchye" for "Pentateuch"), Sir Harris tells us, that in Warton's Life of Dean Bathurst there are verses "To Mr. W. Basse on the intended publication of his poems, Jan. 13, 1651." Hawkins also says that the "Tom of Bedlam," beginning "From my sad and darksome cell," with the music set to it by Hen. Lawes, is printed in a book entitled "Playford's Antidote against Melancholy," 8vo., 1669, and afterwards in another collection, 1670. Yet Walton says Basse "made" that song as well as this. Besides, the other angler's song (in chap. xvi.), "Man's Life is but Vain," was published in the first edition of the Angler as set to music, "*by Mr. H. Lawes*," probably at the request of Walton; as this probably was. Indeed it would be strange if other music had been so soon substituted by Lawes in the place of the author's own.

Of Lawes himself, more will be said in another note, and the music placed in the Appendix.—*Am. Ed.*

Cor. And then mine shall be the praise of a countryman's life: what will the rest sing of?

Pet. I will promise you I will sing another song in praise of angling to-morrow night; for we will not part till then, but fish to-morrow, and sup together, and the next day every man leave fishing, and fall to his business.

Ven. 'Tis a match; and I will provide you a song or a catch against then too, which shall give some addition of mirth to the company; for we will be civil and as merry as beggars.

Pisc. 'Tis a match, my masters; let's e'en say grace, and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to wet our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts.

Come on, my masters, who begins? I think it is best to draw cuts, and avoid contention.

Pet. It is a match. Look, the shortest cut falls to Coridon.

Cor. Well, then, I will begin, for I hate contention.

CORIDON'S SONG.

Oh the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
Heigh trolie lollie loe,
Heigh trolie lollie lee,
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride;
Then care away, &c.

But oh! the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart:
Then care away, &c.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
Grey russet for our wives,
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives:
Then care away, &c.

The ploughman though he labor hard,
Yet on the holiday,
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
No emperor so merrily,
Does pass his time away:
Then care away, &c.

To recompense our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers;
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers:
Then care away, &c.

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring:
Then care away, &c.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies:
Then come away,
Turn countryman with me.

Jo. CHALKHILL.*

PISC. Well sung, Coridon; this song was sung with mettle, and it was choicely fitted to the occasion; I shall love you for it as long as I know you: I would you were a brother of the angle;

* Jo. Chalkhill, the author of *Thealma and Clearchus.* "For my brother Chalkhill," Iz. WA. wrote on a presentation copy of his "Lives," recently in the Rev. Mr. Cotton's collection, as I learn from a catalogue of his sale. The copy sold for five guineas. See Bib. Preface.—*Am. Ed.*

I know, brother, you and your scholar will lie together; but where shall we meet to-morrow night? for my friend Coridon and I will go up the water towards Ware.

Pisc. And my scholar and I will go down towards Waltham.

Cor. Then let's meet here; for here are fresh sheets that smell of lavender, and I am sure we cannot expect better meat or better usage in any place.

Pet. 'Tis a match. Good night to everybody.

Pisc. And so say I.

Ven. And so say I.

Pisc. Good morrow, good Hostess; I see my brother Peter is still in bed: Come, give my scholar and me a morning-drink, and a bit of meat to breakfast; and be sure to get a good dish of meat or two against supper, for we shall come home as hungry as hawks. Come, scholar, let's be going.

Ven. Well, now, good Master, as we walk towards the river give me direction, according to your promise, how I shall fish for a trout.

Pisc. My honest Scholar, I will take this very convenient opportunity to do it.

The trout is usually caught with a worm or a minnow, which some call a penk, or with a fly, viz., either a natural or an artificial fly: concerning which three I will give you some observations and directions.

And, first, for worms: of these there be very many sorts; some breed only in the earth, as the earth-worm; others of or amongst plants, as the dug-worm; and others breed either out of excrements, or in the bodies of living creatures, as in the horns of sheep or deer; or some of dead flesh, as the maggot or gentle, and others.*

* The *lob-worm*, twachel, dew-worm, is our common *garden worm*, and may be found in any richly manured and damp ground. The largest which are of a dirty yellow on the belly, are the best. Erasmus, in his Colloquies (*Venatio*), brings these worms to the surface by pouring an infusion of walnut leaves or green shells of walnuts on the ground; and Bowlker recommends the practice.

The *marsh worms* are found where their name indicates, and in meadows under cow dung. They are of a blue or purple color, and too brittle unless well scoured.

Now these be most of them particularly good for particular fishes: but for the trout, the dew-worm, which some also call the lob-worm, and the brandling, are the chief; and especially the first for a great trout, and the latter for a less. There be also of lob-worms some called squirrel-tails, a worm that has a red head, a streak down the back, and a broad tail, which are noted to be the best, because they are the toughest and most lively, and live longest in the water: for you are to know, that a dead worm is but a dead bait, and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively, quick, stirring worm; and for a brandling, he is usually found in an old dunghill, or some very rotten place near to it: but most

The *red-worm* is a smaller lob-worm, and is the best bait when of strong red color, taken from a dry, loamy soil. They are not as good bait in the summer as spring.

The *brandling* are striped red and yellow, found in dry dung-heaps and tan-yards. They are bitter, and not fit for use unless scoured for several days.

The *tag-tail*, or marl-worm, is of a bright red, and very lively, found in clay.

Hawkins says: "If you beat an oak tree that grows over a high-way or bare place, the *oak-worms* will fall for you to gather."

Anglers in this country are not much in the habit of scouring their worms. Bowlker's method is the best: "Gather fresh moss, wash out the earth, squeeze it, but not too dry, and put worms and moss into an earthen jar, changing the moss twice a week in summer and once in winter. If the worms look sickly (languid or swollen), sprinkle new milk over the moss. The jar must be kept in a cool place. Worms may be kept after being gathered in the spring, by dipping a coarse clean cloth in a quart of water in which a pound of mutton suet, chopped fine, has been dissolved, and laying it over the moss."

Gentles (a gentle name for maggots) are in constant use by English ground-anglers. They may be procured from a sheep's liver exposed to the sun for several days, and so hung up that the gentles will drop into a pan of sawdust placed under. They should then be kept in dry sand and bran mixed, where they will be cool, or they will turn into the *chrysalis* state. They are most useful in spring, and may be carried to the water in a box, of *wood*, not *tin*. Walton's notion of scenting his bait, is common to many anglers. The oil of ivy, when genuine, is the best; some use *assafœtida*, and others are loud in praise of chinque-foil. This practice was known to the ancients, as appears from the *Geo-ponica*, xx., where several recipes are given. Oppian's favorite bait for river fishing was veal minced and kept in calf's blood for ten days.—*Am. Ed.*

usually in cow-dung, or hog's-dung, rather than horse-dung, which is somewhat too hot and dry for that worm. But the best of them are to be found in the bark of the tanners, which they cast up in heaps after they have used it about their leather.

There are also divers other kinds of worms, which for color and shape alter even as the ground out of which they are got; as the marsh-worm, the tag-tail, the flag-worm, the dock-worm, the oak-worm, the gift-tail, the twachel or lob-worm, which of all others is the most excellent bait for a salmon; and too many to name, even as many sorts as some think there be of several herbs or shrubs, or of several kinds of birds in the air; of which I shall say no more, but tell you that, what worms soever you fish with, are the better for being well scoured, that is, long kept before they be used: and in case you have not been so provident, then the way to cleanse and scour them quickly, is to put them all night in water, if they be lob-worms, and then put them into your bag with fennel; but you must not put your brandlings above an hour in water, and then put them into fennel for sudden use; but if you have time, and purpose to keep them long, then they be best preserved in an earthen pot with good store of moss, which is to be fresh every three or four days in summer, and every week or eight days in winter; or at least the moss taken from them, and clean washed, and wrung betwixt your hands till it be dry, and then put it to them again. And when your worm, especially the brandling, begins to be sick and lose his bigness, then you may recover him, by putting a little milk or cream, about a spoonful in a day, into them by drops on the moss; and if there be added to the cream an egg beaten and boiled in it, then it will both fatten and preserve them long. And note, that when the knot, which is near to the middle of the brandling, begins to swell, then he is sick, and if he be not well looked to, is near dying. And for moss you are to note, that there be divers kinds of it, which I could name to you, but will only tell you, that that which is likest a buck's horn is the best, except it be soft white moss, which grows on some heaths, and is hard to be found. And note, that in a very dry time, when you are put to an extremity for worms, walnut-tree leaves squeezed into water, or salt in water, to make it bitter or salt, and then that water poured on

the ground, where you shall see worms are used to rise in the night, will make them to appear above ground presently. And you may take notice, some say that camphor, put into your bag with your moss and worms, gives them a strong and so tempting a smell, that the fish fare the worse and you the better for it.

And now I shall shew you how to bait your hook with a worm, so as shall prevent you from much trouble, and the loss of many a hook too, when you fish for a trout with a running-line, that is to say, when you fish for him by hand at the ground: I will direct you in this as plainly as I can, that you may not mistake.

Suppose it be a big lob-worm,* put your hook into him somewhat above the middle, and out again a little above the middle; having so done, draw your worm above the arming of your hook: but note, that at the entering of your hook it must not be at the head-end of the worm, but at the tail-end of him, that the point of your hook may come out toward the head-end, and having drawn him above the arming of your hook, then put the point of your hook again into the very head of the worm, till it come near to the place where the point of the hook first came out; and then draw back that part of the worm that was above the shank or arming of your hook, and so fish with it. And if you mean to fish with two worms, then put the second on before you turn back the hook's head of the first worm; you cannot lose above two or three worms before you attain to what I direct you; and having attained it, you will find it very useful, and thank me for it: for you will run on the ground without tangling.

Now for the minnow or penk:† he is not easily found and caught till March, or in April, for then he appears first in the river, nature having taught him to shelter and hide himself in the

* The reader must refer to some angling manual (Bowlker or Salter for instance), for further instruction about worms and gentles. Our hands have long been washed from the dirty things, satisfied not to fish when the *fly* cannot be used.—*Am. Ed.*

† The minnow used by us is the *Hydrargira Diaphana*. The *shiner* of our lakes and small streams (*Leuciscus Nitidus*) is capital for such fishing from its silvery brightness. The reader will find a far better method of *rigging* his minnow in any modern angling book, but needs the explanation of a plate. Walton seems to have known nothing of the *swivel*, so necessary to us in spinning the bait.—*Am. Ed.*

winter in ditches that be near to the river, and there both to hide and keep himself warm in the mud or in the weeds, which rot not so soon as in a running river, in which place if he were in winter, the distempered floods that are usually in that season, would suffer him to take no rest, but carry him headlong to mills and wears to his confusion. And of these minnows, first you are to know, that the biggest size is not the best; and next that the middle size and the whitest are the best: and then you are to know, that your minnow must be so put on your hook, and it must turn round when 'tis drawn against the stream; and that it may turn nimbly, you must put it on a big-sized hook, as I shall now direct you, which is thus. Put your hook in at his mouth and out at his gill, then having drawn your hook two or three inches beyond or through his gill, put it again into his mouth, and the point and beard out at his tail, and then tie the hook and his tail about very neatly with a white thread, which will make it the apter to turn quick in the water: that done, pull back that part of your line which was slack when you did put your hook into the minnow the second time: I say, pull that part of your line back so that it shall fasten the head, so that the body of the minnow shall be almost straight on your hook; this done, try how it will turn by drawing it across the water or against a stream, and if it do not turn nimbly, then turn the tail a little to the right or left hand, and try again, till it turn quick; for if not, you are in danger to catch nothing: for know, that it is impossible that it should turn too quick: and you are yet to know, that in case you want a minnow, then a small loach or a stickle-bag, or any other small fish that will turn quick, will serve as well: and you are yet to know, that you may salt them, and by that means keep them ready and fit for use three or four days or longer; and that of salt, bay salt is the best.

And here let me tell you, what many old anglers know right well, that at some times, and in some waters, a minnow is not to be got; and therefore let me tell you I have,—which I will shew to you,—an artificial minnow, that will catch a trout as well as an artificial fly, and it was made by a handsome woman that had a fine hand, and a live minnow lying by her: the mould or body of the minnow was cloth, and wrought upon or over it thus with

a needle: the back of it with very sad French green silk, and paler green silk towards the belly, shadowed as perfectly as you can imagine, just as you see a minnow;* the belly was wrought also with a needle, and it was a part of it of white silk, and another part of it with silver thread; the tail and fins were of a quill, which was shaven thin; the eyes were of two little black beads, and the head was so shadowed, and all of it so curiously wrought, and so exactly dissembled, that it would beguile any sharp-sighted trout in a swift stream. And this minnow I will now shew you; look, here it is; and if you like it, lend it you, to have two or three made by it, for they be easily carried about an angler, and be of excellent use; for note, that a large trout will come as fiercely at a minnow, as the highest mettled hawk doth seize on a partridge, or a greyhound on a hare. I have been told that 160 minnows have been found in a trout's belly; either the trout had devoured so many, or the miller, that gave it a friend of mine, had forced them down his throat after he had taken him.

Now for flies, which are the third bait wherewith trouts are usually taken. You are to know, that there are so many sorts of flies as there be of fruits: I will name you but some of them, as the dun-fly, the stone-fly, the red-fly, the moor-fly, the tawny-fly, the shell-fly, the cloudy or blackish-fly, the flag-fly, the vine-fly: there be of flies, caterpillars, and canker-flies, and bear-flies, and indeed too many either for me to name or for you to remember: and their breeding is so various and wonderful, that I might easily amaze myself and tire you in a relation of them.

* Artificial minnows are (so far as trout fishing is concerned) much like Peter Pindar's razors, better for the tackle shop than the stream or lake. There is an artificial spinning bait of later invention, called *a Kill-devil*, which is made of leather, silk, &c., somewhat resembling a caterpillar, but must appear in the swift water like a bright minnow. It is rigged with seven hooks, cunningly disposed. The English books say that this bait excites the trout to such a degree, that it is considered too murderous for fair angling, and forbidden in many preserved waters. It may be procured at the Conroys' tackle shop, Fulton street, New York (where everything the angler requires is to be found of the best quality), and at other places where a good assortment is kept. My experiments with it have been quite unsuccessful.—*Am. Ed.*

And yet I will exercise your promised patience by saying a little of the caterpillar, or the palmer-fly or worm, that by them you may guess, what a work it were in a discourse but to run over those very many flies, worms, and little living creatures with which the sun and summer adorn and beautify the river banks and meadows, both for the recreation and contemplation of us anglers; pleasures which, I think, myself enjoy more than any other man that is not of my profession.

Pliny holds an opinion, that many have their birth or being from a dew, that in the spring falls upon the leaves of trees; and that some kinds of them are from a dew left upon herbs or flowers; and others from a dew left upon coleworts or cabbages:* all which kinds of dews being thickened and condensed, are by the sun's generative heat most of them hatched, and in three days made living creatures: and these of several shapes and colors; some being hard and tough, some smooth and soft; some are horned in their head, some in their tail, some have none: some have hair, some none: some have sixteen feet, some less, and some have none; but as our Topsel† hath with great diligence observed, those which have none, move upon the earth, or upon broad leaves, their motion being not unlike to the waves of the sea. Some of them he also observes to be bred of the eggs of other caterpillars, and that those in their time turn to be butterflies; and again, that their eggs turn the following year to be caterpillars. And some affirm, that every plant has his particular fly or caterpillar, which it breeds and feeds. I have seen, and may therefore affirm it, a green caterpillar, or worm, as big as a small peascod, which had fourteen legs, eight on the belly, four under the neck, and two near the tail. It was found on a hedge of privet, and was taken thence, and put into a large box, and a little branch or two of privet put to it, on which I saw it feed as sharply as a dog gnaws a bone: it lived thus five or six days, and thrived, and changed the color two or three times; but, by some neglect in the keeper of it, it then died, and did not turn to a fly: but if it had lived, it had doubtless turned to one of those flies of

* The doctrine of spontaneous generation is now exploded.—*Am. Ed.*

† In his History of Serpents.—*Walton's own Note.*

prey,* which those that walk by the rivers, may in summer see fasten on smaller flies, and I think, make them their food. And it is observable, that as there be these flies of prey which be very large, so there be others very little, created, I think, only to feed them, and breed out of I know not what; whose life, they say, nature intended not to exceed an hour, and yet that life is thus made shorter by other flies, or accident.

It is endless to tell you what the curious searchers into nature's productions have observed of these worms and flies: but yet I shall tell you what Aldrovandus,† our Topsel, and others say of the palmer-worm or caterpillar; that whereas others content themselves to feed on particular herbs or leaves,—for most think those very leaves that gave them life and shape, give them a particular feeding and nourishment, and that upon them they usually abide;—yet he observes, that this is called a pilgrim or palmer-worm, for his very wandering life and various food; not contenting himself, as others do, with any one certain place for his abode, nor any certain kind of herbs or flowers for his feeding; but will boldly and disorderly wander up and down, and not endure to be kept to a diet, or fixed to a particular place.

Nay, the very colors of caterpillars are, as one has observed, very elegant and beautiful: I shall, for a taste of the rest, describe one of them, which I will sometime the next month shew you feeding on a willow-tree, and you shall find him punctually to answer this very description;‡ "his lips and mouth somewhat

* The *Sphinx Lagustri*, or the caterpillar of the privet hawk moth, which is not a fly of prey, as Walton thinks.—*Rennie.*

† Ulysses Aldrovandus, born at Bologna, 1527, professor of physic and philosophy. He travelled extensively in search of minerals, plants, animals, birds, fishes, &c.; and expended all his means in procuring figures for his plates from the best specimens. He died blind and utterly poor in a hospital at Bologna. He wrote a hundred and twenty books, and one, *De Piscibus*, published at Bologna, edited by J. C. Uteruerius and M. Ant. Bernia, 1638, and at Frankfort 1640. His great work, On Birds and Insects, in six large folio volumes, was published during his life, and continued on his plan after his death. The passage in the text occurs in his *Serpentum et Draconum Historia*, 1640. Walton is quoting at second hand.—*Compiled by Am. Ed.*

‡ This description is marked as a quotation in the first edition; but the author quoted from is not given. It is not Lord Bacon, though Walton says

yellow, his eyes black as jet, his forehead purple, his feet and hinder parts green, his tail two-forked and black, the whole body stained with a kind of red spots which run along the neck and shoulder-blade, not unlike the form of Saint Andrew's cross, or the letter X, made thus cross-wise, and a white line drawn down his back to his tail; all which add much beauty to his whole body." And it is to me observable, that at a fixed age this caterpillar gives over to eat, and towards winter comes to be covered over with a strange shell or crust, called an Aurelia, and so lives a kind of dead life, without eating all the winter; and, as others of several kinds turn to be several kinds of flies and vermin the spring following, so this caterpillar then turns to be a painted butterfly.

Come, come, my Scholar, you see the river stops our morning walk, and I will also here stop my discourse; only as we sit down under this honeysuckle hedge, whilst I look a line to fit the rod that our brother Peter hath lent you, I shall, for a little confirmation of what I have said, repeat the observation of Du Bartas.*

God, not contented to each kind to give,
And to infuse the virtue generative,
By his wise power made many creatures breed
Of lifeless bodies without Venus' deed.

So the cold humor breeds the salamander,
Who, in effect, like to her birth's commander,
With child with hundred winters, with her touch,
Quencheth the fire though glowing ne'er so much.

So in the fire in burning furnace springs
The fly Perausta with the flaming wings;
Without the fire it dies, in it it joys,
Living in that which all things else destroys.

in a foot note: "View Sir Fra. Bacon, Exper. 728 and 90 (the last a mistake of his printer, for 29 i. e. 729), in his Natural History." The reader will find much on this subject of interest to the angler in Ronald's *Fly-Fisher's Entomology*, London, 1836, a very beautiful and instructive book, though, to my judgment, carrying the theory of imitation too far.—*Am. Ed.*

* The Sixth Day.

*So slow Boötes underneath him sees**
In th' icy islands goslings hatch'd of trees,
Whose fruitful leaves falling into the water,
Are turn'd, 'tis known, to living fowls soon after.

So rotten planks of broken ships do change
To barnacles. O transformation strange!
'Twas first a green tree, then a broken hull,
Lately a mushroom, now a flying gull.

VEN. O my good Master, this morning walk has been spent to my great pleasure and wonder: but, I pray, when shall I have your direction how to make artificial flies, like to those that the trout loves best, and also how to use them?

PISC. My honest Scholar, it is now past five of the clock, we will fish till nine, and then go to breakfast. Go you to yonder sycamore-tree, and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it: for about that time, and in that place, we will make a brave breakfast with a piece of powdered beef, and a radish or two that I have in my fish-bag; we shall, I warrant you, make a good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast, and I will then give you direction for the making and using of your flies: and in the meantime there is your rod and line; and my advice is, that you fish as you see me do, and let's try which can catch the first fish.

VEN. I thank you, Master; I will observe and practise your directions, as far as I am able.

PISC. Look you, Scholar, you see I have hold of a good fish: I now see it is a trout; I pray put that net under him, and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all. Well done, Scholar; I thank you.

Now for another. Trust me I have another bite: come, Scholar, come lay down your rod, and help me to land this as you did the other. So, now we shall be sure to have a good dish of fish for supper.

VEN. I am glad of that; but I have no fortune; sure, Master, yours is a better rod, and better tackling.

PISC. Nay, then, take mine, and I will fish with yours. Look

* View Gerh. Herbal and Cambden.—*Walton's own Note.*

you, Scholar, I have another; come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me! he has broke all; there's half a line and a good hook lost.

VEN. Ay, and a good trout too.

PISC. Nay, the trout is not lost; for pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had.

VEN. Master, I can neither catch with the first nor second angle: I have no fortune.

PISC. Look you, Scholar, I have yet another: and now having caught three brace of trouts, I will tell you a short tale as we walk towards our breakfast: A scholar, a preacher I should say, that was to preach to procure the approbation of a parish, that he might be their lecturer, had got from his fellow-pupil the copy of a sermon that was first preached with great commendation by him that composed it; and though the borrower of it preached it word for word as it was at first, yet it was utterly disliked as it was preached by the second to his congregation: which the sermon-borrower complained of to the lender of it, and was thus answered: "I lent you indeed my fiddle, but not my fiddle-stick; for you are to know, that every one cannot make music with my words, which are fitted for my own mouth." And so, my Scholar, you are to know, that as the ill pronunciation or ill accenting of words in a sermon spoils it, so the ill carriage of your line, or not fishing even to a foot in a right place, makes you lose your labor: and you are to know, that though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tackling with which you see I catch fish, yet you have not my fiddle-stick; that is, you yet have not skill to know how to carry your hand and line, nor how to guide it to a right place: and this must be taught you,—for you are to remember I told you angling is an art,—either by practice, or a long observation, or both. But take this for a rule, when you fish for a trout with a worm, let your line have so much, and no more lead than will fit the stream in which you fish; that is to say, more in a great troublesome stream than in a smaller that is quieter; as near as may be, so much as will sink the bait to the bottom, and keep it still in motion, and not more.

But now let's say grace and fall to breakfast: what say you, Scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat

taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it? for this sycamore-tree will shade us from the sun's heat.

VEN. All excellent good, and my stomach excellent good too. And now I remember and find that true which devout Lessius* says, "that poor men, and those that fast often, have much more pleasure in eating than rich men and gluttons, that always feed before their stomachs are empty of their last meat, and call for more: for by that means they rob themselves of that pleasure that hunger brings to poor men." And I do seriously approve of that saying of yours, "that you would rather be a civil, well-governed, well-grounded, temperate, poor angler, than a drunken lord." But I hope there is none such; however, I am certain of this, that I have been at many very costly dinners that have not afforded me half the content that this has done, for which I thank God and you.

And now, good Master, proceed to your promised direction for making and ordering my artificial fly.

PISC. My honest Scholar, I will do it, for it is a debt due unto you by my promise; and because you shall not think yourself more engaged to me than indeed you really are, I will freely give you such directions as were lately given to me by an ingenious brother of the angle, an honest man, and a most excellent fly-fisher.

You are to note, that there are twelve kinds of artificial made-flies to angle with upon the top of the water:† note by the way, that the fittest season of using these, is a blustering windy day,

* Leonard Lessius, born near Antwerp, a Jesuit, first Professor of Philosophy at Douay, afterwards of Divinity at Louvain. He wrote *De Justitia et De Jure; De Potestate Summi Pontificis;* A Treatise on the Existence of the Deity, and on the Soul's Immortality; and another, which was translated by T[imothy] S[mith], with the title "Hygiasticon; or the Right Course of Preserving Life and Health unto Extreme Old Age," Camb., 1634, 12mo. He died in 1623, at the age of 69.—*Compiled by Am. Ed.*

† These are the flies in the Berners Treatyse, the description being in nearly the same words. As has been said before, these twelve lie at the foundation of the whole science of fly-fishing. Sir Harris Nicholas says that the excellent fly-fisher "to whom Walton alludes was Leonard Mascall, from whose book (See Bib. Pref.) the ensuing list of flies is copied verbatim;" but Mascall, whose book was published in 1596, could hardly

when the waters are so troubled that the natural fly cannot be seen, or rest upon them. The first is the dun-fly in March,* the body is made of dun-wool, the wings of the partridge's feathers. The second is another dun-fly; the body of black wool, and the wings made of the black drake's feathers, and of the feathers under his tail. The third is the stone-fly in April; the body is made of black wool, made yellow under the wings, and under the tail, and so made with wings of the drake. The fourth is the ruddy-fly in the beginning of May; the body made of red wool wrapt about with black silk, and the feathers are the wings of the drake, with the feathers of a red capon also, which hang dangling on his sides next to the tail. The fifth is the yellow or greenish-fly, in May likewise; the body made of yellow wool, and the wings made of the red cock's hackle or tail. The sixth is the black-fly, in May also; the body made of black wool, and lapped about with the herl of a peacock's tail; the wings are made of the wings of a brown capon, with his blue feathers in his head. The seventh is the sad yellow-fly in June; the body is made of black wool, with a yellow list on either side, and the wings taken off the wings of a buzzard, bound with black braked hemp. The eighth is the moorish-fly; made with the body of duskish wool, and the wings made of the blackish mail of the drake. The ninth is the tawny-fly, good until the middle of June; the body made of tawny wool, the wings made contrary one against the other, made of the whitish mail of the wild drake. The tenth is the wasp-fly in July; the body made of black wool,

have been personally known to our author, and he (Mascall) stole largely from the Berners Treatyse. It is not improbable that Walton copied from Mascall, but as he could not have spoken thus of him with truth, he refers, as I suppose, either to Barker again, or to some other friend who had pointed out or copied these directions for him. The description of these flies is not in the first edition, which, as Walton was somewhat forgetful in adjusting his emendations, may account for the repetition of the reference to Barker.—*Am. Ed.*

* The reader will remember (what other editors have not thought of noting) that the months here given are in the old style, and consequently twelve days earlier than now. (Fisher's *Angler's Souvenir*, *p.* 129.) I need hardly say that these directions for the use and making of flies are quite obsolete.—*Am. Ed.*

lapped about with yellow silk, the wings made of the feathers of the drake, or of the buzzard. The eleventh is the shell-fly, good in mid July; the body made of greenish wool, lapped about with the herl of a peacock's tail, and the wings made of the wings of the buzzard. The twelfth is the dark drake-fly, good in August; the body made with black wool, lapped about with black silk; his wings are made with the mail of the black drake, with a black head. Thus have you a jury of flies likely to betray and condemn all the trouts in the river.

I shall next give you some other directions for fly-fishing, such as are given by Mr. Thomas Barker, a gentleman that hath spent much time in fishing; but I shall do it with a little variation.*

First, let your rod be light, and very gentle; I take the best to be of two pieces:† and let not your line exceed,—especially for three or four links next to the hook,—I say, not exceed three or

* These directions are taken, with little variation, from The Art of Angling, by Thomas Barker, See Bib. Preface, pp. xlv., xlvi., xlvii.—*Am. Ed.*

† As few persons in these days make their own rods, it may be well here to give some directions how to choose or order a rod to be made. A trout fly-rod should not be more than fourteen feet and a half at furthest; the *butt* solid, for you need weight there to balance the instrument, and your spare tips will be carried more safely in the *handle* of your landing-net. I use, in fishing streams, a light handle about four and a half feet long with a small net attached, which is more easily carried under the left arm, and answers every purpose. A rod in three pieces is preferred at the stream, but inconvenient to carry, and, if well made, four will not interfere materially with its excellence; i. e. the butt of ash, the first joint of hickory, the second of lance wood, and the tip of East India bamboo, or, as I like better, the *extreme* of the tip of whalebone *well* spliced on. The rod should be sensibly elastic down to the hand, but proportionately so, for if one part seem not proportionately pliant, the rod is weak somewhere. Every part should bear its share of the strain, or it will disappoint your hand in the cast of the fly or the play of the fish. In some rods there is what is called a double action, and such a one (the first I ever had) I used for years, and thought nothing could be better; but, on trying another stiffer (that is, the elasticity less, not at the further end, but nearer the hand), though at first rather awkward in the use of the novelty, I learned to like it better; and now believe it a mistake to have the rod so very pliant, as some young fly-fishers affect to like it. The proper elasticity is when a quarter of an ounce weight attached to the tip causes it to descend five feet below the horizontal line of a rod fourteen feet long. The entire *weight* of the rod should not exceed a *pound*. The rod should be procured

four hairs at the most, though you may fish a little stronger above in the upper part of your line; but if you can attain to angle with one hair, you shall have more rises, and catch more fish. Now you must be sure not to cumber yourself with too long a line, as most do; and before you begin to angle, cast to have the wind on your back, and the sun, if it shines, to be before you, and to fish down the stream: and carry the point or top of your rod downward, by which means the shadow of yourself and rod too will be the least offensive to the fish; for the sight of any shade amazes the fish, and spoils your sport, of which you must take great care.

In the middle of March, till which time a man should not in honesty catch a trout, or in April, if the weather be dark, or a little windy or cloudy, the best fishing is with the palmer-worm, of which I last spoke to you; but of these there be divers kinds, or at least of divers colors: these and the May-fly are the ground of all fly-angling, which are to be thus made.

First, you must arm your hook with the line in the inside of it; then take your scissors, and cut so much of a brown mallard's feather, as in your own reason will make the wings of it, you having withal regard to the bigness or littleness of your hook; then lay the outmost part of your feather next to your hook, then the point of your feather next the shank of your hook; and having so done, whip it three or four times about the hook with the same silk with which your hook was armed; and having made the silk fast, take the hackle of a cock or capon's neck, or a plover's top, which is usually better; take off the one side of the feather, and then take the hackle, silk, or crewel, gold or silver

at a well-established shop, where you may hope to have *thoroughly seasoned wood*, and the maker has a reputation to sustain. Use the plain *ferules* (if you use them at all, for a well-spliced rod is much better), always taking care to rub them with a tallow candle, that they may be drawn out easily again; but have *nothing shining* about the rod, as the flashing of the light will certainly scare the trout. Let your reel be not too large and a multiplier, *without* a *check* or *balance to the crank*, for the first will annoy you, besides being of no use, and the last make your reel turn faster than you think. A *click* may be added. Kelly is said to be the best rod-maker in Europe, but Conroy in New York can make one so good, that it will be your own fault if it be not successful.—*Am. Ed.*

thread, make these fast at the bent of the hook, that is to say, below your arming; then you must take the hackle, the silver or gold thread, and work it up to the wings, shifting or still removing your finger, as you turn the silk about the hook; and still looking at every stop or turn, that your gold, or what materials soever you make your fly of, do lie right and neatly; and if you find they do so, then, when you have made the head, make all fast; and then work your hackle up to the head, and make that fast: and then with a needle or pin divide the wing into two, and then with the arming silk whip it about crossways betwixt the wings, and then with your thumb you must turn the point of the feather towards the bent of the hook, and then work three or four times about the shank of the hook, and then view the proportion, and if all be neat and to your liking, fasten.

I confess, no direction can be given to make a man of a dull capacity able to make a fly well: and yet I know, this, with a little practice, will help an ingenious angler in a good degree; but to see a fly made by an artist in that kind, is the best teaching to make it. And then an ingenious angler may walk by the river and mark what flies fall on the water that day, and catch one of them, if he see the trouts leap at a fly of that kind; and then having always hooks ready hung with him, and having a bag also always with him, with bear's hair, or the hair of a brown or sad-colored heifer, hackles of a cock or a capon, several colored silk and crewel to make the body of the fly, the feathers of a drake's head, black or brown sheep's wool, or hog's wool, or hair, thread of gold and of silver; silk of several colors, especially sad-colored, to make the fly's head; and there be also other colored feathers both of little birds and of speckled fowl: I say, having those with him in a bag, and trying to make a fly, though he miss at first, yet shall he at last hit it better, even to such a perfection, as none can well teach him; and if he hit to make his fly right, and have the luck to hit also where there is store of trouts, a dark day, and a right wind, he will catch such store of them, as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly-making.*

* Walton was no fly-fisher, and these directions are very imperfect. Some further information will be given, especially in Cotton's part of the

VEN. But, my loving Master, if any wind will not serve, then I wish I were in Lapland, to buy a good wind of one of the honest witches, that sell so many winds there, and so cheap.

work, but the reader, if wishing to learn, had better consult Ronalds, the capital work of Shipley, and Fitzgibbon's *True Treatise on the Art of Fly-Fishing*, Lond., 1838, Chitty's *Fly-Fisher's Text-Book*, Lond., 1845, and Bainbridge's *Fly-Fisher's Guide*, Liverpool, 1816.

The reader may be aware that anglers differ widely in their theories respecting the choice of flies, some contending that the nicest possible imitations should be made of the fly *on the water*, or rather that on which the trout is feeding at the time; others holding directly the reverse, and asserting that no imitation deserving the name can be made, and that when the natural fly is abundant the fish will reject any resemblance of it which may be thrown to him. The French make their flies very much from fancy, and though not such skilful anglers as the English, are far from being unsuccessful with flies for which no entomologist could find a living original. It also seems to be established that salmon do not take flies from being deceived by their resemblance to the natural, in some places the most gaudy colors being the most in repute, in others, as in Wales, those of sober brownish hues. So also as to the adaptation of colors to the time of day, the color of the water, &c., one successful angler will lay down to you a set of rules, another, equally successful, directly the reverse. In fact, almost every practised fly-fisher has a creed and system of his own, though the advocates of exact imitation speak with artistic contempt of all who differ from them; and are in their turn ridiculed as pedantic pretenders, or mad with too much learning. The truth, as in most vexed questions, lies between the extremes. If nature be violently contradicted, the trout are too keen-sighted not to detect the clumsy trick, and the success of certain flies at certain seasons, and not at others, proves that the fish have some rule in feeding. An angler goes to the stream and tries one set of flies after another without success, until at last he takes a trout; then, according to some authorities, he should examine the flies in its stomach, and sit down on the bank and make (if he cannot find one like it in his book) an imitation, with which he is often successful, but not more so, probably, than if he had continued to cast the fly with which the dissected fish had been caught. Often in comparing notes, two anglers on the same stream will tell each other that they were unsuccessful till they happily pitched upon the proper colors, yet the lucky fly of the one may be very different from that of the other. Some undetected reason made the fish feed more readily at that time than they had done before, for no creatures are more capricious. The better plan is to imitate nature as closely as possible, for it is certainly more likely that the fish will be so deceived; but to depend upon your experience and the lights you have at the moment, rather than on printed rules and the *dicta* of any professor.

Pisc. Marry, Scholar, but I would not be there, nor indeed from under this tree: for look how it begins to rain; and by the clouds, if I mistake not, we shall presently have a smoking shower, and therefore sit close; this sycamore-tree will shelter us: and I will tell you, as they shall come into my mind, more observations of fly-fishing for a trout.

But, first, for the wind; you are to take notice, that of the winds the south wind is said to be best. One observes, that

> ..... *When the wind is south,*
> *It blows your bait into a fish's mouth.*

Next to that, the west wind is believed to be the best: and having told you that the east wind is the worst, I need not tell you which wind is the best in the third degree. And yet, as Solomon observes, that "he that considers the wind shall never sow;" so he that busies his head too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an east wind, shall be a little superstitious: for as it is observed by some, that there is no good horse of a bad color; so I have observed, that if it be a cloudy day, and not extreme cold, let the wind sit in what corner it will, and do its worst, I heed it not. And yet take this for a rule, that

The size of your fly is however to be studied, for, according as the day is bright or clouded, the surface of the water calm or ruffled, or its color clear or shaded, will the eye of the trout be keen; and the fly on a larger hook be rejected, or that on the smaller unnoticed. Flies are divided into flies proper *with* wings, and palmers, or hackles, *without* wings. No angler goes unprovided with plenty of brown, black and red (of different shades) hackles, made on several sizes of hooks. The red hackle is "the queen of them all," but in our northern streams on a warm bright day the black is deadly. One of the most killing that ever came under my eye, was a coarse-looking black hackle, made by an English angler for himself, unlike any natural fly that ever fed a trout. It did good service through successive months, until literally worn out. Flies with wings are made of more materials than we have space to give a list of, though the angler need not send to the West Indies for green monkey's fur, nor search through an ornithological collection for rare feathers. The rustic angler, who never saw a foreign bird or beast, finds abundant material to make as wily counterfeits as any that fill the pocket of the most travelled, book-learned professor of piscatorial entomology. Never allow a good feather to be lost, or a good fur to escape you, but lay them up for use with your various silks and gold and silver threads.—*Am. Ed.*

I would willingly fish standing on the lee-shore: and you are to take notice, that the fish lies or swims nearer the bottom, and in deeper water, in winter than in summer; and also nearer the bottom in a cold day, and then gets nearest the lee-side of the water.

But I promised to tell you more of the fly-fishing for a trout, which I may have time enough to do, for you see it rains May butter. First, for a May-fly, you may make his body with greenish-colored crewel, or willowish-color; darkening it in most places with waxed silk, or ribbed with black hair, or some of them ribbed with silver thread; and such wings for the color as you see the fly to have at that season, nay, at that very day, on the water. Or you may make the oak-fly with an orange tawny and black ground, and the brown of a mallard's feather for the wings; and you are to know, that these two are most excellent flies, that is, the May-fly and the oak-fly. And let me again tell you that you keep as far from the water as you can possibly, whether you fish with a fly or worm, and fish down the stream; and when you fish with a fly, if it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water, but your fly only; and be still moving your fly upon the water, or casting it into the water, you yourself being also always moving down the stream. Mr. Barker commends several sorts of the palmer-flies, not only those ribbed with silver and gold, but others that have their bodies all made of black, or some with red, and a red hackle; you may also make the hawthorn-fly, which is all black, and not big, but very small, the smaller the better; or the oak-fly, the body of which is orange color and black crewel, with a brown wing; or a fly made with a peacock's feather, is excellent in a bright day. You must be sure you want not in your magazine-bag the peacock's feather, and grounds of such wool and crewel as will make the grasshopper: and note, that usually the smallest flies are the best; and note also, that the light fly does usually make most sport in a dark day, and the darkest and least fly in a bright or clear day; and lastly note, that you are to repair upon any occasion to your magazine-bag, and upon any occasion vary, and make them lighter or sadder, according to your fancy or the day.

And now I shall tell you, that the fishing with a natural fly is

excellent, and affords much pleasure. They may be found thus: the May-fly usually in and about that month near to the river side, especially against rain; the oak-fly on the butt or body of an oak or ash, from the beginning of May to the end of August; it is a brownish fly, and easy to be so found, and stands usually with his head downward, that is to say, towards the root of the tree: the small black fly, or hawthorn-fly, is to be had on any hawthorn bush after the leaves be come forth. With these and a short line, as I showed to angle for a chub, you may dape or dop; and also with a grasshopper behind a tree, or in any deep hole, still making it to move on the top of the water, as if it were alive, and still keeping yourself out of sight, you shall certainly have sport if there be trouts; yea, in a hot day, but especially in the evening of a hot day, you will have sport.

And now, Scholar, my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining: and now look about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these; and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of trouts.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,—
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave—
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shews you have your closes,—
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like a season'd timber, never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,—
Then chiefly lives.

Ven. I thank you, good Master, for your good direction for fly-fishing, and for the sweet enjoyment of the pleasant day, which is so far spent without offence to God or man: and I thank you for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr. Herbert's verses, who, I have heard, loved angling; and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended.

Pisc. Well, my loving Scholar, and I am pleased to know that you are so well pleased with my direction and discourse.

And since you like these verses of Mr. Herbert's so well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned divine, that professes to imitate him, and has indeed done so most excellently, hath writ of our Book of Common Prayer; which I know you will like the better, because he is a friend of mine, and, I am sure, no enemy to angling.

What? pray'r by th' book? and common?
Yes, why not?
The spirit of grace
And supplication
Is not left free alone
For time and place,
But manner too: to read, or speak by rote,
Is all alike to him, that prays
In's heart, what with his mouth he says.

They that in private by themselves alone
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please
In choosing of the ways
Wherein to make
Their souls' most intimate affections known
To Him that sees in secret, when
Th' are most conceal'd from other men.

But he that unto others leads the way
In public prayer,
Should do it so
As all that hear may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say,
Amen; not doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they meant to have pray'd.

Devotion will add life unto the letter:
And why should not
That which authority
Prescribes, esteemed be
Advantage got?
If th' prayer be good, the commoner the better:
Prayer in the Church's words, as well
As sense, of all prayers bears the bell.

CH. HARVIE.*

And now, Scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle-rods, which we left in the water, to fish for themselves: and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead-rod, and laying night-hooks, are like putting money to use: for they both work for the owners, when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice; as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest Scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip-banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good Scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler† said of straw-

* Anthony Wood says that *The Synagogue*, a collection of poems suppletory to *The Temple*, of Herbert, was written by Charles Harvie; which is confirmed by the fact that this poem is found in the *Synagogue*. In the Athen. Oxon., vol. i., 267, there is a Charles Harvie, M.A., Vicar of Clifton, Warwickshire, born in 1597, who was alive in 1663. The second of the Commendatory Verses, prefixed to the Complete Angler, have the same signature. The verses in the text were written about the time when the Church Liturgy was abolished by act of parliament.—*Hawkins and Nicholas.*

† The person here named I take to be *Dr. William Butler*, an eminent physician of Walton's time, styled by Fuller, in his *Worthies*, Suffolk, 87, "the Esculapius of his age;" he invented a medical drink, called "Dr. Butler's Ale," which, if not now, was a very few years ago sold at certain houses in London, which had his head for a sign. One of these was in Ivy lane, and another in an alley from Coleman street to Basinghall street.

berries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did:" and so, if I might be judge, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation, than angling."

I tell you, Scholar, when I sat last on this primrose-bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them, as Charles the emperor did of the city of Florence, "That they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays." As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a wish which I'll repeat to you.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.*

I in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I wish my Angle would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove,
Court his chaste mate to acts of love:

He was a great humorist.—*Hawkins.* Dr. Butler was born at Ipswich, about 1535, and educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge. He died Jan. 29, 1618, and was buried at St. Mary's Church, Cambridge.—*Sir H. Nicholas.*

* This song was not inserted till the third edition, and was no doubt written by Walton himself, for it bears the impress of his character, while it does him no little credit. Sir Harris Nicholas' keen eye has detected a variation in the fifth edition from the third and fourth, which is very curious. In the earlier impressions the name of "Chlora" is given,

"Here hear my Chlora sing a song,"

while, in the fifth, as before us, it is "Kenna;" Kenna being an allusion to his second wife's maiden name of "Ken," "Chlora" an anagram, with a vowel altered, of "Rachel," the name of his first wife. The change will hardly gain our author credit with the ladies. In the margin opposite the same line he wrote *Like Hermit Poor.* This was a popular song, the first three words of which were used as a proverb, as in Hudibras, Part i., Can. 2, 1167–8.

"Crondero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place."

It was first set to music by the younger Ferabosco (Alfonso), 1609, in a collection of his songs, praised by Ben Jonson (Epigram cxxxi.); and afterwards by Nicholas Laniere, who, besides being eminent as a painter and engraver, was master of music to Charles I., and the first who brought the *recitative* into England. The song, with Laniere's music, as taken

Or on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty, please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then wash off by April showers:
Here hear my Kenna sing a song,
There see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest;
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus free from law-suits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice:

Or with my Bryan and a book,
*Loiter long days near Shawford-brook;**
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

When I had ended this composure, I left this place, and saw a brother of the angle sit under that honeysuckle hedge, one that will prove worth your acquaintance: I sat down by him, and presently we met with an accidental piece of merriment, which I will relate to you; for it rains still.

On the other side of this very hedge sat a gang of gipsies, and near to them sat a gang of beggars. The gipsies were then to divide all the money that had been got that week, either by stealing linen or poultry, or by fortune-telling, or legerdemain, or

from *Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653, will be found in the Appendix Fletcher, in his Poetical Miscellanies, heads his version of the Psalm xlii., "which agrees with the tune of *Like Hermit Poor*;" but that must have been Ferabosco's music.—*Compiled by Am. Ed.*

* Shawford-brook is the name of that part of the river Sow, that runs through the land which Walton bequeathed to the Corporation of Stafford to find coals for the poor. The right of fishery attaches to the little estate. Shawford, or Shallowford, is a liberty in the parish of St. Mary, Stafford, though five miles distant from the town. Shawford-brook winds beautifully through a narrow vale, and deserved Walton's commendation.—*Sir H. Nicholas* *Bryan* was probably a favorite dog. *Hawkins.*

indeed by any other sleights and secrets belonging to their mysterious government. And the sum that was got that week proved to be but twenty and some odd shillings. The odd money was agreed to be distributed amongst the poor of their own corporation; and for the remaining twenty shillings, that was to be divided unto four gentlemen gipsies, according to their several degrees in their commonwealth.

And the first or chiefest gipsey was, by consent, to have a third part of the twenty shillings; which all men know is 6s. 8d.

The second was to have a fourth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 5s.

The third was to have a fifth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 4s.

The fourth and last gipsey was to have a sixth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 3s. 4d.

As for example,

3 times 6s. 8d. is . . . . . 20s.
And so is 4 times 5s. . . . . 20s.
And so is 5 times 4s. . . . . 20s.
And so is 6 times 3s. 4d. . . . . 20s.

And yet he that divided the money was so very a gipsey, that though he gave to every one these said sums, yet he kept one shilling of it for himself.

As for example,	s.	d.
	6	8
	5	0
	4	0
	3	4
make but	19	0

But now you shall know, that when the four gipsies saw that he had got one shilling by dividing the money, though not one of them knew any reason to demand more, yet, like lords and courtiers, every gipsey envied him that was the gainer, and wrangled

with him, and every one said the remaining shilling belonged to him: and so they fell to so high a contest about it, as none that knows the faithfulness of one gipsey to another will easily believe; only we that have lived these last twenty years, are certain that money has been able to do much mischief. However the gipsies were too wise to go to law, and did therefore choose their choice friends Rook and Shark, and our late English Gusman,* to be their arbitrators and umpires; and so they left this honeysuckle hedge, and went to tell fortunes, and cheat, and get more money and lodging in the next village.

When these were gone, we heard a high contention amongst the beggars, whether it was easiest to rip a cloak, or to unrip a cloak. One beggar affirmed it was all one. But that was denied, by asking her, if doing and undoing were all one. Then another said 'twas easiest to unrip a cloak, for that was to let it alone. But she was answered, by asking her, how she unripped it, if she let it alone: and she confessed herself mistaken. These and twenty such like questions were proposed, and answered with as much beggarly logic and earnestness, as was ever

* There is extant in the Spanish language, a book which has been translated into English and most other European languages, entitled *The Life of Gusman d'Alfarache*, containing an account of the many cheats and rogueries practised by him. In imitation of this book, *Mr. Richard Head*, who wrote a play or two, and is mentioned by *Winstonby* as a poet, published *The English Rogue described in the Life of* Merlton Latroon, *a witty extravagant*, whom he makes to have been a member of a gang of gypsies; the hero of this book was generally called the English Gusman, and there would be no doubt that Walton alludes to it, but that the third edition of the Angler, in which this passage first occurs, was published in 1664, whereas the English Rogue bears date 1666; if there was an earlier edition of the latter, the thing is clear.—*Hawkins*. *Sir Harris Nicholas* says, "The allusion is to a work which had appeared three years before: '*The English Gusman; or, the History of that unparalleled Thief, James Hind, written by G*[*eorge*] *F*[*idge*], 4to., Lond., 1652.' Hind appears to have been the grandest thief of his age; the son of a saddler at Chipping Norton, and apprenticed to a butcher. In the rebellion he attached himself to the royal cause, and was actively engaged in the battles of Worcester and Warrington. In 1651, he was arrested by order of parliament, under the name of Brown, 'at one Denzy's, a barber over against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet street;' which circumstance may have introduced him to Walton's notice."

heard to proceed from the mouth of the most pertinacious schismatic: and sometimes all the beggars, whose number was neither more nor less than the poets' nine muses, talked all together about this ripping and unripping, and so loud that not one heard what the other said: but at last one beggar craved audience, and told them, that old father Clause, whom Ben Jonson in his Beggar's-bush created king of their corporation,* was that night to lodge at an ale-house, called Catch-her-by-the-way, not far from Waltham-cross, and in the high road towards London; and he therefore desired them to spend no more time about that and such like questions, but to refer all to father Clause at night, for he was an upright judge; and in the meantime draw cuts what song should be next sung, and who should sing it. They all agreed to the motion, and the lot fell to her, that was the youngest, and veriest virgin of the company; and she sung Frank Davison's song,† which he made forty years ago, and all the others of the company joined to sing the burden with her. The ditty was this, but first the burden:

Bright shines the sun; play, beggars, play,
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

What noise of viols is so sweet
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want when beggars meet?
A beggar's life is for a king:

* "The Beggar's-bush" was written by John Fletcher, not Ben Jonson. It sometimes has a first title, "The Royal Merchant," but my copy has only "The Beggar's-bush," under which it was licensed in 1622. The scene is laid in Flanders, and the king's election occurs Act. ii., Sc. 1.—*Am. Ed.*

† Francis Davison was the eldest son of Secretary Davison, the victim of the mean and cowardly artifice of Elizabeth to remove from herself the odium of the murder of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was born about 1575, and intended for the bar, but abandoned it for poesy. The song occurs in a miscellany called *The Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602; but there are reasons for believing that it was written, not by Davison, but by a poet, whose initials were "A. W." One or two facts, however, tend to identify Davison with A. W., and the question is investigated in the reprint of the *Rhapsody*, 1826, vol. i., cxxv. Between the second edition of the Angler, 1655, in which the song first appears, and the third edition of the Rhapsody in 1611, forty-four years had elapsed, so that Walton probably refers to that edition.—*Sir Harris Nicholas.*

Eat, drink, and play, sleep when we list;
Go where we will,—so stocks be miss'd.
Bright shines the sun; play, beggars, play,
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

The world is ours, and ours alone,
For we alone have world at will;
We purchase not, all is our own,
Both fields and streets we beggars fill;
Nor care to get, nor fear to keep,
Did ever break a beggar's sleep.
Bright shines the sun; play, beggars, play,
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

A hundred herds of black and white
Upon our gowns securely feed;
And yet if any dare us bite,
He dies therefore, sure as creed:
Thus beggars lord it as they please,
And only beggars live at ease.
Bright shines the sun; play, beggars, play,
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

VEN. I thank you, good Master, for this piece of merriment, and this song, which was well humored by the maker, and well remembered by you.

PISC. But, I pray, forget not the catch which you promised to make against night; for our countryman, honest Coridon, will expect your catch and my song, which I must be forced to patch up, for it is so long since I learned it, that I have forgot a part of it. But come, now it hath done raining, let's stretch our legs a little in a gentle walk to the river, and try what interest our angles will pay us for lending them so long to be used by the trouts; lent them indeed, like usurers, for our profit and their destruction.

VEN. Oh me? look you, Master, a fish! a fish! Oh, alas, Master, I have lost her!

PISC. Ay marry, Sir, that was a good fish indeed: if I had had the luck to have taken up that rod, then 'tis twenty to one he should not have broke my line by running to the rod's end, as you suffered him. I would have held him within the bent of my rod, unless he had been fellow to the great trout that is near an

ell long; which was of such a length and depth, that he had his picture drawn, and now is to be seen at mine host Rickabie's at the George in Ware :* and it may be, by giving that very great trout the rod, that is, by casting it to him into the water, I might have caught him at the long run ;† for so I use always to do when I meet with an overgrown fish, and you will learn to do so too hereafter: for I tell you, Scholar, fishing is an art; or, at least, it is an art to catch fish.

VEN. But, Master, I have heard that the great trout you speak of is a salmon.

PISC. Trust me, Scholar, I know not what to say to it. There are many country people that believe hares change sexes every year: and there be many very learned men think so too, for in their dissecting them they find many reasons to incline them to that belief.‡ And to make the wonder seem yet less, that hares change sexes, note, that Dr. Mer. Casaubon affirms in his book of credible and incredible things, that Gaspar Peucerus, a learned

* In the reign of Charles II., a trout was taken from the Kennet, near Newbury, which measured forty-five inches! The largest trout known to have been taken with a minnow in the south of England, was the prize of Mr. Howell, 1755, at Hambledon Lock, which weighed sixteen pounds.—*Sir H. Nicholas.*

† This bungling practice is condemned by Cotton in the second part of the Angler, and should never be resorted to by any one who has a reel at his hand. Trouts much larger are taken by the Piseco Lake Club, by trolling with a minnow on fine gut. See Appendix.—*Am Ed.*

‡ This, of course, is fabulous. Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, vii., 4) gravely says: "The change of females into males is not fabulous. We find in the Annals, that in the consulate of Licinius Crassus and Crassus Longinus, a boy, living under the parental roof, was turned into a virgin, and by order of the Augurs abandoned on a desert island. Licinius Mucianus declared that he saw in Argos, one Arescon, who had borne the name of Arescusa, and had been married, but getting a beard and virility, took a wife. He saw also a boy of the same kind at Smyrna. *I myself saw* in Africa, L. Cossicius, a citizen of Thyrsdris, who was changed into a man on his (her?) marriage-day." The reader may remember how Tiresias was turned into a woman by striking two copulating snakes, and back again into a man seven years afterwards by the same process; and how he lost his sight from the revenge of Juno, by deciding a delicate nuptial question between her and Jupiter, ten to one against the goddess. Montaigne also asserts that *he* saw a man who had once been a woman.—*Am. Ed.*

physician,* tells us of a people that once a year turn wolves, partly in shape, and partly in conditions.† And so, whether this

* Gaspar Peucer was Melancthon's son-in-law, and editor of his works. He was himself an eminent physician and naturalist, and wrote many medical works, with a treatise on monies, weights and measures. He suffered an imprisonment of ten years, during which time he wrote his thoughts on the margin of books with an ink made of burnt crusts and wine. He died 1602, aged 77. Walton quotes him through Casaubon, and this whole paragraph was added to the fifth edition.—*From several authorities, Am. Ed.*

† Among the many strange delusions which have afflicted men, that of supposing themselves transformed into brutes of various kinds, such as horses (*hippanthropy*), dogs (*cynanthropy*), wolves (*lycanthropy*), or others, has been so frequent as to give names to several forms of mania, classed by Sauvages in his Nosology under the general head of *Zoanthropy*. Raulin affirms that a whole cloister of nuns imagined themselves to be cats, mewing, &c., as such; a few years since there might have been seen in the Hospital of Bellevue near New York, a man who fancied himself to be a hog, and had attained singular skill in grunting as he rolled among the straw of his cell; and the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar (Daniel iv., 33), seems to have been a maniacal *boanthropy*, upon which many curious conjectures have been made.

It is remarkable that the wolf-man, *Lycanthropos* of the Greeks (See *Vossii Etymologia*, 269, for *Lucomanes*), *Loup-garou* of the French, *Wühr-wolf* of the German, has been known from far antiquity down to comparatively modern times. The reader will remember the story of Lycaon, the son of Pelasgus, who was turned into a wolf by Jupiter, because of his cannibal cruelty, the poetical version of which is given by Ovid, *Metamorphoses* (I., 216, *et seq.*), and the prose by Pausanias, *Arcadica* (viii., 2), said by Plato, *Republica* (viii., 15), to be a *myth* showing the just fate of tyrants. Herodotus (iv., 105) relates of the *Neuri*, a savage people of Scythia, who, like their neighbors, the *Budini*, had a reputation for magic, that once in the year they changed themselves into wolves, for a few days, which, says he, "I do not believe, though the Scythians swear it to be true." Pomponius Mela (II., 2, 125) repeats the story, as does Solinus (xv., 3–6), though he attributes it to their destiny. Virgil also, *Bucolica* (Ecl., viii., 96–9), says of Mœris, the magical shepherd:

> Him oft I saw become a wolf, and roam
> Among the tangled forests far from home,
> And drag the mouldering dead from graves to share
> The loathsome food with his companions there.

So Propertius (iv., 5, 13) speaks of the witch's power:

were a salmon when he came into the fresh water, and his not returning into the sea hath altered him to another color or kind,

> To charm with mystic chaunt the bright moon's change,
> And as a wolf the midnight wild to range.

Lucian and Apuleius, in their *Golden Ass*, attribute the same habits of turning themselves into various animals to magicians then, that modern superstition ascribes to the professors of the black art. Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* (ix., 22), though he accounts it fabulous, narrates of a people among the Arcadians, who used to hang their clothes upon an oak, and, changed into wolves, roam the wilds for nine years, after which, if they had not touched human flesh, they were restored to human shape. St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei* (xviii., 18), is not decided whether to believe in such metamorphoses or not: "Vel falsa, vel inusitata, ut merito non credantur."

During the middle ages, and even later, lycanthropic mania prevailed in parts of France, Germany, and, according to Olaus Magnus, in Hungary. Delrio, *Disquisitiones Magicæ* (v. 9), does not doubt an instance of lycanthropy in Westphalia. Ficelius relates another near Pavia, in 1541. Two men, according to Wierus, *De Præstigiis Dæmonum* (Opera Omnia, p. 494), were burnt alive as *loups-garoux*, at Poligny, 1521. In Franche Compté, 1573, the peasants were authorized by the parliament to hunt down and kill *loups-garoux*; and in 1574, one was burnt alive for having killed four children and eaten their flesh. In 1599 lycanthropy was epidemic in the Jura, and the Parliament of Bordeaux ordered Boguet, Grand Judge, to pursue the *loups-garoux*; and so well did he do it, according to Voltaire (*Œuvres*, tom. 39, ed. Baudouin), that 600 suffered death. It prevailed also to a great extent in Brittany, and the reader may find it popularly illustrated by a clever tale of Henry Neale's in the Romance of History, "The Man-wolf." The Germans also pursued the *Währ Wolf* in the same manner, and lycanthropy was among the crimes taken notice of by the *Fehm Gerichte* (Berck's *Geschichte der Westphälischen Fehm Gerichte*). It has also been the subject of several tales.

The lycanthrope lost the power of speech, and howled like a wolf, roamed the country at night, tore the dead from their graves to feed upon their flesh, and killed children to eat them. He was considered in league with the devil, and burnt alive when discovered. The madness was a sufficient ground of divorce, which doubtless led to many persecutions.

It is difficult to account for the superstition, except that it was handed down from remote antiquity; and that it prevailed, as in the case of Lycaon, the Neuri and the more modern cases, among mountainous districts thinly peopled and abounding with wolves. Perhaps, as some have thought, it arose from savage marauders roaming the country clad in wolf skins; though Larcher, in his notes on the places cited from Herodotus, rejects that theory without giving a better; perhaps it was assumed by evil disposed persons to terrify their neighbors; but there can be no ques-

I am not able to say: but I am certain he hath all the signs of being a trout both for his shape, color, and spots; and yet many think he is not.

VEN. But, Master, will this trout which I had hold of die? for it is like he hath the hook in his belly.

PISC. I will tell you, Scholar, that unless the hook be fast in his very gorge, 'tis more than probable he will live; and a little time, with the help of the water, will rust the hook, and it will in time wear away; as the gravel doth in the horse-hoof, which only leaves a false quarter.

And now, Scholar, let's go to my rod. Look you, Scholar, I have a fish too, but it proves a logger-headed chub; and this is not much amiss, for this will pleasure some poor body, as we go to our lodging to meet our brother Peter and honest Coridon. Come, now bait your hook again, and lay it into the water, for it rains again: and we will even retire to the sycamore tree, and there I will give you more directions concerning fishing; for I would fain make you an artist.

VEN. Yes, good Master, I pray let it be so.

PISC. Well, Scholar, now we are sat down and are at ease, I shall tell you a little more of trout-fishing, before I speak of salmon, which I purpose shall be next, and then of the pike or luce. You are to know, there is night as well as day-fishing for a trout, and that in the night the best trouts come out of their holes: and the manner of taking them is, on the top of the water, with a great lob or garden-worm, or rather two,* which you are to fish with in a place where the waters run somewhat quietly, for in a stream the bait will not be so well discerned. I say, in a quiet or dead place near to some swift: there draw your bait over the top of the water, to and fro; and if there be a good trout in the hole, he will take it, especially if the night be dark; for then he is bold, and lies near the top of the water, watching

tion of the mania having prevailed, and that many imagined themselves to be man-wolves.—*Am. Ed.*

* This is Barker's; another good method is to cover your hook with a large worm drawn up the shank, and to add several others about the point, leaving parts of them hanging round, and to let the bait lie at the bottom. This does well also in the day-time.—*Am. Ed.*

the motion of any frog or water-rat or mouse that swims between him and the sky: these he hunts after, if he sees the water but wrinkle or move in one of these dead holes, where these great old trouts usually lie near to their holes; for you are to note, that the great old trout is both subtle and fearful, and lies close all day, and does not usually stir out of his hold,* but lies in it as close in the day as the timorous hare does in her form: for the chief feeding of either is seldom in the day, but usually in the night, and then the great trouts feed very boldly.

And you must fish for him with a strong line, and not a little hook; and let him have time to gorge your hook, for he does not usually forsake it, as he oft will in the day-fishing: and if the night be not dark, then fish so with an artificial-fly of a light color, and at the snap: nay, he will sometimes rise at a dead mouse, or a piece of cloth, or anything that seems to swim across the water, or to be in motion. This is a choice way; but I have not oft used it, because it is void of the pleasures that such days as these, that we two now enjoy, afford an angler.

And you are to know, that in Hampshire, which I think exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks, and store of trouts, they use to catch trouts in the night, by the light of a torch or straw, which, when they have discovered, they strike with a trout-spear, or other ways.† This kind of way they catch very many: but I would not believe it till I was an eye-witness of it; nor do I like it, now I have seen it.

Ven. But, Master, do not trouts see us in the night?

Pisc. Yes, and hear, and smell‡ too, both then and in the day

* Hold, a better word than "hole," which was substituted in the fifth edition.

† This has been shown in the Bib. Pref. to be among the very earliest modes of fishing.—*Am. Ed.*

‡ The belief common among anglers that scented baits are more readily taken, must be founded on observation, and favors the notion of fish having the sense of smell. Sir Humphrey Davy speaks doubtfully on the subject, and thinks the nostrils of fish intended to assist their respiration by the propulsion of water through the gills: *Salmonia*, c. 11. As to their hearing, it at least does not seem to be affected by sounds remote from the water, or that produce a slight effect on the element in which they move. See *Ronald's Fly-Fisher's Entomology*, p. 6.—*Am. Ed.*

time; for Gesner observes, the otter smells a fish forty furlongs off him in the water: and that it may be true, seems to be affirmed by Sir Francis Bacon, in the Eighth Century of his Natural History, who there proves that waters may be the medium of sounds, by demonstrating it thus: "That if you knock two stones together very deep under the water, those that stand on a bank near to that place may hear the noise without any diminution of it by the water." He also offers the like experiment concerning the letting an anchor fall by a very long cable or rope on a rock, or the sand, within the sea; and this being so well observed and demonstrated, as it is by that learned man, has made me to believe that eels unbed themselves and stir at the noise of thunder; and not only, as some think, by the motion or stirring of the earth which is occasioned by that thunder.

And this reason of Sir Francis Bacon, Exper. 792, has made me crave pardon of one that I laughed at for affirming, that he knew carps come to a certain place in a pond, to be fed, at the ringing of a bell, or the beating of a drum: and however, it shall be a rule for me to make as little noise as I can when I am fishing, until Sir Francis Bacon be confuted, which I shall give any man leave to do.*

And, lest you may think him singular in his opinion, I will tell

* Hawkins notes here: "That fish hear, is confirmed by the authority of late writers: Swammerdam asserts it, and adds, 'They have a wonderful labyrinth of ear for the purpose. *Of Insects*, London, 1758, p. 50. A clergyman, a friend of mine, assures me, that at the Abbey of St. Bernard, near Antwerp, he saw trout come at the whistling of the feeder."

I have read somewhere of a trout who was kept for a long time in a little spring pond, that answered to the name of "Tom." In the *Ayr Observer*, there was mention made of an eel in a garden well, which came to be fed out of a spoon by the children on being called by his name, Rob Roy. *Pickering's Anec. of Fish and Fishing*, p. 138. Lucian (*Syrian Goddess*) says: "There is also an adjacent lake, very deep, in which many sacred fishes are kept; some of the largest have names given to them, and come when they are called." The solution of the question may be, that the instinct of fishes does not lead them to be alarmed by noises with which they have no concern; but that they soon learn to obey a sound when it is for their benefit. It should have been remarked before, that Walton quotes Bacon's Latin works through a translation by Rawley, Lond., 1635–38–57.—*Am. Ed.*

you, this seems to be believed by our learned Doctor Hakewill,* who, in his Apology of God's Power and Providence, quotes Pliny to report, that one of the emperors had particular fish-ponds, and in them several fish that appeared and came when they were called by their particular names: and St. James tells us, Chap. iii., 7, that all things in the sea have been tamed by mankind. And Pliny tells us, Lib. ix., 35, that Antonia the wife of Drusus, had a lamprey, at whose gills she hung jewels or ear-rings; and that others have been so tender-hearted, as to shed tears at the death of fishes which they have kept and loved. And these observations, which will to most hearers seem wonderful, seem to have a further confirmation from Martial, Lib. iv., Epigr. 30, who writes thus:

Piscator, fuge, ne nocens, &c.

Angler, wouldst thou be guiltless? then forbear,
For these are sacred fishes that swim here:
Who know their sovereign, and will lick his hand,
Than which none's greater in the world's command:
Nay more, they've names; and when they called are,
Do to their several owners' call repair.

All the further use that I shall make of this, shall be, to advise

* Rev. Dr. George Hakewill was a very able divine, Archdeacon of Surrey in 1616, and Chaplain to Charles, Prince of Wales. In consequence of his opposing the marriage of the prince with the Infanta of Spain, he was dismissed from Court; but afterwards chosen Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, but retired during the civil wars to Heanton, near Barnstaple, where he died, 1649. He wrote a very able book against the theory of "a perpetual and universal decay in nature," entitled "*An Apologie, or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World*, in Four Books," 1627, to which he added two more, 1633. Hawkins says "that the reader may find in this work a relation of that instance of Lord Cromwell's gratitude to Sig. Frescobaldi, a Florentine merchant, which is given in a dramatic form in *The History of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, published as Shakspeare's by some of his earlier editors." The passage occurs p. 486, in the edition of 1633, and is a very interesting story. Walton takes all the matter in the above paragraph of the text from Hakewill, p. 433–4 (of the edition just named); and is elsewhere much indebted to the same source. We have alluded to these instances in the Bib. Pref. Of the Epigram, by Martial, iv., 30, only seven lines are rendered, but those very fairly.—*Am. Ed.*

anglers to be patient, and forbear swearing, lest they be heard, and catch no fish.

And so I shall proceed next to tell you, it is certain, that certain fields near Leominster, a town in Herefordshire, are observed to make the sheep that graze upon them more fat than the next, and also to bear finer wool; that is to say, that that year in which they feed in such a particular pasture, they shall yield finer wool than they did that year before they came to feed in it, and coarser again if they shall return to their former pasture; and again return to a finer wool, being fed in the fine-wool ground. Which I tell you that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a trout in one meadow he shall be white and faint, and very like to be lousy; and as certainly, if I catch a trout in the next meadow, he shall be strong, and red, and lusty, and much better meat. Trust me, Scholar, I have caught many a trout in a particular meadow, that the very shape and the enamelled color of him hath been such, as hath joyed me to look on him: and I have then with much pleasure concluded with Solomon, "Everything is beautiful in his season."

I should by promise speak next of the salmon; but I will by your favor say a little of the umber or grayling; which is so like a trout for his shape and feeding, that I desire I may exercise your patience with a short discourse of him, and then the next shall be of the salmon.

CHAPTER VI.

Observations of the Umber or Grayling, and Directions how to fish for him

Pisc. The umber and grayling* are thought by some to differ, as the herring and pilchard do. But though they may do so in other nations, I think those in England differ nothing but in their names. Androvandus says, they be of a trout kind; and Gesner says, that in his country, which is Switzerland, he is accounted the choicest of all fish. And in Italy, he is in the month of May so highly valued, that he is sold then at a much higher rate than any other fish. The French, which call the chub Un Villain, call the umber of the lake Leman, Un Umble Chevalier;† and they value the umber or grayling so highly, that they say he feeds on gold; and say that many have been caught out of their

* Grayling, *Salmo Thymallus* of Linnæus. Salter (*Angler's Guide*, Ed. 1841, p. 147) says that in some places "it takes the name of Umber when full grown. Its popular name in France is *Ombre de Rivière;* in Italy, *Temelo;* in Germany, *Asch*. It is called *Thymallus*, from its smelling like the wild thyme. The derivation of Umber from *umbra*, a shadow, attributed to Salvian, c. xxxi., is given by Ausonius, *Mosella*, 90.

Effugiensque oculos celeri levis umbra natatu.

For the same reason the same fish was called σκίαινη by the Greeks. The *Umbrina* of Salvian, however, is not the grayling, but the *Maigre* of the French, *Sciæna aquila* of Cuvier, *Umbra Rondeletii* of Willoughby, a much larger fish, and greatly esteemed for its flavor at table. It is thought that this was the *Umbra* of Ausonius.

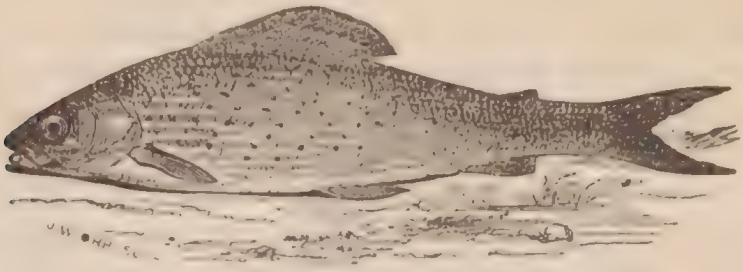
The grayling is not found in America, except in the Arctic regions, where swims the magnificent *Thymallus Signifer*, requiring as much dexterity to land as a trout six times its size. (Richardson. Franklin's *Expedition*, Appendix.) It is a very delicate fish, found only in certain localities; incapable of bearing much heat, and partial to colder waters See *Salmonia* (Sir H. D.), 7th day.—*Am. Ed.*

† M. Agassiz considers the *Ombre chevalier* of the Lake of Geneva identical with the *Charr* of the Northern English Lakes.—*Yarrell, Brit. Fish.*, vol. ii., 121.

famous river of Loire, out of whose bellies grains of gold have been often taken. And some think that he feeds on water-thyme, and smells of it at his first taking out of the water: and they may think so with as good reason, as we do that our smelts smell like violets at their first being caught; which I think is a truth. Aldrovandus says, the salmon, the grayling, and trout, and all fish that live in clear and sharp streams, are made by their mother Nature of such exact shape and pleasant colors, purposely to invite us to a joy and contentedness in feasting with her. Whether this is a truth or not, it is not my purpose to dispute; but 'tis certain, all that write of the umber declare him to be very medicinable. And Gesner says, that the fat of an umber or grayling, being set with a little honey a day or two in the sun in a little glass, is very excellent against redness, or swarthiness, or anything that breeds in the eyes. Salvian* takes him to be called umber from his swift running or gliding out of sight, more like a shadow or a ghost than a fish. Much more might be said both of his smell and taste; but I shall only tell you, that St. Ambrose, the glorious bishop of Milan, who lived when the church kept fasting-days, calls him the flower-fish, or flower of fishes; and that he was so far in love with him, that he would not let him pass without the honor of a long discourse:† but I must; and pass on to tell you how to take this dainty fish.

* Hippolito Salviani, a physician of Rome, who died 1572, aged 59. Besides his *Aquatilium Animalium Historiæ*, Rom., 1554, fol., he wrote *De Crisibus ad Galenam Censura*, and a comedy (*La Ruffiana*), with poems in Italian. See a memoir of him prefixed to the sixth volume of Jardine's Naturalist's Library.—*Am. Ed.*

† The burst of enthusiasm by the saintly lover of fish is so hearty, that I give it at length. He has been treating very quietly of other fish, when he exclaims: "Neque te inhonoratum nostra prosecutione, thymalle, dimittam, cui a flore nomen incoluit; seu Ticini te fluminis, seu amæni Atesis unda nutrierit flores. Denique sermo testatior, quod de eo cui gratam redolet suavitatem, dictum facete sit, *Aut piscem olet aut florem;* ita idem pronuntiatus est piscis odor esse qui floris. Quid specie tua gratius? Quid suavitate jucundius? Quid odore fragrantius? Quod mella fragrant, hoc tu tuo corpore spiras." *Hexaëmeron*, v. 2 In justification of the good bishop, it may be added that the grayling of the Alpine waters is particularly good for those who "keep fasting days."—*Am. Ed.*



First, note, that he grows not to the bigness of a trout; for the biggest of them do not usually exceed eighteen inches. He lives in such rivers as the trout does, and is usually taken with the same baits as the trout is, and after the same manner; for he will bite both at the minnow, or worm, or fly: though he bites not often at the minnow, and is very gamesome at the fly, and much simpler, and therefore bolder than a trout; for he will rise twenty times at a fly, if you miss him, and yet rise again. He has been taken with a fly made of the red feathers of a parakita,* a strange outlandish bird; and he will rise at a fly not unlike a gnat or a small moth, or indeed at most flies that are not too big. He is a fish that lurks close all winter, but is very pleasant and jolly after mid-April, and in May, and in the hot months: he is of a very fine shape, his flesh is white; his teeth, those little ones that he has, are in his throat, yet he has so tender a mouth, that he is oftener lost after an angler has hooked him, than any other fish. Though there be many of these fishes in the delicate river Dove, and in Trent, and some other smaller rivers, as that which runs by Salisbury; yet he is not so general a fish as the trout, nor to me so good to eat or to angle for. And so I shall take my leave of him; and now come to some observations of the salmon, and how to catch him.

* The little parrot.

CHAPTER VII.

Observations of the Salmon, with Directions how to fish for him.

PISCATOR. The salmon* is accounted the king of fresh-water fish; and is ever bred in rivers relating to the sea, yet so high or far from it as admits of no tincture of salt or brackishness. He is said to breed or cast his spawn, in most rivers, in the month of August; some say that then they dig a hole or grave in a safe place in the gravel, and there place their eggs or spawn, after the melter has done his natural office, and then hide it most cunningly, and cover it over with gravel and stones; and then leave it to their Creator's protection, who, by a gentle heat which he infuses into that cold element, makes it brood and beget life in the spawn, and to become samlets early in the next spring following.

* *Salmo Salar.* It is much to be regretted that this noble fish has disappeared from the waters ordinarily within the reach of the angler of the United States. There are some, however, sufficiently enthusiastic to penetrate the woods of Maine, Nova Scotia, and Canada, finding a rich reward for their pains, for certainly, of all angling, taking salmon with the fly bears the bell. The method pursued differs very little from that in Great Britain or Ireland; and the reader would have far less satisfaction in such brief remarks as could be made here, than by turning to the delightful pages of Sir Humphrey Davy's *Salmonia*, Hansard's *Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales*, Hofland's *British Angler's Guide*, or *The Fly-Fisher's Text Book*, by South (Chitty). For a more accurate knowledge of the salmon's habits, he should turn to Yarrell's *British Fishes*, and especially to Scrope's elegant work, *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing*, in which, as has been said before, a most careful series of experiments on the breeding of salmon is minutely detailed and admirably illustrated. It was my intention to give from these and other authors a running commentary, emendating our author's brief and not very accurate account; but on attempting it I found it not possible to do it satisfactorily, unless by exceeding very far the proper limits of our book, and it is better to point out the sources where the reader may find the information he desires given fully and well.—*Am. Ed.*

The salmons having spent their appointed time, and done this natural duty in the fresh waters, they then haste to the sea before winter, both the melter and spawner: but if they be stopped by flood-gates or wears, or lost in the fresh waters, then those so left behind by degrees grow sick, and lean, and unseasonable, and kipper; that is to say, have bony gristles grow out of their lower chaps, not unlike a hawk's beak, which hinders their feeding; and in time such fish, so left behind, pine away and die. It is observed, that he may live thus one year from the sea; but he then grows insipid and tasteless, and loses both his blood and strength, and pines and dies the second year. And it is noted, that those little salmons called skeggars, which abound in many rivers relating to the sea, are bred by such sick salmons that might not go to the sea; and that though they abound, yet they never thrive to any considerable bigness.

But if the old salmon gets to the sea, then that gristle,* which shows him to be a kipper, wears away, or is cast off, as the eagle is said to cast his bill; and he recovers his strength, and comes next summer to the same river, if it be possible, to enjoy the former pleasures that there possessed him; for, as one has wittily observed, he has, like some persons of honor and riches, which have both their winter and summer houses, the fresh rivers for summer, and the salt water for winter, to spend his life in; which is not, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his History of Life and Death, above ten years: and it is to be observed, that though the salmon does grow big in the sea, yet he grows not fat but in fresh rivers; and it is observed, that the further they get from the sea, they be both the fatter and better.

Next, I shall tell you, that though they make very hard shift to get out of the fresh rivers into the sea; yet they will make harder shift to get out of the salt into the fresh rivers, to spawn, or possess the pleasures that they have formerly found in them: to which end, they will force themselves through flood-gates, or

* This bony excrescence is the instrument provided by nature for the *melter* or male salmon, with which to prepare the ground for the deposit of spawn. The whole of the fore part of the head becomes more horny; and, after the spawning season is over, this *gib* becomes more apparent from the ill condition of the fish. See *North Country Angler*, &c.—*Am. Ed.*

over wears, or hedges, or stops in the water, even to a height beyond common belief. Gesner speaks of such places as are known to be above eight feet high above water. And our Camden mentions in his Britannia the like wonder to be in Pembrokeshire, where the river Tivy falls into the sea; and that the fall is so downright, and so high, that the people stand and wonder at the strength and sleight by which they see the salmon use to get out of the sea into the said river; and the manner and height of the place is so notable, that it is known far by the name of the salmon-leap: concerning which, take this also out of Michael Drayton, my honest old friend, as he tells it you in his Poly-olbion.*

And when the salmon seeks a fresher stream to find,
Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his kind;
As he towards season grows, and stems the wat'ry tract
Where Tivy, falling down, makes a high cataract,
Forc'd by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
As though within her bounds they meant her to inclose;
Here, when the laboring fish does at the foot arrive,
And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive;
His tail takes in his mouth, and bending like a bow
That's too full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw,
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand,
That bended end to end, and started from man's hand,
Far off itself doth cast; so does the salmon vault:
And if at first he fail, his second summersault
He instantly essays; and from his nimble ring,
Still yerking, never leaves until himself he fling
Above the opposing stream.....

* Michael Drayton, a highly esteemed poet of the Elizabethan age, who from very early youth showed a strong tendency to learning and poetry; and published his principal pieces before he was thirty years old. His first work had the title, "*Idea: The Shepherd's Garland, fashioned in nine Eclogues*," being a collection of pastorals. He addressed a fulsome piece of flattery, as a congratulatory poem, to James I., on his succession, from which he does not appear to have reaped much profit. His greatest work, his Poly-olbion, a poem in lines of twelve feet, first in eighteen books, 1612, and in thirty books, 1622, is a topographical description of England and Wales, and had the advantage of being illustrated with notes by the celebrated Selden, then "the great dictator of learning to the English nation." The Poly-olbion, both text and notes, is invaluable to the student of English antiquities, from its general accuracy and abundance of

This Michael Drayton tells you of this leap or summersault of the salmon.*

And next I shall tell you, that it is observed by Gesner and others, that there is no better salmon than in England ;† and that though some of our northern counties have as fat and as large as the river Thames, yet none are of so excellent a taste.

And as I have told you that Sir Francis Bacon observes, the age of a salmon exceeds not ten years ; so let me next tell you, that his growth is very sudden : it is said, that after he is got into

traditionary lore. Drayton has been held in high estimation by those who have taken the trouble to look behind his unpromising surface. His sonnets are many of them very fine. He was sometimes, by way of compliment, called Poet Laureate, but Ben Jonson held the office.—*Am. Ed.*

* The perseverance of salmon in making their way from the sea to a proper place for the deposit of their spawn is very remarkable. They will ascend a river for hundreds of miles, swimming at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and leaping, as Drayton describes them, over the falls. The extent of their spring scarcely reaches fourteen feet at the furthest, but they instinctively avail themselves of every assistance the bed of the stream affords ; and in some instances artificial stairways, as it were, have been constructed to help their ascent, which aid they eagerly adopt.

Salmon pass by different names in their progress from the *ova* to their adult state ; and, of course, these names vary in different places. Those adopted by Yarrell are, *pink* for the salmon of the *first* year ; *smolt* for those of the second year, until they go to sea ; in the autumn of the second year, salmon *peal* or *grilse ;* and afterwards the adult or salmon proper. It is a curious, but ascertained fact, that this fish propagates before it reaches maturity, and the variety of their produce suggests too many questions to be treated here. Some have thought that the *parr* also is the produce of the salmon.—*Am. Ed.*

† Sir J. Hawkins says that the largest salmon ever taken in England was caught in April, 1789 ; " it measured upwards of four feet in length, three feet around the body at the thickest part, and weighed nearly seventy pounds." Hofland speaks of a salmon weighing eighty pounds ; and Stoddart, in his *Art of Angling*, says that Sir Humphrey Davy caught, after a severe struggle, a salmon weighing forty-two pounds. Hofland, also, tells a story of a Scotch Highlander, who, fishing in the river Arve, struck a salmon, which he played with great patience and exertion until the night fell and the fish *sulked* at the bottom. The indomitable angler, taking the line in his mouth, lay down and slept on the bank until three in the morning ; when some work-people coming that way aroused him, and the fish being again started was soon secured. It weighed seventy-three pounds !—*Am. Ed.*

the sea, he becomes from a samlet, not so big as a gudgeon, to be a salmon, in as short a time as a gosling becomes to be a goose. Much of this has been observed by tying a ribbon, or some known tape or thread, in the tail of some young salmons, which have been taken in wears as they have swimmed towards the salt water, and then by taking a part of them again with the known mark at the same place at their return from the sea, which is usually about six months after; and the like experiment hath been tried upon young swallows, who have, after six months' absence, been observed to return to the same chimney, there to make their nests and habitations for the summer following; which has inclined many to think, that every salmon usually returns to the same river in which it was bred,* as young pigeons taken out of the same dove-cote have also been observed to do.

And you are yet to observe further, that the he-salmon is usually bigger than the spawner, and that he is more kipper, and less able to endure a winter in the fresh water, than the she is; yet she is, at that time of looking less kipper and better, as watery, and as bad meat.

And yet you are to observe, that as there is no general rule without an exception, so there are some few rivers in this nation, that have trouts and salmons in season in winter; as it is certain there be in the river Wye in Monmouthshire, where they be in season, as Camden observes, from September till April. But, my Scholar, the observation of this and many other things, I must in manners omit, because they will prove too large for our narrow compass of time; and therefore I shall next fall upon my directions how to fish for this Salmon.

* This is confirmed by more recent experiments. It is probable that they do not go far out at sea.—*Am Ed.*

And for that, first you shall observe, that usually he stays not long in a place, as trouts will, but, as I said, covets still to go nearer the spring-head; and that he does not, as the trout and many other fish, lie near the water-side or bank or roots of trees, but swims in the deep and broad parts of the water; and usually in the middle, and near the ground, and that there you are to fish for him, and that he is to be caught as the trout is, with a worm, a minnow, which some call a pent, or with a fly.

And you are to observe, that he is very seldom observed to bite at a minnow, yet sometimes he will, and not usually at a fly;*

* Fly-fishing for salmon, now the approved practice, seems to have been imperfectly understood, at least in England, until a comparatively late period. Franck, in his *Northern Memoirs* (See Bib. Pref.), speaks of flies for salmon, but rather as what in his pedantic language he calls a "recreation" or "a frolic," his main dependence being fishing at the float with dew worms. It is remarkable, however, that he prefers a rather sober colored fly, "representing the wasp or hornet or flesh-fly" (p. 301). Chetham (*Angler's Vade Mecum*, 1681), while he prefers baits, says that when the fly is used, it should be of gay, gaudy colors, with "four or even six pair of wings, each pair being of a different color from the body; so that the fly looketh as it were several flies together!" Howlett (*Angler's Sure Guide*, 1706) repeats the same directions. Saunders (*Complete Fisherman*, 1724), though a capital angler in other respects (the first who makes mention of silk-worm gut), says, "it is very rare that the salmon will bite at, or is fished for with, a flie; but if he will, the flie must be managed in the same way as for a trout, but the *sport is not worth the patience*." Indeed Bowlker (about 1746) is the first who seems to have any clear notions on the subject. The reader need not be surprised at the mistakes of Walton, who had probably very little experience in salmon fishing.

The flies used for the salmon vary in different countries. Those in Ireland and Scotland are large, gaudy flies, made of peacocks' or other gay feathers, with gold, silver, or other bright colors, for the body. In Wales, the native anglers prefer sober brown hues, on smaller hooks; the English practice is midway between the two. The gayer fly is, however, everywhere becoming less a favorite. Whatever may be said of trout and the flies to take them with, it is very clear that salmon are not deceived by the fly as resembling its natural food; for, although attempts have been made to find types of the more successful flies, they are unlike any living creature. Still experience shows that some flies are better than others, though no doubt much depends upon the state and color of the water.

The best bait for salmon is the salmon roe, first recommended by old Barker, 1657, which is so killing as to be considered hardly fair angling by generous fishers. "It is prepared by taking the full roe, washing it care-

but more usually at a worm, and then most usually at a lob or garden-worm, which should be well scoured, that is to say, kept seven or eight days in moss before you fish with them: and if you double your time of eight into sixteen, twenty, or more days, it is still the better; for the worms will still be clearer, tougher, and more lively, and continue so longer upon your hook; and they may be kept longer by keeping them cool and in fresh moss, and some advise to put camphor into it.

Note also, that many use to fish for a salmon with a ring of wire on the top of their rod, through which the line may run to as great a length as is needful when he is hooked. And to that end, some use a wheel about the middle of their rod, or near their hand; which is to be observed better by seeing one of them, than by a large demonstration of words.*

fully from all particles of blood, and then separating the grains. Over the whole pour a strong brine, made of common salt and saltpetre in equal parts, then let it remain six hours; then drain it thoroughly, and place the whole in a slow oven, till it assumes a toughness. After which, pot the whole down so as to exclude the air, and it is fit for use." (*Sportsman in Ireland and Scotland*, vol. i., 41, Lond., 1840.) It is on sale in the London shops, and is equally good bait for trout.—*Am. Ed.*

* Neither Walton nor Cotton seems to have understood the use of the reel well, and probably the instrument at that period was very imperfect. Theophilus South (Chitty) gives a clear and good description of the proper salmon rod: "It should consist of four parts: First the *butt* of solid ash; the first and second *joints* of hickory; the *tip*, or top joint, of several pieces, the first next to the upper (or second) joint, of lancewood, then two or three pieces of East India bamboo split out of a thick stock, and lastly a splice of whalebone for the point; these being spliced or snared together." It is better, as with the trout rod, that the joints should be spliced or snared together instead of being united by ferules, though the method is rejected as being more troublesome. The rod should be eighteen, certainly not more than twenty feet long, the former length being the best; and of such elasticity that a half pound weight attached to the tip will bring the eighteen feet rod five feet ten inches and a half out of the straight line (that is, the tip so much lower than the butt), held horizontally.

The reel should be single, if you choose with a *click*, but not with *check* or *multiplier*; the barrel of from a half of to a full inch diameter, the plates and the width between them proportionate. The closer the plates are together, the more rapid will be the winding of the line. It should be made as *solid* as possible without being too heavy, and no screws used,

And now I shall tell you that which may be called a secret; I have been afishing with old Oliver Henley, now with God, a noted fisher both for trout and salmon; and have observed that he would usually take three or four worms out of his bag, and put them into a little box in his pocket, where he would usually let them continue half an hour or more, before he would bait his hook with them: I have asked him his reason, and he has replied, "He did but pick the best out to be in readiness against he baited his hook the next time." But he has been observed, both by others and myself, to catch more fish than I or anybody that has ever gone afishing with him could do, and especially salmons; and I have been told lately, by one of his most intimate and secret friends, that the box in which he put those worms was anointed with a drop, or two or three, of the oil of ivy-berries, made by expression or infusion; and told, that by the worms remaining in that box an hour, or a like time, they had incorporated a kind of smell that was irresistibly attractive, enough to force any fish within the smell of them to bite. This I heard not long since from a friend, but have not tried it; yet I grant it probable, and refer my reader to Sir Francis Bacon's Natural History, where he proves fishes may hear, and doubtless can more probably smell: and I am certain Gesner says, the otter can smell in the water, and I know not but that fish may do so too. It is left for a lover of angling, or any that desires to improve that art, to try this conclusion.

I shall also impart two other experiments, but not tried by myself, which I will deliver in the same words that they were given me by an excellent angler and a very friend, in writing;

where they can be dispensed with, as the sockets of your screws will wear and your reel become shaky; a miserable fault. The reels made in this country, by the Messrs. Conroy, are better than those imported.

The *line* should be at least sixty yards, of silk and hair (twisted rather than braided); and, as Mr. Chitty recommends, about the thickness of the "D" string in the third octave of a harp. Some, however, prefer silk throughout; others, the hair and silk of greater thickness than that just given; and others, very strong hair alone. The bottom line, in every case, should be of strong salmon gut, *dyed* of various hues, from a dark reddish brown to an amber color, so as to *suit the water.—Am. Ed.*

he told me the latter was too good to be told but in a learned language, best it should be made common.

"Take the stinking oil, drawn out of poly-pody of the oak by a retort, mixed with turpentine and hive-honey, and anoint your bait therewith, and it will doubtless draw the fish to it."

The other is this: "Vulnera hederæ grandissimæ inflicta sudant balsamum oleo gelato albicantique persimile, odoris vero longe suavissimi."

"It is supremely sweet to any fish, and yet assafœtida may do the like."

But in these things I have no great faith, yet grant it probable, and have had from some chemical men, namely, from Sir George Hastings and others, an affirmation of them to be very advantageous: but no more of these, especially not in this place.*

I might here, before I take my leave of the salmon,† tell you,

* Appended to the *Secrets of Angling*, by Dennys (See Bib. Pref.), is the following recipe by R. R., supposed to be Walton's friend and connexion, "R. Roe."

"Wouldst thou catch fish?
Then here's thy wish;
Take this receipt,
T' anoint thy bait.

Thou that desirest to fish with line and hook,
Be it in pool, in river, or in brook,
To bliss thy bait, and make the fish to bite,
Lo! here's a means if thou canst hit right;
Take germ of life, well beat and laid to soak
In oil well drawn from that which kills the oak—(*Ivy*)—
Fish where thou wilt, thou then shalt have thy fill;
Where twenty fail, thou shalt be sure to kill.

Probatum.

It's perfect and good,
If well understood;
Else not to be told
For silver and gold."—*R. R.*

As has been already said, such recipes are common among the ancient and modern writers.—*Am. Ed.*

† *Spearing* salmon hardly comes within the angler's province, but the reader cannot fail to be interested with the accounts given by Scrope (*Days*

that there is more than one sort of them; as namely, a tecon, and another called in some places a samlet, or by some a skegger: but these and others, which I forbear to name, may be fish of another kind, and differ as we know a herring and a pilchard do, which, I think, are as different as the rivers in which they breed, and must by me be left to the disquisitions of men of more leisure, and of greater abilities, than I profess myself to have.

And lastly, I am to borrow so much of your promised patience as to tell you, that the trout or salmon being in season, have at their first taking out of the water, which continues during life, their bodies adorned, the one with such red spots, and the other with such black or blackish spots, as give them such an addition of natural beauty, as, I think, was never given to any woman by the artificial paint or patches in which they so much pride themselves in this age.* And so I shall leave them both, and proceed to some observations on the pike.

and Nights of Salmon Fishing) of the manner in which that method is practised in Scotland; nor can he have forgotten Dandie Dinmont's exploits in hunting the salmon on horseback among the shallow pools left by the receding tide. Bingley, in his *Animal Biography*, describes the same *hunting* of salmon at Whitehaven by a man named Graham, who was living near Gretna Green, in 1811, then ninety-eight years old, but still able to pursue his favorite sport (armed with a trident, on horseback), of which he was supposed to be the inventor. This supposition, however, is, no doubt, a mistake —*Am. Ed.*

* The reader has been made familiar with this strange practice by the chapters in the Spectator on it. It was in vogue for more than a century, and used by the different arrangement of the patches to mark the side the wearer took in politics, &c.—*Am. Ed.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Observations of the Luce or Pike, with directions how to fish for him.

PISCATOR. The mighty luce or pike* is taken to be the tyrant, as the salmon is the king of the fresh waters. It is not to be doubted, but that they are bred, some by generation, and some

* *Esox Lucius.* The name *Esox* is first used by Pliny, who describes a great fish in the Rhine which attained the size of a thousand pounds (!!!), was caught with a hook attached to a chain (*catenato hamo*), and drawn out by an ox-bow (*boum jugis*). (*Hist. Nat.*, vii., 15.) Aldrovandus thinks the name is a corruption of that given to him anciently by the people on the Rhine, "*Snock.*" Luce we find in Ausonius, *Mosella*, 120–3.

> "Hic etiam Latio risus prænomine, cultor
> Stagnorum, querulis vis infestissima ranis,
> Lucius obscuras ulva, cænoque lacunas
> Obsidet."
>
> The farmer of the pools, whose name's a joke,
> The Latin *Lucius*, foe of those who croak
> Among the weeds, where close he keeps his haunts,
> Ready to pouch the greedy meal he wants.

Lucius, a well known Roman prænomen, when given to this fish (as he is called *Jack*, by the English), may have excited a smile, but was probably derived from the Greek Λυκος or wolf, from his savage habits. Pike is easily accounted for from his shape and destructiveness. Pickerel is the diminutive of pike.

The pike is said to have been brought into England about the time of the Reformation, according to a distich erroneously quoted by Walton when speaking of the carp, from Baker's Chronicles (p. 317, ed. 1665), where it is,

> "Turkeys, Carps, Hoppes, Piccarel and Beer,
> Came into England all in one year;"

i. e., the fifteenth year of Henry VIII. This is, however, all error, pike or pickerel were the subject of legal regulations in the time of Ed-

not; as namely, of a weed called pickerel-weed, unless learned Gesner be much mistaken: for he says, this weed and other glutinous matter, with the help of the sun's heat, in some parti-

ward the First. Turkeys were brought from America about 1521. Hops were introduced about 1524. The pike is among the fish in the Berners' Treatyse, where the author says: "The pyke is a good fysshe; but for he devouryeth so many as well of his owne kynde as of other I love hym the lesse." Large fish stories are told of the longevity and size which the pike has reached; that to which Walton alludes from Gesner, however, bears the palm, if we except the thousand-pounder of Pliny, who wrote only from distant hearsay. The story, as I find it in Gesner, is, that a pike was taken in a pool near the capital of Sweden (*ut tradit Conradus Celtis*), in the year 1497, on which, under the skin, was discovered a ring of Cyprus brass partly bright, having a Greek inscription round the rim, which was interpreted by Dalburgus, bishop of Worms, to signify: "I am the fish first of all placed in this pond, by the hands of Frederic the Second, on the fifth of October, in the year of grace 1230;" which would make its age 267 years. Block (in his great work on Ichthyology) says, that "this pike was 15 feet long, and weighed 350 pounds. His skeleton was for a long time preserved at Manheim. The ring about his neck was made with springs so as to enlarge as the fish grew."

Daniel, in his Supplement (p. 357), tells of a pike taken in the Shannon (having been struck on the head with an oar, as it was entangled among shallows) which weighed 92 pounds; and Col. Thornton, in his Sporting Tour, of one killed in Loch Spey that weighed 146 pounds. The growth of the pike in favorable circumstances is supposed to average at least four pounds a year. His voracity is such as to destroy all other fish, even his own species, within his reach, except the perch, whose armed back makes him too sharp a morsel, and allows him no reason to fear the tyrant of the floods. His ferocity is attested by many authentic stories quite as remarkable as those in the text; and woe to the troller's fingers if they come too near his shark-like mouth. It is related, among other facts, that one just caught snapped at a dog's tail, and held so fast that the frightened quadruped swam across a stream and ran some distance to his home, when the pike was disengaged only by prying open his jaws.

The pike is found in this country of several varieties, from the pickerel (average weight four pounds), to the enormous muscalonge of the northwestern waters, which reaches sixty and even more pounds.

The idea of Walton, that the pike is bred from the pickerel-weed is of course erroneous. Pikes are now ascertained to breed like other fishes; and the circumstance of their being found in ponds where none were known before, may be accounted for by supposing that impregnated *ova* were carried there by aquatic birds.

In whatever way you fish for pike, it is necessary that the hook be

cular months, and some ponds apted for it by nature, do become pikes. But doubtless divers pikes are bred after this manner, or are brought into some ponds some such other ways as are past man's finding out, of which we have daily testimonies.

armed or attached to stout gimp of some length, as otherwise you may be almost certain that the line will be bitten off.

The usual method of taking pike is by trolling. Some use what is called a spring *snap-hook*, i. e., a double hook so arranged with a spring that on the line being tightened, the hooks spring upon and never fail to fasten in the pike's jaws. Others (and this is a very good method) use the ordinary snap, together with the *gorge-hook* The shank of the gorge-hook (or hooks, for it should be doubled) is loaded, and the end of the gimp attached to a baiting-needle, by which the gimp is passed in at the mouth of the bait-fish, and out between the forks of his tail. Thus the hook lies in the bait's mouth. Then take a double hook (number 4 or 5), and enter the baiting-needle just behind the back fin (which must, with the other fins, be cut off), and bring it out at the tail, so that the hooks will lie close on each side of the bait's back; then loop the snap and the gorge together. The gimp is attached by a strong swivel to a strong line, run through a few large rings on a stiff rod ten or twelve feet long, to an easily running reel. The bait is suffered to go to the bottom, and then drawn up obliquely with a moderate quickness, so as to give it a curving motion. If the snap is not used, the pike must be allowed to run with the bait, for he rarely swallows it at the moment, but carries it *across* his mouth to his haunt, where he may pouch it at his leisure. Having given him full time, ten minutes at least (and there is need of patience), strike boldly and bring him home. This is a brief direction, but the angling books (the best on this subject are Nobbe's *Complete Troller* and Salter's *Angler's Guide*) will teach the *tyro* as far as type can do it, the best methods.

Much has been said of baits for the pike, but, when hungry, he will take almost anything, when gorged, nothing. *Pork* is among the most successful, though not so pleasing as the bait-fish. Some authorities say that the gimp should not be visible beyond the bait, but that is, perhaps, an unnecessary nicety.

The pike will not refuse a fly, if it be large and gaudy; especially in a warm wind that roughens the water. It is best to fish for him in about *two to four feet water*, near the bank or weeds.

There is another, and the most deadly, method of trolling for pike or pickerel. It is with what is called a *spoon*, from its original resemblance to the bowl of a *table-spoon*. It is made about the length of a tablespoon, though not so wide in the middle, nor more curved than necessary to give it play in the water. The spoon is of silver color or brass, the latter the best, though some use the one side silver and the other brass. It must be kept bright by rubbing with sand-paper. At the smaller end of the spoon,

Sir Francis Bacon, in his History of Life and Death, observes the pike to be the longest-lived of any fresh-water fish: and yet he computes it to be not usually above forty years, and others think it to be not above ten years: and yet Gesner mentions a pike taken in Swedeland in the year 1449, with a ring about his neck, declaring he was put into that pond by Frederick the Second, more than two hundred years before he was last taken, as by the inscription in that ring, being Greek, was interpreted by the then bishop of Worms. But of this no more, but that it is observed, that the old or very great pikes have in them more of state than goodness; the smaller or middle-sized pikes being by the most and choicest palates observed to be the best meat; and contrary, the eel is observed to be the better for age and bigness.

All pikes that live long prove chargeable to their keepers, because their life is maintained by the death of so many other fish, even those of their own kind; which has made him by some writers to be called the tyrant of the rivers, or the fresh-water wolf, by reason of his bold, greedy, devouring disposition; which is so keen, as Gesner relates a man going to a pond, where it seems a pike had devoured all the fish, to water his mule, had a pike bit his mule by the lips; to which the pike hung so fast, that the

two large hooks, diverging from each other, are soldered or riveted in; through the other end a strong stiff wire about twelve inches long is passed, on which the instrument may play so as to flash the light through the water. The line is held *in hand*, and with a length of about fifty feet towed after a boat rowed at the rate of two and a half or three miles an hour. The instant the fish strikes he should be drawn in; but care must be taken to keep the spoon from weeds, the tug of which often deceives the fisherman. In this way three gentlemen (*quorum pars fui*), trolling among the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence, took, in less than six hours' work, more than three hundred pounds of pickerel. It is said that the same method has been practised successfully with the trout of the lakes; and there is not sufficient reason for doubting the assertion, as the larger black and Oswego *bass* freely take the spoon, which tempts them as a fly. It is, however, a most barbarous mode of fishing, and the three gentlemen above alluded to, were perfectly satiated with one day's experience; and gladly substituted a fly made of scarlet cloth and a forked piece of pickerel's tongue at the bend of the hook, with which they angled most successfully for the bass among the rapids around the islands. The Messrs. Conroy are now furnished with the spoons and flies.—*Am. Ed.*

mule drew him out of the water, and by that accident the owner of the mule angled out the pike. And the same Gesner observes, that a maid in Poland had a pike bit her by the foot as she was washing clothes in a pond. And I have heard the like of a woman in Killingworth pond, not far from Coventry. But I have been assured by my friend Mr. Seagrave, of whom I spake to you formerly, that keeps tame otters, that he hath known a pike in extreme hunger fight with one of his otters for a carp that the otter had caught, and was then bringing out of the water. I have told you who relate these things, and tell you they are persons of credit; and shall conclude this observation, by telling you what a wise man has observed, "It is a hard thing to persuade the belly, because it has no ears."

But if these relations be disbelieved, it is too evident to be doubted, that a pike will devour a fish of his own kind, that shall be bigger than his belly or throat will receive, and swallow a part of him, and let the other part remain in his mouth till the swallowed part be digested, and then swallow that other part that was in his mouth, and so put it over by degrees: which is not unlike the ox and some other beasts taking their meat, not out of their mouth immediately into their belly, but first into some place between, and then chew it, or digest it by degrees after, which is called chewing the cud. And doubtless pikes will bite when they are not hungry, but, as some think, even for very anger, when a tempting bait comes near to them.

And it is observed, that the pike will eat venomous things,—as some kind of frogs are,—and yet live without being harmed by them: for, as some say, he has in him a natural balsam, or antidote against all poison; and he has a strange heat, that, though it appear to us to be cold, can yet digest, or put over, any fish-flesh by degrees without being sick. And others observe, that he never eats the venomous frog till he have first killed her, and then,—as ducks are observed to do to frogs in spawning time, at which time some frogs are observed to be venomous,—so thorough washed her, by tumbling her up and down in the water, that he may devour her without danger. And Gesner affirms that a Polonian gentleman did faithfully assure him, he had seen two young geese at one time in the belly of a pike. And doubt-

less a pike, in his height of hunger, will bite at and devour a dog that swims in a pond; and there have been examples of it, or the like: for, as I told you, "The belly has no ears when hunger comes upon it."

The pike is also observed to be a solitary, melancholy, and a bold fish: melancholy, because he always swims or rests himself alone, and never swims in shoals or with company, as roach and dace and most other fish do; and bold, because he fears not a shadow, or to see or be seen of anybody, as the trout and chub and all other fish do.

And it is observed by Gesner, that the jawbones and hearts and galls of pikes are very medicinable for several diseases; or to stop blood, to abate fevers, to cure agues, to oppose or expel the infection of the plague, and to be many ways medicinable and useful for the good of mankind: but he observes, that the biting of a pike is venomous, and hard to be cured.

And it is observed, that the pike is a fish that breeds but once a year; and that other fish, as namely loaches, do breed oftener, as we are certain tame pigeons do almost every month; and yet the hawk, a bird of prey, as the pike is of fish, breeds but once in twelve months. And you are to note, that his time of breeding, or spawning, is usually about the end of February, or somewhat later, in March, as the weather proves colder or warmer; and to note, that his manner of breeding is thus: a he and a she pike will usually go together out of a river into some ditch or creek, and that there the spawner casts her eggs, and the melter hovers over her all that time that she is casting her spawn, but touches her not.

I might say more of this, but it might be thought curiosity or worse, and shall therefore forbear it; and take up so much of your attention, as to tell you, that the best of pikes are noted to be in rivers, next, those in great ponds or meres, and the worst in small ponds.

But before I proceed further, I am to tell you that there is a great antipathy betwixt the pike and some frogs; and this may appear to the reader of Dubravius, a bishop in Bohemia, who in his book of Fish and Fish-ponds, relates what he says he saw

with his own eyes, and could not forbear to tell the reader. Which was:

"As he and the bishop Thurzo were walking by a large pond in Bohemia, they saw a frog, when the pike lay very sleepily and quiet by the shore-side, leap upon his head; and the frog having expressed malice or anger by his swollen cheeks and staring eyes, did stretch out and embrace the pike's head, and presently reached them to his eyes, tearing with them and his teeth those tender parts: the pike, moved with anguish, moves up and down the water, and rubs himself against weeds, and whatever he thought might quit him of his enemy; but all in vain, for the frog did continue to ride triumphantly, and to bite and torment the pike, till his strength failed, and then the frog sunk with the pike to the bottom of the water; then presently the frog appeared again at the top and croaked, and seemed to rejoice like a conqueror, after which he presently retired to his secret hole. The bishop, that had beheld the battle, called his fisherman to fetch his nets, and by all means to get the pike, that they might declare what had happened: and the pike was drawn forth, and both his eyes eaten out; at which when they began to wonder, the fisherman wished them to forbear, and assured them he was certain that pikes were often so served."

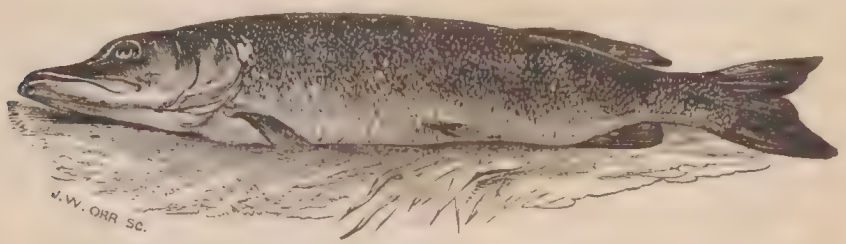
I told this, which is to be read in the sixth chapter of the First Book of Dubravius, unto a friend, who replied, "It was as improbable as to have the mouse scratch out the cat's eyes." But he did not consider, that there be fishing frogs,* which the Dalmatians call the water-devil, of which I might tell you as wonderful a story; but I shall tell you, that 'tis not to be doubted, but that there be some frogs so fearful of the water-snake, that, when they swim in a place in which they fear to meet with him, they then get a reed across into their mouths, which, if they two meet by accident, secures the frog from the strength and malice

* The angler, *Lophius piscatorius*, is often called the fishing-frog (*Rana piscatrix*), or, as by Willoughby, frog-fish. It is of this, probably, that Walton had heard. It is hardly necessary to say that snakes generally will prey upon frogs. The pretty garter-snake, and its habits, are familiar to the American angler.—*Am. Ed.*

of the snake; and note, that the frog usually swims the fastest of the two.

And let me tell you, that as there be water and land-frogs, so there be land and water-snakes. Concerning which, take this observation, that the land-snake breeds and hatches her eggs, which become young snakes, in some old dung-hill, or a like hot place; but the water-snake, which is not venomous, and, as I have been assured by a great observer of such secrets, does not hatch but breed her young alive, which she does not then forsake, but bides with them; and in case of danger will take them all into her mouth, and swim away from any apprehended danger, and then let them out again when she thinks all danger to be past: these be accidents that we anglers sometimes see, and often talk of.

But whither am I going? I had almost lost myself by remembering the discourse of Dubravius. I will therefore stop here, and tell you, according to my promise, how to catch this Pike.



His feeding is usually of fish or frogs, and sometimes a weed of his own called pickerel-weed. Of which I told you some think some pikes are bred; for they have observed, that where none have been put into ponds, yet they have there found many; and that there has been plenty of that weed in those ponds, and that that weed both breeds and feeds them: but whether those pikes so bred will ever breed by generation as the others do, I shall leave to the disquisitions of men of more curiosity and leisure than I profess myself to have; and shall proceed to tell you, that you may fish for a pike, either with a ledger or a walking-bait: and you are to note, that I call that a ledger-bait, which is fixed or made to rest in one certain place when you shall be absent from it; and I call that a walking-bait, which you take with you, and

have ever in motion. Concerning which two, I shall give you this direction: that your ledger-bait is best to be a living bait, though a dead one may catch, whether it be a fish or a frog: and that you may make them live the longer, you may, or indeed you must, take this course:

First, for your live-bait: of fish, a roach or dace is, I think, best and most tempting, and a perch is the longest lived on a hook; and having cut off his fin on his back, which may be done without hurting him, you must take your knife, which cannot be too sharp, and between the head and the fin on the back, cut or make an incision, or such a scar, as you may put the arming-wire of your hook into it, with as little bruising or hurting the fish as art and diligence will enable you to do; and so carrying your arming-wire along his back, unto or near the tail of your fish, between the skin and the body of it, draw out that wire or arming of your hook at another scar near to his tail: then tie him about it with thread, but no harder than of necessity to prevent hurting the fish; and the better to avoid hurting the fish, some have a kind of probe to open the way, for the more easy entrance and passage of your wire or arming: but as for these, time and a little experience will teach you better than I can by words; therefore I will for the present say no more of this, but come next to give you some directions how to bait your hook with a frog.

VEN. But, good Master, did you not say even now, that some frogs were venomous, and is it not dangerous to touch them?

PISC. Yes; but I will give you some rules or cautions concerning them. And first, you are to note, that there are two kinds of frogs; that is to say, if I may so express myself, a flesh and a fish-frog: by flesh-frogs, I mean frogs that breed and live on the land; and of these there be several sorts also, and of several colors; some being speckled, some greenish, some blackish, or brown: the green frog, which is a small one, is by Topsell taken to be venomous; and so is the padock or frog padock, which usually keeps or breeds on the land, and is very large, and bony, and big, especially the she-frog of that kind; yet these will sometimes come into the water, but it is not often: and the land-frogs are some of them observed by him to breed by laying eggs; and

others to breed of the slime and dust of the earth, and that in winter they turn to slime again, and that the next summer that very slime returns to be a living creature; this is the opinion of Pliny. And Cardanus* undertakes to give a reason for the raining of frogs: but if it were in my power, it should rain none but water-frogs, for those I think are not venomous, especially the right water-frog, which about February or March breeds in ditches by slime, and blackish eggs in that slime; about which time of breeding, the he and she frogs are observed to use divers summersaults, and to croak and make a noise, which the land-frog, or padock-frog never does. Now of these water-frogs, if you intend to fish with a frog for a pike, you are to choose the yellowest that you can get, for that the pike ever likes the best. And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive:

Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August, and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained, none, but He whose name is Wonderful, knows how; I say, put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming-wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing, use him as though you loved

* Jerome Cardan, an Italian physician, naturalist, and mathematician, born at Pavia, Sept. 24, 1501. He was a natural child, and some potion, which his mother took to procure abortion, greatly affected his constitution, rendering him irritable, eccentric, and, notwithstanding the great respect shown him for his learning, unhappy. He was addicted to gaming and astrology. His books (ten volumes folio, Lyons, 1663) show great eccentricity of character and wildness of opinions. He cast his own nativity, and having predicted the day of his death, starved himself that his prophecy might be true, at Rome, Sept. 21, 1576. In 1552 he was in Great Britain, when he cast the nativity (Hawkins says, "wrote a character") of Edward VI., and made some remarkable prognostications. The book referred to in the text is his *De Subtilitate, libri* xxi., *Par.*, 1551, 8vo. Walton is quoting through Casaubon, or Topsel. As to the raining of frogs it might occur, as in similar cases, from the young frogs having been taken up by winds or water-spouts. Very much of what Walton says, the reader will at once see to be erroneous.—*Am. Ed., from several authorities.*

him,* that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer.

And now, having given you this direction for the baiting your ledger-hook with a live fish or frog, my next must be to tell you, how your hook thus baited must or may be used; and it is thus: Having fastened your hook to a line, which, if it be not fourteen yards long, should not be less than twelve; you are to fasten that line to any bough near to a hole where a pike is, or is likely to lie, or to have a haunt; and then wind your line on any forked stick, all your line, except half a yard of it, or rather more, and split that forked stick with such a nick or notch at one end of it, as may keep the line from any more of it ravelling from about the stick than so much of it as you intend; and choose your forked stick to be of that bigness as may keep the fish or frog from pulling the forked stick under the water till the pike bites; and then the pike having pulled the line forth off the cleft or nick of that stick in which it was gently fastened, he will have line enough to go to his hold and pouch the bait: and if you would have this ledger-bait to keep at a fixed place, undisturbed by wind or rather accidents, which may drive it to the shore-side (for you are to note, that it is likeliest to catch a pike in the midst of the water), then hang a small plummet of lead, a stone, or piece of tile, or a turf in a string, and cast it into the water, with the forked stick, to hang upon the ground, to be a kind of anchor to keep the forked stick from moving out of your intended place till the pike come. This I take to be a very good way, to use so many ledger-baits as you intend to make trial of.

Or if you bait your hooks thus with live fish or frogs, and in a windy day fasten them thus to a bough or bundle of straw, and by the help of that wind can get them to move across a pond or mere, you are like to stand still on the shore and see sport presently, if there be any store of pikes; or these live-baits may make sport, being tied about the body or wings of a goose or

* This is the passage on which that eminent moralist Lord Byron founds a charge of cruelty against Walton. It is certainly more agreeable to the angler not to use live baits when it can be avoided, but when you do, it is well to use means that they be not *dead*, which is all our author means to say. Walton understood the pike well.—*Am. Ed.*

duck, and she chased over a pond: and the like may be done with turning three or four live-baits, thus fastened to bladders, or boughs, or bottles of hay or flags, to swim down a river, whilst you walk quietly alone on the shore, and are still in expectation of sport.* The rest must be taught you by practice, for time will not allow me to say more of this kind of fishing with live-baits.

And for your dead-bait for a pike, for that you may be taught by one day's going afishing with me, or any other body that fishes for him; for the baiting your hook with a dead gudgeon or a roach, and moving it up and down the water, is too easy a thing to take up any time to direct you to do it: and yet, because I cut you short in that, I will commute for it, by telling you that that was told me for a secret, it is this:

Dissolve gum of ivy in oil of spike, and therewith anoint your dead-bait for a pike, and then cast it into a likely place; and when it has lain a short time at the bottom, draw it towards the top of the water, and so up the stream; and it is more than likely that you have a pike follow with more than common eagerness.

And some affirm, that any bait anointed with the marrow of the thigh-bone of a hern, is a great temptation to any fish.†

These have not been tried by me, but told me by a friend of note, that pretended to do me a courtesy: but if this direction to catch a pike thus do you no good, yet I am certain this direction how to roast him when he is caught is choicely good, for I have tried it; and it is somewhat the better for not being common: but with my direction you must take this caution, that your pike must not be a small one, that is, it must be more than half a yard, and should be bigger.

* This is anything but an angler-like practice, and should give no pleasure. It is described in the Berners' Treatyse thus: "Take the same bayte and put it in asafetida and cast it in the water wyth a corde and a corke: and ye shall not fayll of hym. And yf ye lyste to have good sporte: thenne tye the corde to a gose fote, and ye shall se good halynge whether the gose or the pyke shall have the better."—*Am. Ed.*

† Rennie makes a good remark here: "If this be so, it must arise, I think, from its fishy smell giving token of a goodly morsel of food, the undoubted cause of salmon roe being so good for bait."

First, open your pike at the gills, and, if need be, cut also a little slit towards the belly; out of these take his guts and keep his liver, which you are to shred very small with thyme, sweet-marjoram, and a little winter-savory: to these put some pickled oysters, and some anchovies, two or three, both these last whole; for the anchovies will melt, and the oysters should not: to these you must add also a pound of sweet butter, which you are to mix with the herbs that are shred, and let them all be well salted: if the pike be more than a yard long, then you may put into these herbs more than a pound, or if he be less, then less butter will suffice: these being thus mixed with a blade or two of mace, must be put into the pike's belly, and then his belly so sewed up, as to keep all the butter in his belly, if it be possible: if not, then as much of it as you possibly can; but take not off the scales: then you are to thrust the spit through his mouth out at his tail; and then take four, or five, or six split sticks or very thin laths, and a convenient quantity of tape or filleting: these laths are to be tied round about the pike's body from his head to his tail, and the tape tied somewhat thick to prevent his breaking or falling off from the spit: let him be roasted very leisurely, and often basted with claret wine and anchovies and butter mixed together, and also with what moisture falls from him into the pan: when you have roasted him sufficiently, you are to hold under him, when you unwind or cut the tape that ties him, such a dish as you purpose to eat him out of; and let him fall into it with the sauce that is roasted in his belly; and by this means the pike will be kept unbroken and complete: then, to the sauce which was within, and also that sauce in the pan, you are to add a fit quantity of the best butter, and to squeeze the juice of three or four oranges; lastly, you may either put into the pike with the oysters two cloves of garlic, and take it whole out, when the pike is cut off the spit; or to give the sauce a haut-gout, let the dish into which you let the pike fall, be rubbed with it: the using or not using of this garlic is left to your discretion.

M. B.*

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very

* Who this M. B. was, has not been discovered. *Am. Ed.*

honest men; and I trust you will prove both, and therefore I have trusted you with this secret.

Let me next tell you, that Gesner tells us there are no pikes in Spain; and that the largest are in the lake Thrasymene in Italy; and the next, if not equal to them, are the pikes of England; and that in England, Lincolnshire boasteth to have the biggest. Just so doth Sussex boast of four sorts of fish; namely, an Arundel mullet, a Chichester lobster, a Shelsey cockle, and an Amerley trout.

But I will take up no more of your time with this relation; but proceed to give you some observations of the carp, and how to angle for him, and to dress him, but not till he is caught.

CHAPTER IX.

Observations of the Carp, with Directions how to fish for him.

PISCATOR. The carp* is the queen of rivers; a stately, a good, and a very subtle fish, that it was not at first bred, nor hath been long in England, but is now naturalized. It is said they were

* The carp (*Cyprinus Carpio*) was known to the ancients, and is spoken of by Aristotle and Pliny; the former of whom calls it a river fish (*Hist. An.* iv., 8), and declares that they "spawn five or six times a year, especially at the rising of certain stars" (vi., 14). The *Cyprianus* of Oppian is evidently a sea fish resembling the carp. There is an allusion to the carp also in Athenæus (vii., 82). Vaniere, the Jesuit, in the xvth book of his *Prædium Rusticum* (p. 281, ed. 1742), thus derives its name, which agrees with Gesner and Aldrovandus:

"Cypria nomen
Quo Venus ipsa suum pro fertilitatis nomen
Imposuit: Carpam Galli vertêre vorantes."

The whole passage is so descriptive of a fish yet so little known to us, but so much spoken of by the English anglers, that I give it in Duncombe's accurate translation, published in the *Censura Literaria*, 1809 (a few separate copies were struck off, one of which I am so fortunate as to possess).

"In either stream the carp contented dwells,
With plenteous spawn through all the year she swells,
And in all places and all seasons breeds,
In lakes as well as rivers; thence proceeds
The name of Cyprian, which the Cyprian dame
Bestow'd; the French to Carp have changed the name.
Of all the fish that swim the wat'ry mead
Not one in cunning can the carp exceed:
Sometimes, when nets enclose the stream, she flies
To hollow rocks, and there in secret lies.
Sometimes the surface of the water skims,
And, springing o'er the net, undaunted swims;
Now motionless she lies beneath the flood,
Holds by a weed, or sinks into the mud;

brought hither by one Mr. Mascal, a gentleman that then lived at Plumsted in Sussex, a county that abounds more with this fish than any in this nation.

Nay, not content with this, she oft will dive
Beneath the net, and not alone contrive
Means for her own escape, but pity take
On all her hapless brethren of the lake;
For rising, with her back she lifts the snare,
And frees the captives with officious care.
No other fish to the same age attain
For the same carp, which from the wat'ry plain,
The Valois seated on the throne surveyed,
Now sees the sceptre by the Bourbons swayed.
Though age has whitened o'er the scaly backs
Of the old carps which swim the royal lakes;
They neither barren nor inactive grow,
But still in sport the waves around them throw;
Here safe, the depths no longer they explore,
But their huge bulks extending near the shore,
Take freely from our hands what we bestow,
And grace the royal streams at Fountainbleau."

We have already shown that Walton has misquoted the couplet from Baker, and that the statements in it are incorrect. The carp is spoken of in the Berners' Treatyse thus: "The carpe is a deyntous fysshe; but there ben but fewe in England. And therfore I wryte the lasse of hym. He is an euyll fysshe to take." The cunning of the carp as regards taking the hook is, perhaps, exaggerated, from his indisposition except at particular seasons to the bait, as he is the least carnivorous of all fishes. The fecundity of this fish is very great in favorable circumstances, 700,000 ova having been found in a single carp; but the notion that it spawns frequently in a year is erroneous, its season for that operation being the months of May and June. Its tenacity of life is also very great; in Holland they sometimes suspend them in a damp cellar in nets full of moss, which are moistened with milk, and the fish not only live but grow fat. All writers agree in attributing to them great longevity, even to a hundred and fifty or two hundred years, though, as Vaniere says, they become white with age. They have been known to attain the weight of eighteen or twenty pounds in England, and on the Continent grow much larger. The carp is esteemed very highly as an article of food, and they are preserved with great care, and fed in ponds for the table.

The carp was brought to this country from France in 1831–2, by Henry Robinson, Esq., of Newburgh, Orange Co., New York, and in his ponds do pretty well. Some have been put by him into the Hudson River, where

You may remember that I told you, Gesner says there are no pikes in Spain; and doubtless there was a time, about a hundred or a few more years ago, when there were no carps in England; as may seem to be affirmed by Sir Richard Baker, in whose Chronicle you may find these verses:

Hops and turkeys, Carps and beer,
Came into England all in a year.

And doubtless, as of sea fish the herring dies soonest out of the water, and of fresh-water fish the trout; so, except the eel,

their produce has been taken by fishermen, and they seem to flourish still better even than in the ponds. A law was passed to protect them for five years, that being, as a facetious member of the legislature observed, "the term of naturalization for the scaly foreigner." The most strenuous native American could not carp at such a law. It were well, if those gentlemen who have ponds on their estates, would procure from the liberal gentleman above named pairs of carp for propagation, as they would find it contribute not only to luxury but profit. In some parts of Europe, a large rent is derived in this manner from waste waters, even more than from land. It is said that a pond of an acre, of ordinary depth, will feed from three to four hundred carp. They thrive best in ponds of clayey or marly sides, well stocked with aquatic plants; though it is recommended to feed them with grains and garbage, especially to keep the verdure plentiful on the banks of the pond. How many waters, that now are useless to the proprietor, might be readily stocked with this "deyntous fysshe!"

Walton's story of their being destroyed by frogs, is, most probably, a mistake. Fish are sometimes killed in waters by causes which lie hid, at least from the superficial observer.

As we have little or no angling for carp, I add nothing to what Walton, who understood this part of his business very well, has given. If the reader wishes more, he may find it in Bowlker's *Art of Angling*, or most of the books before named. There are also directions given in the *American Angler's Guide*, a book which deserves more credit than it has received, though principally compiled from the English books, for it contains much sound information, and, with the exception of the *Sportsman's Manual*, published by Schreiner, Phil., 1841, is the only book of good counsel on the subject, as yet brought out by an American; Smith's few pages at the end of his *Fishes of Massachusetts*, being confined to trout fishing. It ought to be added that the beautiful gold carp or gold fish (*Cyprinus Auratus*) has been acclimated in this country. They are caught frequently in the Schuylkill, having escaped from the pond of the late Mr. Pratt's garden; and are seen in several ponds of New England, particularly one at Brookline, Massachusetts.—*Am. Ed.*

the carp endures most hardness, and lives longest out of his own proper element. And therefore the report of the carp's being brought out of a foreign country into this nation, is the more probable.

Carps and loaches are observed to breed several months in one year, which pikes and most other fish do not. And this is partly proved by tame and wild rabbits, as also by some ducks, which will lay eggs nine of the twelve months, and yet there be other ducks that lay not longer than about one month. And it is the rather to be believed, because you shall scarce or never take a male carp without a melt, or a female without a roe or spawn; and for the most part very much, and especially all the summer season; and it is observed, that they breed more naturally in ponds than in running waters, if they breed there at all; and that those that live in rivers, are taken by men of the best palates to be much the better meat.

It is observed, that in some ponds carps will not breed, especially in cold ponds; but where they will breed, they breed innumerably: Aristotle and Pliny say six times in a year, if there be no pikes nor pearch to devour their spawn, when it is cast upon grass, or flags, or weeds, where it lies ten or twelve days before it be enlivened.

The carp, if he have water room and good feed, will grow to a very great bigness and length; I have heard, to be much above a yard long. It is said by Jovius,* who hath writ of fishes, that in the lake Lurian† in Italy, carps have thriven to be more

* Paulus Jovius, a physician and historian, born at Como, in Italy. He wrote his first work, a treatise, *De Piscibus Romanis*, while studying at Rome, 1523. He afterwards entered the church, and was made bishop of Nocera. Disappointed of further promotion he retired to Florence, where he wrote the history of his own times, from 1494 to 1544, published there in three vols. fol., 1556. His style is not inelegant, and he had a ready wit; but he was credulous, licentious, and sycophantic. He died 1558. He must not be confounded with Paulus Jovius, another bishop of Nocera, in 1586, who was also a man of letters.—*Am. Ed.*

† The former commentators on Walton have strangely overlooked an error of our author in calling the lake *Lurian*. It is the *Larian* lake that Jovius speaks of, as I see in a copy of his treatise before me. (*Francfort*, 1534.) The Larian is the modern *Lago di Como;* which, under the former name,

than fifty pounds' weight: which is the more probable, for as the bear is conceived and born suddenly, and being born is but short-lived; so, on the contrary, the elephant is said to be two years in his dam's belly,* some think he is ten years in it, and being born, grows in bigness twenty years; and it is observed too that he lives to the age of a hundred years. And it is also observed, that the crocodile is very long-lived, and more than that, that all that long life he thrives in bigness; and so I think some carps do, especially in some places: though I never saw one above twenty-three inches, which was a great and a goodly fish; but have been assured there are of a far greater size, and in England too.

Now, as the increase of carps is wonderful for their number; so there is not a reason found out, I think, by any, why they should breed in some ponds, and not in others of the same nature for soil and all other circumstances. And as their breeding, so are their decays also very mysterious: I have both read it, and been told by a gentleman of tried honesty, that he has known sixty or more large carps put into several ponds near to a house, where by reason of the stakes in the ponds, and the owner's constant being near to them, it was impossible they should be stolen away from him; and that when he has after three or four years emptied the pond, and expected an increase from them by breeding young ones,—for that they might do so, he had, as the rule is, put in three melters for one spawner,—he has, I say after three or four years, found neither a young nor old carp remaining. And the like I have known of one that has almost watched the pond, and at a like distance of time at the fishing of a pond, found of seventy or eighty large carps not above five or six: and that he had forborne longer to fish the said pond, but that he saw in a hot day in summer, a large carp swim near the top of the water with a frog upon his head, and that he upon that occasion caused his pond to be let dry; and, I say, of seventy or eighty carps, only found five or six in the said pond, and those very sick and lean, and with every one a frog sticking so fast on the head

Virgil speaks of in his ardent eulogium, *Georgica* ii., 159, *et seq.* The "u" may be the printer's error.—*Am. Ed.*

* The period of gestation is twenty months.—*Am. Ed.*

of the said carps, that the frog would not be got off without extreme force or killing: and the gentleman that did affirm this to me, told me he saw it, and did declare his belief to be,—and I also believe the same,—that he thought the other carps that were so strangely lost, were so killed by frogs, and then devoured.*

And a person of honor, now living in Worcestershire, assured me he had seen a necklace or collar of tadpoles, hang like a chain or necklace of beads about a pike's neck, and to kill him; whether it were for meat or malice, must be to me a question.

But I am fallen into this discourse by accident, of which I might say more, but it has proved longer than I intended, and possibly may not to you be considerable: I shall therefore give you three or four more short observations of the carp, and then fall upon some directions how you shall fish for him.

The age of carps is by Sir Francis Bacon, in his History of Life and Death, observed to be but ten years; yet others think they live longer. Gesner says, a carp has been known to live in the Palatinate above a hundred years: but most conclude that, contrary to the pike or luce, all carps are the better for age and bigness. The tongues of carps are noted to be choice and costly meat, especially to them that buy them: but Gesner says, carps have no tongue like other fish, but a piece of flesh-like fish in their mouth like to a tongue, and should be called a palate: but it is certain it is choicely good; and that the carp is to be reckoned amongst those leather-mouthed fish, which I told you have their teeth in their throat, and for that reason he is very seldom lost by breaking his hold, if your hook be once stuck into his chaps.

I told you that Sir Francis Bacon thinks that the carp lives but ten years; but Janus Dubravius has writ a book of Fish and Fish-ponds, in which he says, that carps begin to spawn at the age of three years, and continue to do so till thirty: he says also, that in the time of their breeding, which is in summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and so

* In the margin of the fifth edition, "Mr. Fr. Ru.," i. e., Francis Rufford, who died 1678.—*Sir H. Nicholas.*

apted them also for generation, that then three or four male carps will follow a female; and that then she putting on a seeming coyness, they force her through weeds and flags, where she lets fall her eggs or spawn, which sticks fast to the weeds, and then they let fall their melt upon it, and so it becomes in a short time to be a living fish; and, as I told you, it is thought the carp does this several months in the year; and most believe that most fish breed after this manner, except the eel; and it has been observed, that when the spawner has weakened herself by doing that natural office, that two or three melters have helped her from off the weeds by bearing her up on both sides, and guarding her into the deep. And you may note, that though this may seem a curiosity not worth observing, yet others have judged it worth their time and costs to make glass hives, and order them in such a manner as to see how bees have bred and made their honey-combs, and how they have obeyed their king, and governed their commonwealth. But it is thought that all carps are not bred by generation, but that some breed other ways, as some pikes do.

The physicians make the gall and stones in the head of carps to be very medicinable; but it is not to be doubted but that in Italy they make great profit of the spawn of carps, by selling it to the Jews, who make it into red caviare; the Jews not being by their law admitted to eat of caviare made of the sturgeon, that being a fish that wants scales, and,—as may appear in Levit. xi., 10,—by them reputed to be unclean.

Much more might be said out of him, and out of Aristotle, which Dubravius often quotes in his Discourse of Fishes; but it might rather perplex than satisfy you: and therefore I shall rather choose to direct you how to catch, than spend more time in discoursing either of the nature or the breeding of this carp, or of any more circumstances concerning him; but yet I shall remember you of what I told you before, that he is a very subtle fish, and hard to be caught.

And my first direction is, that if you will fish for a carp, you must put on a very large measure of patience; especially to fish for a river-carp; I have known a very good fisher angle diligently four or six hours in a day, for three or four days together,

for a river-carp, and not have a bite. And you are to note, that in some ponds, it is as hard to catch a carp as in a river; that is to say, where they have store of feed, and the water is of a clayish color: but you are to remember, that I have told you there is no rule without an exception; and therefore being possessed with that hope and patience which I wish to all fishers, especially to the carp-angler, I shall tell you with what bait to fish for him. But first you are to know, that it must be either early or late; and let me tell you, that in hot weather, for he will seldom bite in cold, you cannot be too early or too late at it, and some have been so curious as to say, the tenth of April is a fatal day for Carps.

The carp bites either at worms or at paste; and of worms I think the bluish marsh or meadow-worm is best; but possibly another worm, not too big, may do as well, and so may a green gentle: and as for paste, there are almost as many sorts as there are medicines for the toothache, but doubtless sweet pastes are best; I mean, pastes made with honey or with sugar; which, that you may the better beguile this crafty fish, should be thrown into the pond or place in which you fish for him, some hours or longer before you undertake your trial of skill with the angle-rod: and doubtless if it be thrown into the water a day or two before, at several times and in small pellets, you are the likelier when you fish for the carp to obtain your desired sport: or in a large pond, to draw them to any certain place, that they may the

better and with more hope be fished for, you are to throw into it, in some certain place, either grains or blood mixed with cow-dung, or with bran; or any garbage, as chicken's guts or the like, and then some of your small sweet pellets with which you purpose to angle; and these small pellets being a few of them also thrown in as you are angling, will be the better.

And your paste must be thus made: Take the flesh of a rabbit or a cat cut small, and bean-flour, and if that may not be easily got, get other flour, and then mix these together, and put to them either sugar, or honey, which I think better, and then beat these together in a mortar, or sometimes work them in your hands, your hands being very clean, and then make it into a ball, or two, or three, as you like best for your use: but you must work or pound it so long in the mortar, as to make it so tough as to hang upon your hook without washing from it, yet not too hard; or that you may the better keep it on your hook, you may knead with your paste a little and not much, white or yellowish wool.

And if you would have this paste keep all the year for any other fish, then mix with it virgin-wax and clarified honey, and work them together with your hands before the fire, then make these into balls, and they will keep all the year.

And if you fish for a carp with gentles, then put upon your hook a small piece of scarlet about this bigness, it being soaked in or anointed with oil of peter, called by some oil of the rock; and if your gentles be put two or three days before into a box or horn anointed with honey, and so put upon your hook as to preserve them to be living, you are as like to kill this crafty fish this way as any other: but still, as you are fishing, chew a little white or brown bread in your mouth, and cast it into the pond about the place where your float swims. Other baits there be; but these, with diligence and patient watchfulness, will do it better than any that I have ever practised or heard of: and yet I shall tell you, that the crumbs of white bread and honey, made into a paste, is a good bait for a carp; and you know it is more easily made. And having said thus much of the carp, my next discourse shall be of the bream; which shall not prove so tedious, and therefore I desire the continuance of your attention.

But, first, I will tell you how to make this carp, that is so

curious to be caught, so curious a dish of meat, as shall make him worth all your labor and patience; and though it is not without some trouble and charges, yet it will recompense both.

Take a carp, alive if possible, scour him, and rub him clean with water and salt, but scale him not; then open him, and put him, with his blood and his liver, which you must save when you open him, into a small pot or kettle; then take sweet marjoram, thyme, and parsley, of each half a handful, a sprig of rosemary, and another of savory, bind them into two or three small bundles, and put them to your carp, with four or five whole onions, twenty pickled oysters, and three anchovies. Then pour upon your carp as much claret wine as will only cover him; and season your claret well with salt, cloves, and mace, and the rinds of oranges and lemons: that done, cover your pot and set it on a quick fire, till it be sufficiently boiled; then take out the carp, and lay it with the broth into the dish, and pour upon it a quarter of a pound of the best fresh butter, melted and beaten with half a dozen spoonfuls of the broth, the yolks of two or three eggs, and some of the herbs shred; garnish your dish with lemons, and so serve it up, and much good do you. Dr. T.

CHAPTER X.

Observations of the Bream, and Directions to catch him.

PISCATOR. The bream,* being at a full growth, is a large and stately fish: he will breed both in rivers and ponds; but loves best to live in ponds, and where, if he likes the water and air, he will grow not only to be very large, but as fat as a hog: he is by Gesner taken to be more pleasant or sweet than wholesome: this fish is long in growing, but breeds exceedingly in a water that pleases him; yea, in many ponds so fast, as to over-store them, and starve the other fish.

He is very broad, with a forked tail, and his scales set in excellent order; he hath large eyes, and a narrow sucking mouth; he hath two sets of teeth, and a lozenge-like bone, a bone to help his grinding. The melter is observed to have two large melts, and the female two large bags of eggs or spawn.

Gesner reports, that in Poland a certain and a great number of large breams were put into a pond, which, in the next following winter, were frozen up into one entire ice, and not one drop of water remaining, nor one of these fish to be found, though they were diligently searched for: and yet the next spring, when the ice was thawed, and the weather warm, and fresh water got into the pond, he affirms they all appeared again. This Gesner

* The carp bream, *Abramis Brama*, is a very prolific fish, and sometimes, as in the Irish lakes, attains to as much as twelve or fourteen pounds weight, thereby justifying Walton in calling it "a stately fish." Bream-fishing is a favorite sport among British anglers, when they have no nobler game; and the minute directions given by Walton, show that he both loved and understood it.

The variety of bream which we have in this country (*Abramis Chrysoptera*) is very small, seldom larger than eight or ten inches, and can, therefore, attract only children. Abundant directions may be found in the English books, if indeed anything need be added to what Walton has said.—*Am. Ed.*

affirms,* and I quote my author, because it seems almost as incredible as the resurrection to an atheist. But it may win something in point of believing it, to him that considers the breeding or renovation of the silk-worm, and of many insects. And that is considerable which Sir Francis Bacon observes in his History of Life and Death, fol. 20, that there be some herbs that die and spring every year, and some endure longer.

But though some do not, yet the French esteem this fish highly; and to that end have this proverb, "He that hath breams in his pond, is able to bid his friend welcome." And it is noted, that the best part of a bream is his belly and head.†

Some say that breams and roaches will mix their eggs and melt together, and so there is in many places a bastard breed of breams,‡ that never come to be either large or good, but very numerous.

The baits good to catch this Bream

* This story is certainly in Gesner; but he has a fashion of telling every remarkable thing of the kind with an *ut audio*, leaving his reader to frame his own faith as suits him, which freedom I have here a mind to exercise. Similar statements are often made in this country of frozen ponds.—*Am. Ed.*

† The bream seems formerly to have been a favorite dish in England. Sir William Dugdale has preserved a curious instance of the great price, at least in the interior parts of the kingdom, which it bore as long ago as the 7th year of Henry V., when it was rated at 20*d.* And he informs us that in the 32d Henry VI., 1454, "A pye of four of them, in the expences of two men employed for three days in taking them, in baking them, in flour, in spices, and conveying it from Sutton in Warwickshire to the Earl of Warwick at Mydlam in the North Country, cost xvj*s.* ij*d.*"—*Antiquities of Warwickshire*, p. 668.—*Sir H. Nicholas.*

‡ "On voit ordinairement, à la tête d'une troupe de ces cyprins, un

are many. 1. Paste made of brown bread and honey, gentles, or the brood of wasps that be young, and then not unlike gentles, and should be hardened in an oven, or dried on a tile before the fire, to make them tough; or there is at the root of docks or flags, or rushes in watery places, a worm not unlike a maggot, at which tench will bite freely. Or he will bite at a grasshopper with his legs nipped off, in June and July, or at several flies under water, which may be found on flags that grow near to the water-side. I doubt not but that there be many other baits that are good; but I will turn them all into this most excellent one, either for a carp or bream, in any river or mere;* it was given to me by a most honest and excellent angler; and hoping you will prove both, I will impart it to you.

1. Let your bait be as big a red-worm as you can find, without a knot; get a pint or quart of them in an evening in garden walks, or chalky commons, after a shower of rain; and put them with clean moss, well washed and picked, and the water squeezed out of the moss as dry as you can, into an earthen pot or pipkin set dry, and change the moss fresh every three or four days for three weeks or a month together; then your bait will be at the best, for it will be clear and lively.

2. Having thus prepared your baits, get your tackling ready and fitted for this sport. Take three long angling-rods, and as many and more silk or silk and hair lines, and as many large swan or goose-quill floats. Then take a piece of lead made after this manner,

and fasten them to the low ends of your lines. Then fasten

poisson que les pécheurs appellent *le chef des brêmes*, et que plusieurs naturalistes regardent comme un métis d'une breme et d'un rotengle." *Pesson-Maissonneure*, *Manuel de Pécheur*. Block tells the same story, and says that the *chef* is distinguished by a redder color, though he does not think him a mongrel, because he is seen in ponds "où l'on n'a jamais vu de rotengle."—*Am. Ed.*

* Mere, lake, a corruption of *mer*, *mare*, an inland sea.—*Am. Ed.*

your link-hook also to the lead, and let there be about a foot or ten inches between the lead and the hook; but be sure the lead be heavy enough to sink the float or quill a little under the water, and not the quill to bear up the lead, for the lead must lie on the ground. Note, that your link next the hook may be smaller than the rest of your line, if you dare adventure, for fear of taking the pike or pearch, who will assuredly visit your hooks till they be taken out, as I will show you afterwards, before either carp or bream will come near to bite. Note also, that when the worm is well-baited, it will crawl up and down, as far as the lead will give leave, which much enticeth the fish to bite without suspicion.

3. Having thus prepared your baits, and fitted your tackling, repair to the river, where you have seen them to swim in skulls or shoals in the summer time in a hot afternoon, about three or four of the clock; and watch their going forth of their deep holes and returning, which you may well discern, for they return about four of the clock, most of them seeking food at the bottom, yet one or two will lie on the top of the water, rolling and tumbling themselves while the rest are under him at the bottom, and so you shall perceive him to keep sentinel: then mark where he plays most, and stays longest, which commonly is in the broadest and deepest place of the river; and there, or near thereabouts, at a clear bottom and a convenient landing place, take one of your angles ready fitted as aforesaid, and sound the bottom, which should be about eight or ten feet deep; two yards from the bank is the best. Then consider with yourself whether that water will rise or fall by the next morning, by reason of any water-mills near, and according to your discretion take the depth of the place, where you mean after to cast your ground-bait, and to fish, to half an inch; that the lead lying on or near the ground-bait, the top of the float may only appear upright half an inch above the water.

Thus you having found and fitted for the place and depth thereof, then go home and prepare your ground-bait, which is, next to the fruit of your labors, to be regarded.

THE GROUND-BAIT.

You shall take a peck, or a peck and a half, according to the greatness of the stream and deepness of the water where you mean to angle, of sweet gross-ground barley-malt, and boil it in a kettle; one or two warms is enough: then strain it through a bag into a tub, the liquor whereof hath often done my horse much good: and when the bag and malt is near cold, take it down to the water-side about eight or nine of the clock in the evening, and not before: cast in two parts of your ground-bait, squeezed hard between both your hands; it will sink presently to the bottom, and be sure it may rest in the very place where you mean to angle: if the stream run hard, or move a little, cast your malt in handfuls a little the higher, upwards the stream. You may between your hands close the malt so fast in handfuls, that the water will hardly part it with the fall.

Your ground thus baited, and tackling fitted, leave your bag with the rest of your tackling and ground bait near the sporting-place all night, and in the morning about three or four of the clock visit the water-side, but not too near; for they have a cunning watchman, and are watchful themselves too.

Then gently take one of your three rods, and bait your hook, casting it over your ground, and gently and secretly draw it to you, till the lead rests about the middle of the ground-bait.

Then take a second rod and cast it about a yard above, and your third a yard below the first rod, and stay the rods in the ground; but go yourself so far from the water-side, that you perceive nothing but the top of the floats, which you must watch most diligently: then, when you have a bite, you shall perceive the top of your float to sink suddenly into the water; yet nevertheless, be not too hasty to run to your rods, until you see that the line goes clear away, then creep to the water-side, and give as much line as possibly you can: if it be a good carp or bream, they will go to the further side of the river; then strike gently, and hold your rod at a bent a little while; but if you both pull together, you are sure to lose your game, for either your line, or hook, or hold will break; and after you have overcome them, they will make noble sport, and are very shy to be landed. The carp is far stronger and more mettlesome than the bream.

Much more is to be observed in this kind of fish and fishing; but it is far fitter for experience and discourse than paper. Only thus much is necessary for you to know, and to be mindful and careful of; that if the pike or pearch do breed in that river, they will be sure to bite first, and must first be taken. And for the most part they are very large; and will repair to your ground-bait, not that they will eat of it, but will feed and sport themselves amongst the young fry that gather about and hover over the bait.

The way to discern the pike and to take him, if you mistrust your bream-hook,—for I have taken a pike a yard long several times at my bream-hooks, and sometimes he hath had the luck to share my line,—may be thus:

Take a small bleak, or roach, or gudgeon, and bait it, and set it alive among your rods two feet deep from the cork, with a little red worm on the point of the hook; then take a few crumbs of white bread, or some of the ground-bait, and sprinkle it gently amongst your rods. If Mr. Pike be there, then the little fish will skip out of the water at his appearance, but the live-set bait is sure to be taken.

Thus continue your sport from four in the morning till eight, and if it be a gloomy, windy day, they will bite all day long. But this is too long to stand to your rods at one place, and it will spoil your evening sport that day, which is this:

About four of the clock in the afternoon repair to your baited place; and as soon as you come to the water-side, cast in one-half of the rest of your ground-bait, and stand off: then whilst the fish are gathering together, for there they will most certainly come for their supper, you may take a pipe of tobacco;* and then in with your three rods, as in the morning: you will find excellent sport that evening till eight of the clock; then cast in the residue of your ground-bait, and next morning by four of the clock visit them again for four hours, which is the best sport of all; and after that, let them rest till you and your friends have a mind to more sport.

* In Cotton's part of the Angler, we have farther reason to believe that honest Izaak loved to use the weed, by which, as old Heckewelder says, "Men's brains are haled out, and asses' brains haled in."—*Am. Ed.*

From St. James's-tide until Bartholomew-tide* is the best: when they have had all the summer's food, they are the fattest.

Observe, lastly, that after three or four days' fishing together, your game will be very shy and wary; and you shall hardly get above a bite or two at a baiting: then your only way is to desist from your sport about two or three days; and in the meantime, on the place you late baited, and again intend to bait, you shall take a turf of green but short grass, as big or bigger than a round trencher; to the top of this turf, on the green side, you shall with a needle and green thread fasten one by one as many little red-worms as will near cover all the turf: then take a round board or trencher, make a hole in the middle thereof, and through the turf, placed on the board or trencher, with a string or cord as long as is fitting, tied to a pole, let it down to the bottom of the water, for the fish to feed upon without disturbance about two or three days; and after that you have drawn it away, you may fall to, and enjoy your former recreation.

B. A.

* St. James's tide, the 25th of July; St. Bartholomew's tide, 24th of August.—*Rennie.*

CHAPTER XI.

Observations of the Tench, and advice how to angle for him.

PISCATOR. The tench,* the physician of fishes, is observed to love ponds better than rivers, and to love pits better than either; yet Camden observes there is a river in Dorsetshire that abounds with tenches, but doubtless they retire to the most deep and quiet places in it.

This fish hath very large fins, very small and smooth scales, a red circle about his eyes, which are big and of a gold color; and from either angle of his mouth there hangs down a little barb: in every tench's head there are two little stones, which foreign physicians make great use of; but he is not commended for wholesome meat, though there be very much use made of them for outward applications.† Rondeletius says that, at his being at Rome, he saw a great cure done by applying a tench to the feet of a very sick man. This, he says, was done after an unusual manner by certain Jews. And it is observed, that many of those people have many secrets yet unknown to Christians; secrets that have never yet been written, but have been since the days of their Solomon, who knew the nature of all things, even from the cedar to the shrub, delivered by tradition from the father to the son, and so from generation to generation, with-

* *Tinca Vulgaris.* The tench is not named by the ancients, except by Ausonius (125–7), who speaks contemptuously of it, as affording sport only to boys, and food only to the lowest of the common people. He calls them "*virides Tincas*;" but Aldrovandus insists upon it, that he does not mean the tench of the English.—*Am. Ed.*

† Following honest Izaak's advice in the next paragraph, we shall say little on this point, where our author is too credulous. In the *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitatum*, the 86th line commending fishes, is,

"Lucius et parca, saxaulis, et albica, *tenca*."

Am. Ed.

out writing, or, unless it were casually, without the least communicating them to any other nation or tribe; for to do that, they account a profanation. And yet it is thought that they, or some spirit worse than they, first told us that lice swallowed alive were a certain cure for the yellow jaundice. This and many other medicines were discovered by them or by revelation; for doubtless, we attained them not by study.

Well, this fish, besides his eating, is very useful both dead and alive for the good of mankind. But I will meddle no more with that—my honest humble art teaches no such boldness: there are too many foolish meddlers in physic and divinity, that think themselves fit to meddle with hidden secrets, and so bring destruction to their followers. But I will not meddle with them any further than to wish them wiser; and shall tell you next, for I hope I may be so bold, that the tench is the physician of fishes, for the pike especially: and that the pike, being either sick or hurt, is cured by the touch of the tench. And it is observed, that the tyrant pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him though he be never so hungry.*

* The notion that the tench is "the physician of fishes" is generally prevalent. Hamilton, in the Naturalist's Library, Vol. VI., 64, quotes Boccius as saying, "It is a well authenticated fact, that no fish of prey will touch the tench; and that it is understood that the tench acts medicinally to other fish, by rubbing against them when wounded or sick. Hence in Germany, the fishermen call it the doctor-fish." Moses Browne, in his Piscatory Eclogue III., says of the pike—

> "Yet, howsoe'er with raging famine pined,
> The tench he spares, a salutary kind;
> For when by wounds distrest or sore disease,
> He courts the fish medicinal, for ease,
> Close to his scales the kind physician glides,
> And sweats a healing balsam from his sides."

Salter (*Angler's Guide*) says, "Whether the forbearance of the pike arises from respect to the healing qualities of the tench, or from dislike of the slimy matter on its body, I know not, but I believe the tench is perfectly free from the persecution of the pike; for I have never known one mutilated as other small fish often are by his teeth. The eel also foregoes his voracity, in regard to the tench, both night and day, for I have known trimmers laid with several sorts of fish, and both eels and pike taken with

This fish, that carries a natural balsam in him to cure both himself and others, loves yet to feed in very foul water, and amongst weeds. And yet I am sure he eats pleasantly, and, doubtless, you will think so too, if you taste him. And I shall therefore proceed to give you some few, and but a few directions how to catch this Tench,

of which I have given these observations.

He will bite at a paste made of brown bread and honey, or at a marsh-worm, or a lob-worm: he inclines very much to any paste with which tar is mixed: and he will bite also at a smaller worm, with his head nipped off, and a cod-worm put on the hook before that worm; and I doubt not but that he will also in the three hot months,—for in the nine colder he stirs not much,—bite at a flag-worm, or at a green gentle; but can positively say no more of the tench, he being a fish that I have not often angled for; but I wish my honest scholar may, and be ever fortunate when he fishes.

all of them but the tench." The tench is singularly tenacious of life, and Daniel gives an account of one found in draining a foul pond, shut up in a hole, the shape of which he had in consequence assumed; his length, thirty-three inches; his circumference almost to the tail twenty-seven inches; his color vermilion; and his weight eleven pounds, nine ounces and a quarter—more than twice the ordinary weight. He was afterwards put into a pond where he throve very well. Though Walton praises his flavor, it is not generally esteemed, nor can it well be, from his foul haunts. The Germans call him, in derision, The Shoemaker. He is not known among us.—*Am. Ed.*

CHAPTER XII.

Observations of the Pearch, and Directions how to fish for him.

PISCATOR. The pearch* is a very good, and a very bold-biting fish: he is one of the fishes of prey, that, like the pike and trout, carries his teeth in his mouth: which is very large, and he dare venture to kill and devour several other kinds of fish; he has a hooked or hog back, which is armed with sharp and stiff bristles, and all his skin armed or covered over with thick, dry, hard scales; and hath, which few other fish have, two fins on his back; he is so bold, that he will invade one of his own kind, which the pike will not do so willingly; and you may therefore easily believe him to be a bold biter.

The pearch is of great esteem in Italy, saith Aldrovandus, and especially the least are there esteemed a dainty dish. And Gesner prefers the pearch and pike above the trout, or any fresh-water fish: he says, the Germans have this proverb, "More wholesome than a pearch of Rhine:" and he says the river-pearch is so wholesome, that physicians allow him to be eaten by wounded men, or by men in fevers, or by women in child-bed.

* *Perca fluviatilis.* This beautiful fish abounds in fresh-water rivers and lakes. Its name is probably a contraction of *Persika.* It is to be distinguished from the pearch of the sea, which Aristotle treats of. Its flesh has always been highly esteemed. Ausonius, *Mosella* (115–9), praises it "as alone worthy of all river fishes to be compared with those of the sea, even with the purple mullet." The notion of its healthfulness as food, quoted by our author from Gesner, is abundantly borne out by medical authors as Galen, *De Alimentorum Facultatibus* (iii., 28), Hippocrates, *De Victus Ratione* (ii.), *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitatum* (86). The friendship of the pike for the pearch is clearly of a negative kind, as he only fears his well-armed back, and will pouch a pearch whose sharp fins are cut off as soon as any other morsel. Not only will the pearch assail one of his own kind, if he can do so with safety, but a story is told of one that was caught by his biting at his own eye, which had been torn out but the moment before, and affixed to the hook. Our pearch (*Perca flavescens*) is a distinct species.—*Am. Ed.*

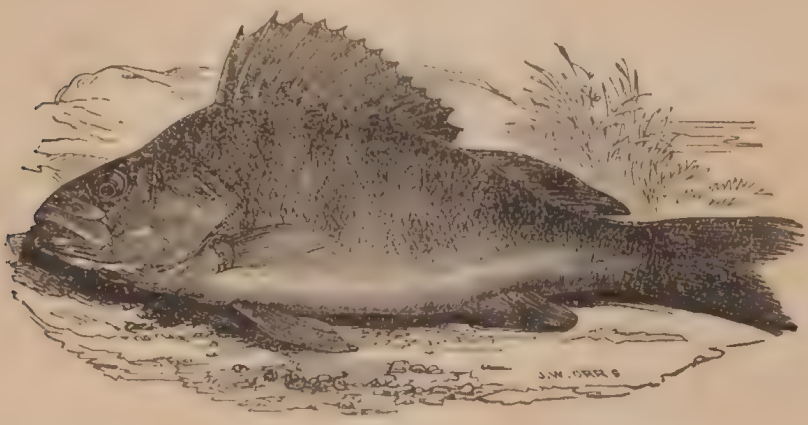
He spawns but once a year, and is by physicians held very nutritive; yet by many to be hard of digestion. They abound more in the river Po and in England, says Rondeletius, than other parts; and have in their brain a stone which is in foreign parts sold by apothecaries, being there noted to be very medicinable against the stone in the reins. These be a part of the commendations which some philosophical brains have bestowed upon the fresh-water pearch: yet they commend the sea-pearch, which is known by having but one fin on his back,—of which, they say, we English see but a few,—to be a much better fish.

The pearch grows slowly, yet will grow, as I have been credibly informed, to be almost two foot long; for an honest informer told me, such a one was not long since taken by Sir Abraham Williams, a gentleman of worth, and a brother of the angle, that yet lives, and I wish he may: this was a deep bodied fish, and doubtless durst have devoured a pike of half his own length: for I have told you, he is a bold fish, such a one as, but for extreme hunger, the pike will not devour; for to affright the pike, and save himself, the pearch will set up his fins, much like as a turkey-cock will sometimes set up his tail.

But, my Scholar, the pearch is not only valiant to defend himself, but he is, as I said, a bold-biting fish; yet he will not bite at all seasons of the year: he is very abstemious in winter, yet will bite then in the midst of the day, if it be warm: and note, that all fish bite best about the midst of a warm day in winter: and he hath been observed by some, not usually to bite till the mulberry-tree buds; that is to say, till extreme frosts be past the spring; for when the mulberry-tree blossoms, many gardeners observe their forward fruit to be past the danger of frosts, and some have made the like observation of the pearch's biting.

But bite the pearch will, and that very boldly; and, as one has wittily observed, if there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be at one standing all catched one after another; they being, as he says, like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight. And you may observe, that they are not like the solitary pike; but love to accompany one another, and march together in troops.

And the baits for this bold fish



are not many ;* I mean, he will bite as well at some or at any of these three, as at any or all others whatsoever, a worm, a minnow, or a little frog, of which you may find many in hay-

* Pearch abound in our waters, and afford the readiest amusement to the untutored angler ; though, except the large yellow pearch (*Bodianus Flavescens* of Mitchill), they are not much prized as game by the more skilful, who have a taste for better things. This last named are sometimes caught of several pounds weight, when fishing in clear ponds for its nobler relative the black bass. Few directions are needed for pearch fishing, as he is so bold a biter as to take anything that is offered ; but, perhaps, the most exciting mode of angling for him is with the small artificial ivory or mother of pearl minnow, in the whirl of the outward-going tide (above salt water,) about an hour after it has turned.

Having named the black bass of our lakes and more northern rivers (*Centrarchus Fasciatus*, De Kay), it is impossible to refrain from a brief notice of that fish which is, next to the *Salmo* family, most prized by the American angler in fresh waters. Angling for him may be begun in June, when he is to be found in about fourteen or more feet of water, among the grass. He should be fished for with strong running tackle, the best line being of silk (braided), with a stout gut bottom (or, *Americanice*, leader), and the rod tolerably stiff. The baits are minnows, shiners (still better), young frogs, and grasshoppers (best of all). He will also take the worm, and even pearch cut into slices ; but, in using these baits, the angler is more likely to be annoyed by less desirable fish. Nothing can exceed the vigor and liveliness of his play ; for he will try every art, even to flinging himself high out of water, that he may shake off the hook ; and the rod must not be kept perpendicular, but moved in various directions, and sometimes even partly submerged to counteract his rushes, and hold him under the surface. His struggles, however, do not last long ; and the landing net

time; and of worms, the dunghill-worm, called a brandling, I take to be best, being well scoured in moss or fennel; or he will bite at a worm that lies under cow-dung, with a bluish head. And if you rove for a pearch with a minnow, then it is best to be alive, you sticking your hook through his back-fin; or a

may soon lift him into the boat. Towards the first of August he prefers the rocky shores, and then should be trolled for with the shiner and the fly, a stiff twelve-feet rod and balanced reel, the line being let off to at least fifty feet, and the boat rowed easily along. A skilful troller may, taking his seat with his face to the stern, manage two rods, properly supported by stays on the side of the boat; but then, when a fish is struck, the boat must be stopped, and the boatman made to reel in the other line, lest it get fast to the bottom. The bass takes the fly freely; a favorite fly being made on a stout hook (the fish's mouth is large), with wings of scarlet cloth and a body of white feather. Other colors have been tried, though not to much advantage. But the best fly is made of scarlet feather or cloth (which is better), with a piece of pickerel's tongue cut in a fork, so as to hang from the bend of the hook. This the bass (particularly the Oswego) take very eagerly, especially where the water flows in a more rapid current, as among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. The late Dr. Dewees, who was a most skilful angler, used to troll for them with a large sized *kill-deril*, and most successfully. Bass of six, seven, and even eight pounds, will sometimes reward the fly-troller's pains; but the usual size is not more than half so much.

Had we room here, it would be pleasant to dilate on the noble sport of fishing for the striped or streaked bass or rock fish (*Labrax lineatus* of Cuvier), a sea-fish which runs up our rivers to spawn, and for size and the skill required to take him corresponds well to the salmon. The utmost nicety and judgment in the tackle is required; a rod of twelve or thirteen feet, moderately stiff, the butt well in hand, a clear running reel, holding a hundred yards of stout silk line, a leader of three strand gut, and the snood single (though of the strongest kind). He is fished for near the bottom, with a lead sufficient to keep the line well down; and the baits vary with the season; shad-roe, where that fish spawns (spring and fall), shrimp, soft crabs (in August), clams (in the fall, when the killy-fish is also used), young eels (a favorite bait at the Schuylkill Fairmount dam), &c. When the fish is hooked, he is not yet caught, nor will be, if the rod is not managed by a cool, skilful hand. They are thus taken of from ten to twenty pounds weight; and with the hand-line even of twice that size or more. It is said, that a gentleman not far from New York, whose body, like that of Tully's son-in-law, is not as large as his spirit, captured one very nearly as long as himself. An American need not be told, that the flavor of this fish is very highly prized, or that it has attained to ninety pounds weight. Excellent directions for taking the striped bass may be found in the *American Angler's Guide.— Am. Ed.*

minnow with the hook in his upper lip, and letting him swim up and down about mid-water, or a little lower, and you still keeping him to about that depth by a cork, which ought not to be a very little one: and the like way you are to fish for the pearch with a small frog, your hook being fastened through the skin of his leg, towards the upper part of it: and lastly, I will give you but this advice, that you give the pearch time enough when he bites, for there was scarce ever any angler that has given him too much. And now I think best to rest myself, for I have almost spent my spirits with talking so long.

VEN. Nay, good Master, one fish more; for you see it rains still, and you know our angles are like money put to usury; they may thrive, though we sit still and do nothing but talk and enjoy one another. Come, come, the other fish, good Master.

PISC. But, Scholar, have you nothing to mix with this discourse, which grows both tedious and tiresome? Shall I have nothing from you, that seem to have both a good memory and a cheerful spirit.

VEN. Yes, Master, I will speak you a copy of verses that were made by Doctor Donne, and made to show the world that he could make soft and smooth verses when he thought smoothness worth his labor; and I love them the better, because they allude to rivers, and fish, and fishing. They be these:

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thy eyes more than the sun;
And there the enamell'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which ev'ry channel hath,
Most am'rously to thee will swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen be'st loath
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both;

And if mine eyes have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling-reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treach'rously poor fish beset,
With strangling snares, or windowy net:

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded fish in banks outwrest;
Let curious traitors sleave silk flies,
To 'witch poor wand'ring fishes eyes:

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait:
That fish that is not catch'd thereby,
*Is wiser, far, alas! than I.**

Pisc. Well remembered, honest Scholar; I thank you for these choice verses, which I have heard formerly, but had quite forgot, till they were recovered by your happy memory. Well, being I have now rested myself a little, I will make you some requital, by telling you some observations of the eel; for it rains still; and because, as you say our angles are as money put to use, that thrives when we play, therefore we'll sit still and enjoy ourselves a little longer under this honeysuckle hedge.

* This is the song already referred to as having been written by Donne in imitation of Kit Marlowe's. There are some verbal variations from Donne's own version, particularly "enamelled" for "enamored," in the third line of the second verse. Some of Donne's earlier poems have a most startling freedom as compared with his general character.—*Am. Ed.*

CHAPTER XIII.

Observations of the Eel, and other fish that want scales; and how to Fish for them.

PISCATOR. It is agreed by most men, that the eel* is a most dainty fish; the Romans have esteemed her the Helena of their feasts, and some the queen of palate pleasure. But most men

* *Anguila Vulgaris*. *Anguila* from *Anguis*, a snake. No great favorite with the angler, but curious from its natural history, classical associations, and great cunning. The notion of its being bred otherwise than other animals, is not now believed; and the difficulty of accounting for eels being found in pools where they could not have been bred, is relieved by facts showing that they have been known at times *to leave the water*, seeking for new dwelling places. Jessie (*Gleanings in Natural History*, 2d Series) says, that "near Bristol there is a large pond with a large tree growing upon its banks, the branches of which hang down into the water, and by means of these branches, the young eels ascend into the tree, and thence let themselves drop into the stream below the dam. The tree at times seemed alive, from the numbers of young eels upon it." Yarrell says that "there is no doubt eels occasionally quit the water; and where the grass meadows are wet from dew or other causes, travel during the night over the moist surface in search of food or to change their situation." The best ichthyologists now agree that the eel produces its young by spawning, and two migrations of eels have been ascertained—the one in the autumn to the sea by the adult eels, as is believed, for the purpose of depositing their spawn: the other in the spring, of very small eels. Whether the adult eels return up the rivers is not so certain, though some good observers believe that they do (see Yarrel, Jessie's *Gleanings in Natural History*, 2d Series, &c.) The opinions of the ancients on the subject were various; Aristotle (*Nat. Hist.*, IV. II.) thought that they sprung from the mud in which they were to lie—hence their Greek name ἔγχελυς for ἴλυς, mud; Pliny, that they were propagated from particles which they rubbed off from their bodies against the rocks; Oppian, a closer observer, says:—

> "Strange the productions of the eely race,
> That knows no sex, yet love the close embrace;

differ about their breeding: some say they breed by generation, as other fish do; and others, that they breed as some worms do, of mud; as rats and mice and many other living creatures

> **Their folded lengths they round each other twine,**
> **Twist amorous knots, and shiny bodies join;**
> **Till the close strife brings off a frothy juice,**
> **The seed that must their wriggling kind produce."**
>
> *Book* 1, 849—54 *Jones's.*

Athenæus is of the same opinion. The notion that they are bred from dew (as Helmont thought), is probably taken from young eels being seen among the grass, as before stated. Homer is thought to have distinguished between eels and fish (Iliad xxiii., 291), ἐγχελυές τε καὶ ἰχθύες, but I question whether it is more than a habit of speech common among ourselves. The lamprey of the ancients (*Petromyzon Marinus*), though an eel-shaped fish, is not properly an eel, but belongs to the *Chondropterygii*. The muræna, a beautifully marked species, was, as has been stated in our Bib. Pref., very highly esteemed among the ancients, and called by them the Helen of their feasts, from which its scientific name has been taken. Eels figure largely in the classic writers, and the best were taken in the Strymon, near Aristotle's birth-place, and in the Copais, a Bœotian lake. Some of the most severe hits at his countrymen, by Aristophanes, are taken from their fondness for eels. It may also amuse the reader to know that several proverbs drawn from eels are at least as old as that comic dramatist; thus, Athenæus preserves a comparison from one of his lost comedies, "as slippery as an eel;" and Simonides, in one of his Iambics, has the same. "To fish in troubled waters," is also found in Aristophanes, *The Knights*, 661, when he compares persons that trouble the state for the sake of personal advancement, to eel fishers, who stir up the mud. Archilochus also, according to Athenæus, speaks of "catching *blind* eels;" and, strange to say, there is a tiny species of lamprey (the Lancelet of Yarrell) which, like the catfish of the Kentucky Cave, has no eyes.

Aldrovandus describes a mode of catching eels as practised in Holland, which corresponds exactly to what we call bobbing—that is, by letting down from a boat at night into the water a number of large worms threaded together in a knot (*glomerative colligatas*), which tempt the eels to bite so strongly that they are drawn up in great numbers; but the strangest mode of fishing for the eel, is that related by Oppian, *Halieutics* (iv., 450—61), as used by boys: the youth takes a long fresh sheep's gut, and lets down one end of it into the water; the eel greedily sucks in the pleasing bait, when the fisher blows up the gut, which, dilating the eel's mouth and throat, he is easily drawn up. Ælian, *Nat. Animal.* (xiv., 8), details the process, and says that it is common among the eel fishers of the Po. The eel pot or basket is well known; but perhaps nowhere

are bred in Egypt, by the sun's heat, when it shines upon the overflowing of the river Nilus; or out of the putrefaction of the earth, and divers other ways. Those that deny them to breed by generation as other fish do, ask, if any man ever saw an eel to have a spawn or melt: and they are answered, that they may be as certain of their breeding as if they had seen them spawn; for they say, that they are certain that eels have all parts fit for generation, like other fish, but so small as not to be easily discerned by reason of their fatness; but that discerned they may be, and that the he and she-eel may be distinguished by their fins. And Rondeletius says, he has seen eels cling together like dew-worms.

And others say that eels, growing old, breed other eels out of the corruption of their own age; which, Sir Francis Bacon says, exceeds not ten years. And others say, that as pearls are made of glutinous dew-drops, which are condensed by the sun's heat in those countries; so eels are bred of a particular dew, falling in the months of May or June on the banks of some particular ponds or rivers, adapted by nature for that end, which in a few days are by the sun's heat turned into eels; and some of the ancients have called the eels that are thus bred, the offspring of Jove. I have seen in the beginning of July, in a river not far from Canterbury, some parts of it covered over with young eels, about the thickness of a straw; and these eels did lie on the top of that water, as thick as motes are said to be in the sun: and I have heard the like of other rivers, as namely in Severn, where they are called yelvers; and in a pond or mere near Staffordshire, where about a set time in summer, such small eels abound so much, that many of the poorer sort of people, that inhabit near to it, take such eels out of this mere with sieves or sheets, and

are greater numbers of eels taken than at Fulton, on the Oswego river, where there is a considerable fall and many saw-mills. A rude crib is made of pine slats, through which the whole water that drives the mill is turned at night. As that river drains many lakes of middle New York, the eels pass down it on their migration to the sea in vast multitudes, and run into the cribs, which detain them until the morning, when not unfrequently barrels full are taken out. They are then salted down, and highly prized as food by the country round.—*Am. Ed.*

nary eels; and also an eel whose fins are reddish, and but seldom taken in this nation, and yet taken sometimes: these several kinds of eels are, say some, diversely bred; as namely, out of the corruption of the earth, and some by dew, and other ways, as I have said to you: and yet it is affirmed by some for certain, that the silver eel is bred by generation, but not by spawning as other fish do, but that her brood come alive from her, being then little live eels, no bigger nor longer than a pin: and I have had too many testimonies of this to doubt the truth of it myself; and if I thought it needful I might prove it, but I think it is needless.

And this eel, of which I have said so much to you, may be caught with divers kinds of baits; as, namely, with powdered beef, with a lob or garden-worm, with a minnow, or gut of a hen, chicken, or the guts of any fish, or with almost anything, for he is a greedy fish: but the eel may be caught especially with a little, a very little lamprey, which some call a pride, and may in the hot months be found many of them in the river Thames, and in many mud-heaps in other rivers, yea, almost as usually as one finds worms in a dunghill.

Next note, that the eel seldom stirs in the day, but then hides himself; and therefore he is usually caught by night, with one of these baits of which I have spoken: and may be then caught by laying hooks, which you are to fasten to the bank, or twigs of a tree; or by throwing a string cross the stream with many hooks at it, and those baited with the aforesaid baits, and a clod, or plummet, or stone, thrown into the river with this line, that so you may in the morning find it near to some fixed place, and then take it up with a drag hook or otherwise: but these things are indeed too common to be spoken of, and an hour's fishing with any angler will teach you better, both for these and many other common things in the practical part of angling, than a week's discourse. I shall therefore conclude this direction for taking the eel, by telling you, that in a warm day in summer, I have taken many a good eel by snigling, and have been much pleased with that sport.

And because you that are but a young angler know not what snigling is, I will now teach it to you. You remember I told

you that eels do not usually stir in the day-time, for then they hide themselves under some covert, or under boards or planks about flood gates, or wears, or mills, or in holes in the river banks; so that you observing your time in a warm day, when the water is lowest, may take a strong small hook, tied to a strong line, or to a string about a yard long: and then into one of these holes, or between any boards about a mill, or under any great stone or plank, or any place where you think an eel may hide or shelter herself, you may with the help of a short stick put in your bait, but leisurely, and as far as you may conveniently; and it is scarce to be doubted, but that if there be an eel within the sight of it, the eel will bite instantly, and as certainly gorge it; and you need not doubt to have him, if you pull him not out of the hole too quickly, but pull him out by degrees; for he lying folded double in his hole, will with the help of his tail break all, unless you give him time to be wearied with pulling, and so get him out by degrees, not pulling too hard.

And to commute for your patient hearing this long direction, I shall next tell you how to make this Eel

a most excellent dish of meat.

First, wash him in water and salt, then pull off his skin below his vent or navel, and not much further; having done that, take out his guts as clean as you can, but wash him not: then give him three or four scotches with a knife, and then put into his belly and those scotches, sweet herbs, an anchovy, and a little nutmeg grated, or cut very small; and your herbs and ancho-

vies must also be cut very small, and mixed with good butter and salt; having done this, then pull his skin over him all but his head, which you are to cut off, to the end you may tie his skin about that part where his head grew; and it must be so tied as to keep all his moisture within his skin: and having done this, tie him with tape or packthread to a spit, and roast him leisurely, and baste him with water and salt till his skin breaks, and then with butter; and having roasted him enough, let what was put into his belly, and what he drips, be his sauce.

S. F.*

When I go to dress an eel thus, I wish he were as long and big as that which was caught in Peterborough river in the year 1667, which was a yard and three quarters long. If you will not believe me, then go and see at one of the coffee-houses in King-street in Westminster.

But now let me tell you, that though the eel thus dressed be not only excellently good, but more harmless than any other way; yet it is certain, that physicians account the eel dangerous meat;† I will advise you, therefore, as Solomon says, of honey, "Hast thou found it, eat no more than is sufficient, lest thou surfeit; for it is not good to eat much honey."‡ And let me add this, that the uncharitable Italian bids us "give eels and no wine to our enemies."

* Neither the instructions for dressing the eel, nor the observations on the flounder, the char, and the guiniad, given here, occur in the first edition.

† The extreme grossness of the eel's flesh is the reason of its unhealthfulness. Among the curious fancies respecting the medicinal qualities of the eel, is one of Pliny's, gravely vouched for by Galen, *De Remediis Parabilibus* (iii., p. 540, *ed.* Kühn), that wine in which eels have been suffocated cures a habit of drunkenness. On the other hand, in *The Salernian School of Regimen*, we read:

> "To eat of eels will make you hoarse
> (A learned doctor doth discourse),
> But then 'twill soon relieve the pain,
> To drink, and drink, and drink again."—(88–91.)
>
> *Am. Ed.*

‡ Proverbs xxv., 16. The text is not accurately quoted.

And I will beg a little more of your attention to tell you, that Aldrovandus and divers physicians commend the eel very much for medicine, though not for meat. But let me tell you one observation, that the eel is never out of season, as trouts and most other fish are at set times; at least most eels are not.

I might here speak of many other fish whose shape and nature are much like the eel, and frequent both the sea and fresh rivers; as namely, the lamprel, the lamprey, and the lamperne; as also of the mighty Conger, taken often in Severn about Gloucester; and might also tell in what high esteem many of them are for the curiosity of their taste: but these are not so proper to be talked of by me, because they make us anglers no sport; therefore I will let them alone, as the Jews do, to whom they are forbidden by their law.*

And, Scholar, there is also a flounder,† a sea-fish, which will wander very far into fresh rivers, and there lose himself, and dwell and thrive to a hand's breadth, and almost twice so long; a fish without scales, and most excellent meat; and a fish that affords much sport to the angler, with any small worm, but especially a little bluish worm, gotten out of marsh-ground or meadows, which should be well scoured; but this, though it be most excellent meat, yet it wants scales, and is, as I told you, therefore an abomination to the Jews.

But, Scholar, there is a fish that they in Lancashire boast very much of, called a char,‡ taken there, and I think there only,

* Fish with scales were clean, those without unclean, by the law of Moses. Levit. xi., 9, 10; Deut. xiv., 9, 10.—*Am. Ed.*

† The flounder (in Walton, *Platessa Vulgaris*), of which there are several varieties in our waters, affords brisk and pleasant sport, especially in the latter part of summer, in the Long Island bays, when they are often taken weighing five pounds, some say more. They are fished for at bottom, with muscles, crabs or clams, and the worm. The hook should be small, as is the flounder's mouth.—*Am. Ed.*

‡ The charr, *Salmo Salvelinus*, and, according to M. Agassiz, the *Ombre Chevalier* of the Lake of Geneva. It is found in the lakes of Cumberland, in some of the Scotch lochs, and in many of the Irish. The most successful mode of fishing for them is trolling with a minnow on a long line sunk deep in the water; though it sometimes takes the fly. It is pronounced by Hofland the most beautiful of the Salmonidæ. The com-

in a mere called Winander-mere; a mere, says Camden, that is the largest in this nation, being ten miles in length, and some say, as smooth in the bottom as if it were paved with polished marble. This fish never exceeds fifteen or sixteen inches in length, and it is spotted like a trout, and has scarce a bone but on the back: but this, though I do not know whether it make the angler sport, yet I would have you take notice of it, because it is a rarity, and of so high esteem with persons of great note.

Nor would I have you ignorant of a rare fish called a guiniad,* of which I shall tell you what Camden and others speak. The river Dee, which runs by Chester, springs in Merionethshire; and, as it runs towards Chester, it runs through Pemble-mere, which is a large water: and it is observed, that though the river Dee abounds with salmon, and the Pemble-mere with the guiniad, yet there is never any salmon caught in the mere, nor a guiniad in the river. And now my next observation shall be of the barbel.

mon size of the charr is about twelve inches, but it sometimes attains the length of two feet.—*Am. Ed.*

* The gwyniad is of the genus *Coregonus*, and is thought to be the same with *Coregonus Fera* of the Lake of Geneva. Its analogues in our waters are the exquisite *white fish* of the lakes, and the delicious Otsego bass.

The gwyniad is called whiting in some parts of Ireland, and sewin in Scotland. The statement that the salmon is never taken in Pemble-mere, and the gwyniad never in the river, Sir Harris Nicholas states, upon good authority to be erroneous.—*Am. Ed.*

CHAPTER XIV.

Observations of the Barbel, and Directions how to fish for him.

PISCATOR. The barbel* is so called, says Gesner, by reason of his barb or wattles at his mouth, which are under his nose or chaps. He is one of those leather-mouthed fishes that I told you of, that does very seldom break his hold if he be once hooked; but he is so strong, that he will often break both rod and line, if he proves to be a big one.

But a barbel, though he be of a fine shape, and looks big, yet he is not counted the best fish to eat, neither for his wholesomeness nor his taste; but the male is reputed much better than the female, whose spawn is very hurtful, as I will presently declare to you.

They flock together like sheep, and are at the worst in April, about which time they spawn, but quickly grow to be in season. He is able to live in the strongest swifts of the water, and in summer they love the shallowest and sharpest streams; and love to lurk under weeds, and to feed on gravel against a rising ground, and will root and dig in the sands with his nose like a hog, and there nests himself: yet sometimes he retires to deep and swift bridges, or flood-gates, or wears, where he will nest himself† amongst piles, or in the hollow places, and take such

* Barbel, *Cyprinus Barbus* of Linnæus. The weight of the barbel is from two to eighteen pounds, though they are said to grow larger. Block speaks of their having been caught in the Danube from six to twelve feet long. Ausonius, *Mosella* (91–6), says that the barbel greatly improves with age.—*Am. Ed.*

† Darcy, who kept a music shop at Oxford, used to take barbel by diving in a deep hole near the Four Streams. He said that many of these fish lay with their heads against the bank in parallel lines, like horses in their stalls. They were not disturbed at his approach, but allowed him to come close and select the finest of them.—*New Monthly Mag.*, 1820, p. II.

hold of moss or weeds, that be the water never so swift, it is not able to force him from the place that he contends for. This is his constant custom in summer, when he and most living creatures sport themselves in the sun: but at the approach of winter, then he forsakes the swift streams and shallow waters, and by degrees retires to those parts of the river that are quiet and deeper; in which places, and I think about that time, he spawns, and, as I have formerly told you, with the help of the melter, hides his spawn or eggs in holes, which they both dig in the gravel, and then they mutually labor to cover it with the same sand, to prevent it from being devoured by other fish.*

There be such store of this fish in the river Danube,† that Rondeletius says, they may in some places of it, and in some months of the year, be taken by those that dwell near to the river with their hands, eight or ten load at a time: he says, they begin to be good in May, and that they cease to be so in August; but it is found to be otherwise in this nation: but thus far we agree with him, that the spawn of a barbel, if it be not poison, as he says, yet that it is dangerous meat, and especially in the month of May; which is so certain, that Gesner and Gasius‡ declare,

* Palmer Hackle says that Walton is mistaken, and that the barbel "deposits its spawn on the surface of stones in narrow and rapid parts of the stream" (p. 58), which is confirmed by other observers.—*Am. Ed.*

† Donovan, *British Fishes*, xxix., says: "After a dreadful carnage between the Turks and the Austrians, on the banks of the Danube, barbels were found in it of such immense size as to be a matter of record."—*Am. Ed.*

‡ Hawkins could find no account of Gasius. The physician intended was Antonius Gazius of Padua, of whom a short account is given in Moreri (*Dict. Hist.*, edit. Par., 1759, tom. v., p. 113). His principal work, to which Walton alludes, was his *Corona Florida Medicinæ, sive De Conservatione Sanitatis*, first published at Venice in 1491, when he was only twenty-eight years old, chapters cxxx–vii., which relate to the qualities of river fish as food. He died in 1530, not 1528, as some writers have asserted. See also Manget, *Bibl. Scrip. Medic.*, tom. ii., lib. vii. *Sir Harris Nicholas.* The unhealthiness of the barbel's spawn, and, at times, of its flesh, seems to be confirmed, though some writers doubt it. What Walton says, is stated by Aldrovandus, who cites Platina, Gesner, and Gazius, or, as he writes it (probably a misprint), *Gadius;* he also quotes Rondeletius and Salvian, for the opinion of some that the poisonous quality was derived from the blossoms of the willow, on which the fish

it had an ill effect upon them, even to the endangering of their lives.

This fish is of a fine cast and handsome shape, with small scales, which are placed after a most exact and curious manner; and, as I told you, may be rather said not to be ill, than to be good meat: the chub and he have, I think, both lost part of their credit by ill cookery, they being reputed the worst or coarsest for fresh-water fish; but the Barbel

affords an angler choice sport, being a lusty and a cunning fish; so lusty and cunning as to endanger the breaking of the angler's line, by running his head forcibly towards any covert, or hole, or bank; and then striking at the line, to break it off with his tail, as is observed by Plutarch in his book De Industria Animalium,* and also so cunning to nibble and suck off your worm close to the hook, and yet avoid the letting the hook come into his mouth.

had fed; Rondeletius, however, doubts this method of accounting for the pernicious effect. The name of Gazius is not in the first edition.—*Am. Ed.*

* The book of Plutarch here referred to, is the treatise *De Solertia Animalium*, of which we have often had occasion to speak. Plutarch, however, relates this of the sea-mullet, who, he says, suspecting the hook, will swim about, flapping the bait with his tail and then turning round to eat what he has struck off; or, if he cannot do this, he shuts his mouth close, and nibbles the bait with the extremities of his lips. Oppian ascribes great cunning to the κεφαλοι (which I take to be the mullet) in escaping from the net.

> "The mullet, when encircling seines inclose,
> The fatal threads and treacherous bosom knows;
> Instant he rallies all his vig'rous powers,
> And faithful aid of every nerve implores,

The barbel is also curious for his baits, that they be clean and sweet; that is to say, to have your worms well scoured, and not kept in sour and musty moss, for he is a curious feeder; but at a well scoured lob-worm he will bite as boldly as at any bait, and specially if, the night or two before you fish for him, you shall bait the places where you intend to fish for him with big worms cut into pieces; and note, that none did ever over-bait the place, nor fish too early or too late for a barbel. And the barbel will bite also at gentles, which not being too much scoured, but green, are a choice bait for him; and so is cheese, which is not to be too hard, but kept a day or two in a wet linen cloth to make it tough; with this you may also bait the water a day or two before you fish for the barbel, and be much the likelier to catch store; and if the cheese were laid in clarified honey, a short time before, as namely, an hour or two, you were still the likelier to catch fish: some have directed to cut the cheese into thin pieces, and toast it, and then tie it on the hook with fine silk; and some advise to fish for the barbel with sheep's tallow and soft cheese beaten or worked into a paste, and that it is choicely good in August, and I believe it: but doubtless the lob-worm well scoured, and the gentle not too much scoured, and cheese ordered as I have directed, are baits enough; and I think will serve in any month; though I shall commend any angler that tries conclu-

O'er battlements of cork up-darting flies,
And finds from air, th' escape that sea denies;
But should the first attempt his hopes deceive,
And from his fall the net again receive
The exhausted fish, no second leap he tries,
Self-doomed to death the victim desperate lies."
(iii., 138–48.—*Jones.*)

Yarrell and other observers have remarked that this cunning in setting themselves free is innate with the grey mullet, and that young ones of a minute size may be seen tumbling themselves tail over head in their exertions to pass the head line of the net. "I have known," says Mr. Couch, "a mullet less than an inch in length, throw itself repeatedly over the side of a cup, in which the water was an inch below the brim." A very interesting account of the same thing is given by Mr. Couch in *The Zoologist*, which the reader may find in Littell's excellent magazine, *The Living Age*, 1847, vol. i., 143.—*Am. Ed*

sions, and is industrious to improve the art. And now, my honest Scholar, the long shower and my tedious discourse are both ended together; and I shall give you but this observation, that when you fish for a barbel, your rod and line be both long and of good strength; for, as I told you, you will find him a heavy and a dogged fish to be dealt withal, yet he seldom or never breaks his hold if he be once stricken. And if you would know more of fishing for the umber or barbel, get into favor with Doctor Sheldon,* whose skill is above others; and of that, the poor that dwell about him have a comfortable experience.

And now let us go and see what interest the trouts will pay us for letting our angler-rods lie so long and so quietly in the water, for their use. Come, Scholar, which will you take up?

VEN. Which you think fit, Master.

* This passage is not in the first edition, and in the second we find only "Doctor Sh.:"

Gilbert Sheldon, D.D., Trinity College, Oxford. He was chaplain to Charles I., and for his loyalty imprisoned at the same time with Dr. Hammond After the Restoration, he recovered his ecclesiastical appointment, was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1663, and in 1667 succeeded Clarendon as Chancellor of Oxford. He lost the King's favor in consequence of his fidelity in advising him to put away his mistress Barbara Villiers, and he retired to Croydon, where he died Nov., 1677, aged 80 He published nothing but a sermon preached before the King. His munificence was proverbial; he expended not less than £60,000 for charitable purposes, and founded the theatre at Oxford. At the time of Walton the good archbishop was in his retirement at Croydon, near which, the English books tell us, there are famous fishing places for the barbel.

Barbel fishing has many amateurs among English anglers, some of whom prefer it to every other sport of the kind; but it must be a dull amusement, for though "the barbel run large and are a bold,-biting, daring fish, there are too many of them; and though one does not fish for the gain of the thing, yet it is a drawback on the fancy that they are good for nothing when you have them. The least thing that a gentleman can do, who has taken a barbel of twelve pounds weight, is to take the hook out of his mouth, and let him run again. But besides, the most killing mode of fishing for them—sitting in a boat—with a dead line lying on the bottom—is dull enough." (*The Rod and the Stream, Blackwood's Magazine, June,* 1827.) Salter says, that he knew of a barbel in Hampton Deeps, in the year 1816, which had been several times hooked, but always broke away. The boatmen thought that he must weigh near thirty pounds, and "from his bold and piratical practices they named him Paul Jones."—*Am. Ed.*

Pisc. Why, you shall take up that; for I am certain, by viewing the line, it has a fish at it. Look you, Scholar: well done. Come now, take up the other too: well, now you may tell my brother Peter at night, that you have caught a leash of trouts this day. And now let us move toward our lodging, and drink a draught of red-cow's milk* as we go, and give pretty Maudlin and her honest mother a brace of trouts for their supper.

Ven. Master, I like your motion very well; and I think it is now about milking-time, and yonder they be at it.

Pisc. God speed you, good woman: I thank you both for our songs last night: I and my companion have had such fortune a fishing this day, that we resolve to give you and Maudlin a brace of trouts for supper, and we will now taste a draught of your red-cow's milk.

Milk-W. Marry and that you shall with all my heart; and I will be still your debtor when you come this way: if you will but speak the word, I will make you a good syllabub of new verjuice, and then you may sit down in a hay-cock and eat it, and Maudlin shall sit by and sing you the good old song of the Hunting in Chevy Chase, or some other good ballad, for she hath good store of them: Maudlin, my honest Maudlin, hath a

* Since my former note on "Red-cow's milk," a friend has pointed out a passage in an old work which shows the estimation in which it was held: "If asses' milk cannot be conveniently obtained for the lung consumption, nor women's milk for the liver consumption, use *the milk of a meetly reddish cow*, feeding in fine leaze (wherein store of cowslaps, trifoil, cingfoil, elacampana, burnet, fillipendula, meadtansy, horse-tail, plantain, lamb's tongue, scabiouse and lungwort groweth); or on the sweetest hay; but beware (as commonly fools do not) that you feed them not with new, and much less with soure grains; for it maketh their milk strong, windy and unwholesome, especially for such as be weak or much consumed; likewise remember to rub and stroke down your cow every morning, and her milk will be both sweeter and more nourishing." *Health's Improvement, or Rules Emprizing and Discovering the Nature, Method, and Manner of Preparing all Sorts of Food used in this Nation. Written by that ever famous Thomas Muffett, Doctor in Physick; Corrected and enlarged by Christopher Bennet, Doctor in Physick, and Fellow of the College of Physicians in London.* London, 1655, p. 127.—*Am. Ed.*

notable memory; and she thinks nothing too good for you, because you be such honest men.

VEN. We thank you; and intend once in a month to call upon you again, and give you a little warning; and so good night; good night, Maudlin. And now, good Master, let us lose no time; but tell me somewhat more of fishing, and, if you please, first, something of fishing for a gudgeon.

PISC. I will, honest Scholar.

CHAPTER XV.

Observations of the Gudgeon, the Ruffe, and the Bleak; and how to fish for them.

PISCATOR. The Gudgeon* is reputed a fish of excellent taste,

and to be very wholesome: he is of a fine shape, of a silver color, and beautified with black spots both on his body and tail. He breeds two or three times in the year, and always in summer. He is commended for a fish of excellent nourishment: the Germans call him groundling, by reason of his feeding on the ground; and he there feasts himself in sharp streams, and on the gravel. He and the barbel both feed so, and do not

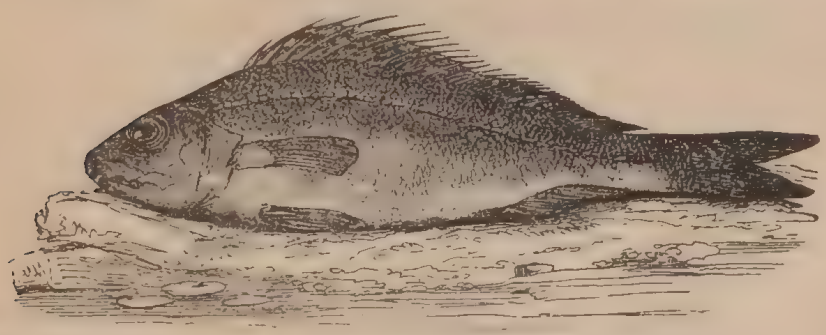
* The gudgeon (*Cyprinus Gobio* of Linnæus, *Gobio Fluviatilis* of Willoughby), a little fish which is large at half a pound weight. The gudgeon spawns in May, and not, as our author says, "three times in the year, and always in summer." Ausonius describes this little fish in the Moselle:—

> Nor 'mongst the little cohorts may my song
> Forget the gudgeon, twice four fingers long;
> Fat, graceful, barbel-like, with wattled gills,
> While heavy spawn its teeming belly fills.
>
> (131–4.)

The abundance of this fish, and the ease with which it is caught, has given rise to a proverb. It must be nearly the same as our *Killy-fish*—i. e., fish of the kills.—*Am. Ed.*

hunt for flies at any time, as most other fishes do: he is an excellent fish to enter a young angler, being easy to be taken with a small red-worm, on or very near to the ground. He is one of those leather-mouthed fish that has his teeth in his throat, and will hardly be lost from off the hook if he be once strucken. They be usually scattered up and down every river in the shallows, in the heat of summer; but in autumn, when the weeds begin to show sour or rot, and the weather colder, then they gather together, and get into the deeper parts of the water; and are to be fished for there, with your hook always touching the ground, if you fish for him with a float or with a cork: but many will fish for the gudgeon by hand, with a running line upon the ground, without a cork, as a trout is fished for; and it is an excellent way, if you have a gentle rod and as gentle a hand.

There is also another fish called a Pope, and by some a Ruffe,*

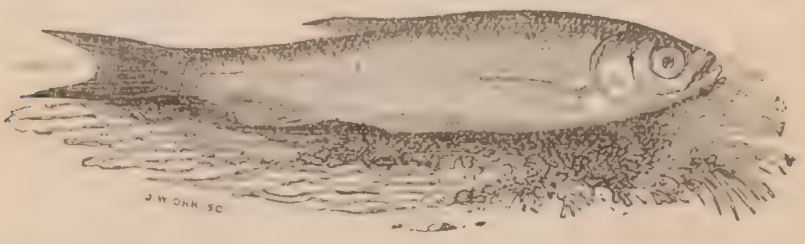


a fish that is not known to be in some rivers: he is much like the pearch for his shape, and taken to be better than the pearch, but will not grow to be bigger than a gudgeon. He is an excellent fish—no fish that swims is of a pleasanter taste; and he is also excellent to enter a young angler, for he is a greedy biter; and they will usually lie abundance of them together, in one reserved place, where the water is deep and runs quietly; and an easy angler, if he has found where they lie, may catch forty or fifty, or sometimes twice so many, at a standing.

* The Ruffe-Perch (*Perca Cernua* of Linnæus) is described by Yarrell as "a fresh water fish closely allied to the pearch, but with a single dorsal fin. It resembles the pearch in its habits, and seldom exceeds six or seven inches in length, but its flesh is considered excellent."—*Am. Ed.*

You must fish for him with a small red-worm; and if you bait the ground with earth, it is excellent.

There is also a bleak,* or fresh-water sprat, a fish that is ever in motion, and therefore called by some the river-swallow; for just as you shall observe the swallow to be most evenings in summer ever in motion, making short and quick turns when he flies to catch flies in the air, by which he lives, so does the bleak at the top of the water. Ausonius would have him called Bleak



* Bleak (*Leuciscus Alburnus* of Cuvier) derives its name, according to Merett, from a northern word, signifying to bleach or whiten. It is a very lively little fish, giving, according to the method Walton suggests, great sport to young fly-fishers. It is, as I think, the *Alburnus* of Ausonius, *prædam puerilibus hamis* (*Mosella*, 126). Sometimes these fish leap and tumble about on the surface of the water in such a way that they are called mad-bleak, which is owing to their being infested with a sort of *vermes* or tape-worm. Daniel says that he took some out of bleak sixteen inches long, though the fish rarely attains eight inches. On the inner surface of the scales of roach, dace, white-bait (erroneously thought by some to be the fry of bleak), but particularly the bleak, is found a silvery pigment which gives to their scales the lustre they have. From this is made the imitation of the Oriental pearl sometimes known as Roman pearl. Pesson-Maissoneuve (*Manuel de Pécheur*, p. 71, sur *l'Able* ou Ablette) gives the process; which is, to "take off the scales of the bleak with care, put them in a basin of clear water, rub them against each other, and repeat the operation in different waters until no colored substance adheres to them. The silvery matter is thus precipitated to the bottom, and the surplus water turned off with great care; when the deposit is what is termed the Oriental essence. This is mixed with isinglass, and through a pipe introduced with little globes of clear glass, which are shaken till the liquid coats the inner surface."

I omitted to say in the proper place, that the Bleak Hall, where Walton and his friend were so pleasantly entertained, was about a mile from Edmonton, say six miles from London, on the river Lea; where, according to Salter (*Angler's Guide*, p. 328, ed. 1825), there is now an angling Inn of the same name, "for many years well known and resorted to."—*Am. Ed.*

from his whitish color: his back is of a pleasant sad or sea-water green, his belly white and shining as the mountain snow; and doubtless, though he have the fortune, which virtue has in poor people, to be neglected, yet the bleak ought to be much valued, though we want Allamot salt,* and the skill that the Italians have to turn them into anchovies. This fish may be caught with a Pater-noster line,† that is, six or eight very small hooks tied along the line, one half a foot above the other: I have seen five caught thus at one time; and the bait has been gentles, than which none is better.

Or this fish may be caught with a fine small artificial fly, which is to be of a very sad brown color, and very small, and the hook answerable. There is no better sport than whipping for bleaks in a boat, or on a bank in the swift water in a summer's evening, with a hazle top about five or six feet long, and a line twice the length of the rod. I have heard Sir Henry Wotton say, that there be many that in Italy will catch swallows so, or especially martins, this bird-angler standing on the top of a steeple to do it, and with a line twice so long as I have spoken of; and let me tell you, Scholar, that both martins and bleaks be most excellent meat.

And let me tell you, that I have known a hern that did constantly frequent one place, caught with a hook baited with a big minnow or a small gudgeon. The line and hook must be strong, and tied to some loose staff, so big that she cannot fly away with it, a line not exceeding two yards.

* *Allamot* is most probably a corruption of *Alto Monte* in Calabria, where there is a salt mine, formerly of great value and much worked, though now neglected. Even that acrid salt could hardly turn a bleak into an anchovy.—*Am. Ed.*

† A Pater-noster line is a line of gut or twisted hair, on which are tied, about eight inches apart beginning at the bottom, three or more hooks on snells (or pieces of gut) about three inches or less long. As the hooks are distributed somewhat like the beads of a rosary, Hawkins says "it is called a Pater-noster."—*Am. Ed.*

CHAPTER XVI.

Is of nothing; or, that which is nothing worth.

Piscator. My purpose was to give you some directions concerning roach and dace, and some other inferior fish, which makes the angler excellent sport; for you know, there is more pleasure in hunting the hare than in eating her: but I will forbear at this time to say more, because you see yonder come our brother Peter and honest Coridon: but I will promise you, that as you and I fish and walk to-morrow towards London, if I have now forgotten anything that I can then remember, I will not keep it from you.

Well met, Gentlemen: this is lucky that we meet so just together at this very door. Come, Hostess, where are you? Is supper ready? Come, first give us drink, and be as quick as you can, for I believe we are all very hungry. Well, brother Peter, and Coridon, to you both; come drink, and then tell me what luck of fish: we two have caught but ten trouts, of which my Scholar caught three; look, here's eight, and a brace we gave away: we have had a most pleasant day for fishing and talking, and are returned home both weary and hungry, and now meat and rest will be pleasant.

Pet. And Coridon and I have had not an unpleasant day, and yet I have caught but five trouts: for indeed we went to a good honest ale-house, and there we played at shovel-board* half the

* "The game of shovel-board," according to Strutt (*Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*), "though now considered exceedingly vulgar, was formerly in great repute among the nobility and gentry, few of whose mansions were without a shovel-board, which was a fashionable piece of furniture, and usually placed in the great hall." Henry VIII., it is stated in his *Privy Purse Expenses*, lost various sums at shovel-board. In Fynes Morrison's *Itinerary*, 1617, it is said of Charles Montjoy, regent of Ireland, 1599, that "he delighted in study, in gardens, in riding on a

day; all the time that it rained we were there, and as merry as they that fished; and I am glad we are now with a dry house over our heads, for hark how it rains and blows. Come, Hostess, give us more ale, and our supper with what haste you may: and when we have supped let us have your song, Piscator, and the catch that your Scholar promised us; or else Coridon will be dogged.

Pisc. Nay, I will not be worse than my word: you shall not want my song, and I hope I shall be perfect in it.

Ven. And I hope the like for my catch, which I have ready too; and therefore let's go merrily to supper, and then have a gentle touch at singing and drinking; but the last with moderation.

Cor. Come, now for your song, for we have fed heartily. Come, Hostess, lay a few more sticks on the fire; and now sing when you will.

Pisc. Well, then, here's to you, Coridon: and now for my song.

Oh the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis belov'd by many:
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is:
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping,
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping:
Then we go
To and fro,

pad to take the aire, in playing at shovel-board, and in reading of play-bookes for recreation, and especially in fish and fish-ponds, seldom using any other exercises, and these rightly as pastimes only for a short and convenient time, and with great variety of change from one to the other." Strutt, also, records an anecdote of Prince Henry, eldest son of James I., playing at shovel-board with his tutor.—*Am. Ed.*

With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation:
Where in a brook
With a hook,
Or a lake,
Fish we take,
Then we sit,
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too;
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too:
None do here
Use to swear;
Oaths do fray
Fish away:
We sit still
And watch our quill,
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter;
Where in a dike
Pearch or pike
Roach or dace,
We do chase,
Bleak or gudgeon
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow;

Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath:
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

Jo. CHALKHILL.*

VEN. Well sung, Master; this day's fortune and pleasure, and this night's company and song, do all make me more and more in love with angling. Gentlemen, my Master left me alone for an hour this day; and I verily believe he retired himself from talking with me, that he might be so perfect in this song: was it not, Master?

PISC. Yes indeed; for it is many years since I learned it, and having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to patch it up by the help of mine own invention, who am not excellent at poetry, as my part of the song may testify: but of that I will say no more, lest you should think I mean by discommending it to beg your commendation of it. And therefore, without replications, let us hear your catch, Scholar, which I hope will be a good one; for you are both musical, and have a good fancy to boot.

VEN. Marry, and that you shall; and as freely as I would have my honest Master tell me some more secrets of fish and fishing as we walk and fish towards London to-morrow. But, Master, first let me tell you, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow-tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many law-suits depending, and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had

* The name is affixed, for the first time, in the third edition. It appears from the statement of Piscator just below that, though this song was originally written by Chalkhill, Walton, having forgotten some parts of it, had himself supplied the deficiencies, which affords another specimen of his poetical talents. *Sir Harris Nicholas.* Notice was taken of Chalkhill in the Bib. Preface, lxviii. lxx.—*Am. Ed.*

not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields: for I could there sit quietly, and looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colors; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culver-keyes and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May: these and many other field flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily, of which Diodorus* speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man, that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the "meek possess the earth;" or rather, they enjoy what the other possess and enjoy not; for anglers, and meek quiet-spirited men, are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life; and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily expressed it—

Hail blest estate of lowliness!
Happy enjoyments of such minds,

* Walton means Diodorus Siculus, so called from his being a native of Assyrium in Sicily. He lived in the Augustan age, and after extensive travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, he published at Rome his *Bibliotheca Historica* in forty books. He wrote in Greek, and comprehended in his history the time from before the Trojan war to the end of Cæsar's Gallic wars. Of his *Bibliotheca*, the first five, the eleventh to the twentieth, and fragments of the rest, are extant. It was translated in Walton's time, as *The History of the World, by Diodorus Siculus; done into English by Mr. (Henry) Cogan.* Lond., 1653, fol.

The passage referred to occurs in the third chapter of the fifth book (p. 255, vol. iii., ed. Heyne, *Argent.* 1793), where Diodorus, copying from Aristotle (*Admirand.*) a description of the meadows near Enna (the scene of the Rape of Proserpine), relates what is quoted in the text. The modern *Castro Giovanni* occupies the site, but the country round shows little trace of its ancient fertility, which led her worshippers to consider it the principal seat of Ceres.—*Am. Ed.*

As rich in self-contentedness,
Can, like the reeds in roughest winds,
By yielding make that blow but small,
At which proud oaks and cedars fall.

There came also into my mind, at that time, certain verses in praise of a mean estate and an humble mind: they were written by Phineas Fletcher,* an excellent divine and an excellent an-

* In the first edition our author wrote—"Phineas Fletcher, who in his Purple Island has so excellently imitated our Spenser's Faerie Queen." Phineas Fletcher belonged to a poetical family; his father, Dr. Giles Fletcher, was, according to Wood, "a learned man and excellent poet;" his brother Giles was the author of *Christ's Victory and Triumph;* so that Benlowes, in his commendatory verses to Phineas, well says:

"Thou art a poet born, who know thee know it;
Thy brother, sire, thy very name's a poet."

He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and beneficed with the living of Hilgay, Norfolk. His first production was *Sicelides, a Piscatory,* which he wrote about 1614, but did not publish until 1631, when it appeared without his name "as it hath been acted in King's College, Cambridge;" 4to. The scene of it is laid in Sicily. In 1632 he published a small prose treatise, 12mo., *De Literatis Antiquæ Britanniæ,* having special reference to Cambridge; and in 1633, *The Purple Island, with Piscatorie Eclogues, and other Poeticall Miscellanies, by P. F. Printed by the Printers to the Universitie of Cambridge,* 4to. The Purple Island is a poetical description, in the Spenserian stanza, of the human anatomy, and notwithstanding the difficulty of his subject, it shows much poetical skill, while some passages occur in it of no small merit. His *Piscatorie Eclogues,* less elaborate, are very pleasing, as are some of his Miscellanies. The quotation in the text is from the third, fifth and sixth verses of the XIIth (last) canto of *The Purple Island.* Walton has used his wonted freedom in altering his author, thus: where the original has, "His bed of wool yields," &c., our author writes, "His bed more safe than soft," &c., Fletcher also wrote, "Never his humble house or state torment him:" and his last line is,

"And when he dies, green turfs with grassie tomb content him."

The *Piscatory Eclogues* were republished with a preface and illustrative notes, by Alex. Fraser Tytler (afterwards Lord Woodhouselee), at Edinburgh, 1771, duo. Not only in the Eclogues, but throughout his writings, Fletcher's angling propensities are discoverable.—*Am. Ed.*

gler, and the author of excellent Piscatory Eclogues, in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind: and I wish mine to be like it.

No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright,
No begging wants his middle fortune bite;
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.
His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content;
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shade, till noon-tide's heat be spent:
His life is neither toss'd in boisterous seas,
Or the vexatious world, or lost in slothful ease;
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
His humble house, or poor state, ne'er torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had lent him:
And when he dies, green turfs do for a tomb content him.

Gentlemen, these were a part of the thoughts that then possessed me; and I there made a conversion of a piece of an old catch,* and added more to it, fitting them to be sung by us anglers:

* Hawkins has an interesting note here, of which I give the substance: "The reader is not to be surprised at this motion of Venator, or that Piscator so readily accepts it. At the time that Walton wrote, and long before, music was so generally well understood, that a man who had any voice or ear was always supposed able to sing his part in a madrigal at sight. (Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, p. 100. Morley's *Introduction to Practical Music*, 1597). In an old book of Enigmas, there is a cut representing a barber's shop, where a customer is playing a lute while waiting his turn to be shaved. This explains that passage in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Act III., sc. 5, where Morose cries out—'That cursed barber—I have married his cittern that's common to all men;' meaning that his wife was like the cittern in the barber's shop, with which any one might amuse himself." Music in England was at its height from about the middle of the sixteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Dr. Taylor, also, says, in his *Inaugural Lectures at Gresham College*, that "music was cultivated at that period with consummate ability, unremitted zeal and abundant success, as is seen in the compositions come down

come, Master, you can sing well ; you must sing a part of it as it is in this paper.

to us." He adds, that a person unable to sing from notes, was then as rarely to be met with as one that can, is now.—*Am. Ed.*

THE ANGLER'S SONG.*—(*See next page.*)

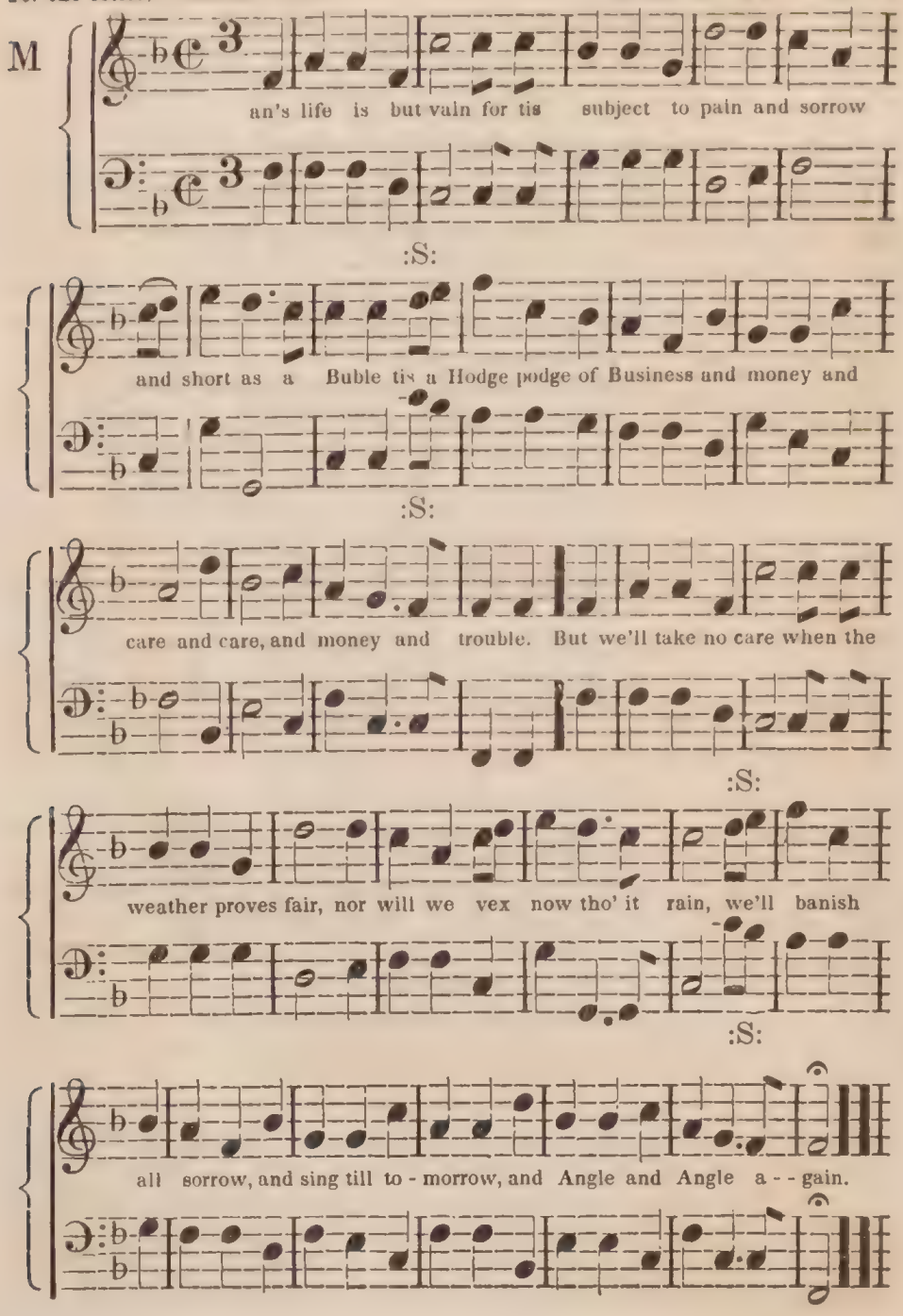
* This song is given in the first edition with the music for a treble and a bass, composed, probably at the request of Walton, by Henry Lawes, an eminent musician, master of music to Charles I., and composer of the music of Milton's Comus, as it was performed at Ludlow Castle, the residence of the Earl of Bridgewater (*Hawkins's History of Music*). There are some feeble lines, not worth transcribing, addressed by Waller " To Mr. William Lawes, who had then newly set a song of mine in the year 1635." It is proper to add, that Walton is mistaken in calling it an " Old Ketch" (1st ed.) ; for it is not a catch, but rather in the style of a madrigal (*Major*). The music is inserted as it is found in the first edition.—*Am. Ed.*

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

THE ORIGINAL MUSIC AS IN THE FIRST EDITION.

CANTUS.

For two voices, Treble and Basse. *By Mr. Henry Lawes* (1653.)

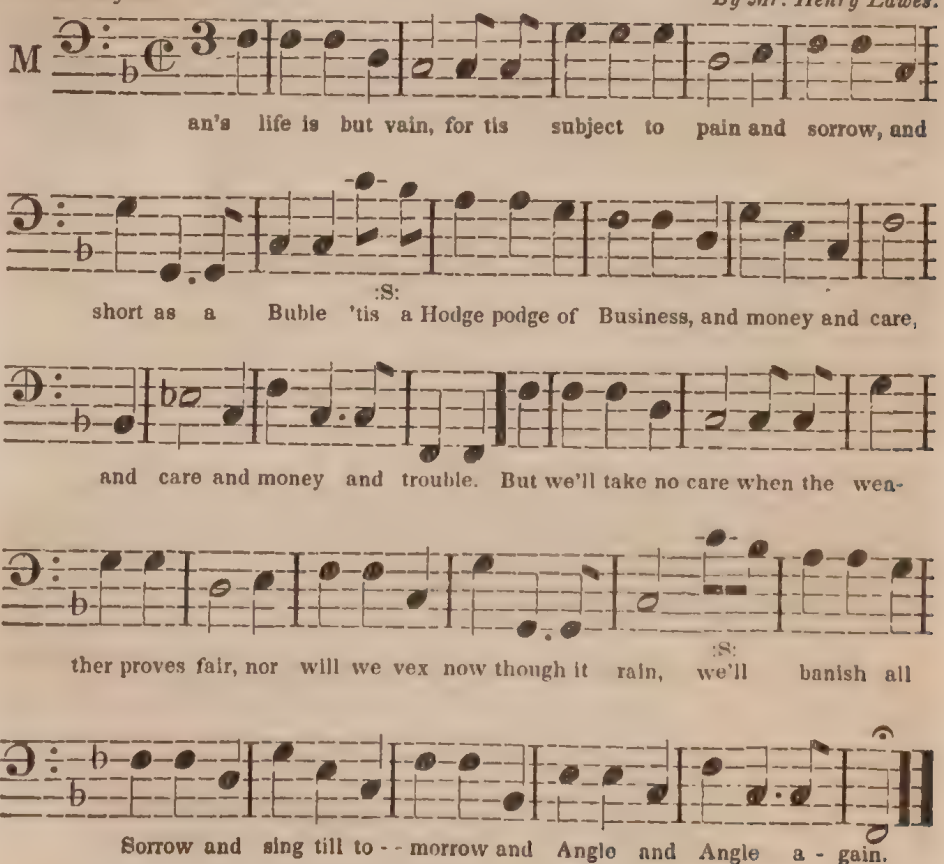


THE ANGLER'S SONG.

THE ORIGINAL MUSIC AS IN THE FIRST EDITION.

BASSUS.

For two voyces. *By Mr. Henry Lawes.*



PET. Aye, marry, Sir, this is music indeed; this has cheered my heart, and made me to remember six verses in praise of music, which I will speak to you instantly.

Music, miraculous rhet'ric! that speak'st sense
Without a tongue, excelling eloquence;
With what ease might thy errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as truly lov'd as thou'rt abus'd?
But though dull souls neglect, and some reprove thee,
*I cannot hate thee, 'cause the angels love thee.**

VEN. And the repetition of these last verses of music has called to my memory what Mr. Ed. Waller,† a lover of the angle, says of love and music.

* These verses were taken, with some small variations, from *Select Ayres and Dialogues* (already referred to), where they have the signature, W. D. *Knight*, which I take to signify that they were written by Sir William Davenant.—*Hawkins.*

† Edmund Waller, born March, 1603, inherited from his father an estate of three or four thousand pounds a year. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He began his public life as a member of parliament in his 18th year, about which time he published some verses on the escape of Prince Charles at St. Andero, which show the same sweetness of numbers afterwards displayed in the poems of his riper years. He increased his fortunes by a wealthy marriage, and found himself a widower in his 25th year. Shortly afterwards he paid his addresses to the Lady Dorothea Sydney, whom he celebrated under the name of Sacharissa; but, on his love being rejected by that lady, who married the Duke of Sunderland, he professed an attachment for Lady Sophia Murray, who is the Amoret of several of his pieces. Being related to Hampden and Cromwell, he became ostensibly a republican; but, secretly attached to the royal side, he plotted for the restoration of the king. On the conspiracy being detected, he escaped with his life by the forfeit of half his fortune; and lived for some time in exile at Paris, when he obtained from Cromwell leave to return, and on Cromwell's death he wrote the panegyric which was so severely castigated by Charles Cotton. (See *The Sketch of his Life and Writings*, prefixed to the second part of *The Complete Angler*.) On the restoration he addressed some adulatory verses to the king, and, Charles having remarked, that they were inferior to those written on Cromwell, the poet wittily replied: "Poets, Sire, succeed much better in fiction than truth." He died in 1687. His poems are ingeniously conceived and elegantly written. We must take Walton's word for his having been an angler, as no trace of it is to be met with in his writings, though he has a few lines on the Ladies Angling in St. James's Park. Sir Harris Nicholas, in a note on

Whilst I listen to thy voice,
Chloris, I feel my heart decay;
That powerful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away:
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris, peace; or singing die,
That together you and I
To heaven may go:
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

Pisc. Well remembered, brother Peter: these verses came seasonably, and we thank you heartily. Come, we will all join together, my Host and all, and sing my Scholar's catch over again, and then each man drink the other cup and to bed, and thank God we have a dry house over our heads.

Pisc. Well now, good night to everybody.
Pet. And so say I.
Ven. And so say I.
Cor. Good night to you all, and I thank you.

Pisc. Good morrow, brother Peter, and the like to you, honest Coridon: come, my Hostess says there is seven shillings to pay: let us each man drink a pot for his morning's draught, and lay down his two shillings; that so my Hostess may not have occasion to repent herself of being so diligent, and using us so kindly.

Pet. The motion is liked by everybody; and so, Hostess, here's your money: we anglers are all beholden to you, it will not be long ere I'll see you again. And now, brother Piscator, I wish you and my brother your Scholar a fair day and good fortune. Come, Coridon, this is our way.

this paragraph, promised to give some unpublished verses of Waller's, *On a Lady Fishing*, but the promise was not redeemed in the appendix to his elegant edition, a copy of the MS. being refused him by the librarian of the Royal Society.—*Abridged from Anderson's British Poets and others.—Am. Ed.*

CHAPTER XVII.

Of Roach and Dace, and how to fish for them; and of Cadis.

VENATOR. Good Master, as we go now towards London, be still so courteous as to give me more instructions; for I have several boxes in my memory, in which I will keep them all very safe, there shall not one of them be lost.

PISC. Well, Scholar, that I will; and I will hide nothing from you that I can remember, and can think may help you forward towards a perfection in this art: and because we have so much time, and I have said so little of roach and dace, I will give you some directions concerning them.

Some say the roach* is so called from rutilis, which, they say, signifies red fins: he is a fish of no great reputation for his dainty taste, and his spawn is accounted much better than any other part of him. And you may take notice, that as the carp is accounted the water-fox, for his cunning: so the roach is accounted the water-sheep, for his simplicity or foolishness. It is noted that the roach and dace recover strength, and grow in season, in a fortnight after spawning; the barbel and chub in a month: the trout in four months: and the salmon in the like time, if he gets into the sea, and after into fresh water.

Roaches be accounted much better in the river than in a pond, though ponds usually breed the biggest. But there is a kind of

* The roach (*Cyprinus Rutilus* of Linnæus and Cuvier) derives his scientific name from the shining redness of his fins. Though Walton characterizes him as a foolish fish, the later English books on Angling say that he requires as much skill in the taking as larger fish. Many angle for this fish only, and the finer the tackle the better is the chance of success, so that the best amateurs use only a single hair at the hook. The roach has attained to five pounds' weight, but they are generally not a quarter of that size. Those in this country are small, and utterly unworthy the angler's attention, except sometimes as baits for larger fish.—*Am. Ed.*

bastard small roach that breeds in ponds, with a very forked tail, and of a very small size, which some say is bred by the bream and right roach, and some ponds are stored with these beyond belief: and knowing men that know their difference, call them ruds,* they differ from the true roach as much as a herring from a pilchard: and these bastard breed of roach are now scattered in many rivers, but I think not in the Thames, which I believe affords the largest and fattest in this nation, especially below London bridge: the roach is a leather-mouthed fish, and has a kind of saw-like teeth in his throat. And lastly, let me tell you, the roach makes an angler excellent sport, especially the great roaches about London, where I think there be the best roach-anglers: and I think the best trout-anglers be in Derbyshire, for the waters there are clear to an extremity.

Next, let me tell you, you shall fish for this Roach in winter

* The anglers and the scientific men are at issue on this point. Salter, in his *Angler's Guide*, says, "I have no doubt, but that the fish called a rudd (from ruddy?) is a true roach, but a little altered in shape from being put into ponds not congenial to their habits and nature; for I have known ponds stocked with roach from rivers, and in a few years none were to be found but numerous rudd. Previous to the roach being put into the same pond, a rudd or a bream were never seen." Palmer Hackle says that "the rudd is called roach-carp in France, and that it is most probably a genuine cross between the roach and the carp." On the other hand Rennie calls the rudd, *Barbus Orfus* (?), "quite a different species from the roach or the bream." Donovan, *British Fishes*, xl., observes: "Linnæus having described *Cyprinus Orfus* as an inhabitant of the British waters, without speaking of the other species *Erythropthalmus*, as a British fish, the two kinds have been erroneously confounded as one species by some writers in this country." Bloch takes occasion to doubt whether the *orphe* is ever found in the British waters, and adds, that the English rudd is the French *rotengle*. Yarrell, commenting on this passage of Walton, says: "It is probable that the fishes here alluded to were the true rudd (*Leuciscus Erythropthalmus*), and the second species of bream already described; and an opinion apparently prevailed, notwithstanding the numbers in which they existed, that they were hybrids. The instances in which animals in a truly natural state make selections beyond their own species are probably very rare. Hybrids and permanent varieties are generally the consequences of restriction and domestication; and I confess my doubts of the existence of hybrid fishes." It is presumed that most scientific men will agree with the last opinion.—*Am. Ed.*

with paste or gentles; in April with worms or cadis; in the very hot months with little white snails, or with flies under water, for he seldom takes them at the top, though the dace will. In many of the hot months, roaches may also be caught thus: take a May-fly or ant-fly, sink him with a little lead to the bottom near to the piles or posts of a bridge, or near to any posts of a wear, I mean any deep place where roaches lie quietly, and then pull your fly up very leisurely, and usually a roach will follow your bait to the very top of the water and gaze on it there, and run at it and take it, lest the fly should fly away from him.

I have seen this done at Windsor and Henley bridge, and great store of roach taken; and sometimes a dace or chub: and in August you may fish for them with a paste made only of the crumbs of bread, which should be of pure fine manchet; and that paste must be so tempered between your hands till it be both soft and tough too; a very little water, and time and labor, and clean hands, will make it a most excellent paste: but when you fish with it, you must have a small hook, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, or the bait is lost and the fish too, if one may lose that which he never had: with this paste you may, as I said, take both the roach and the Dace or Dare,*

* *Leuciscus Vulgaris* of Cuvier, *Cyprinus Leuciscus* of Linnæus. The dace of this country is a beautiful fish, but small, and of no account to the angler.—*Am. Ed.*

for they be much of a kind, in matter of feeding, cunning, goodness, and usually in size. And therefore take this general direction for some other baits which may concern you to take notice of. They will bite almost at any fly, but especially at ant-flies; concerning which, take this direction, for it is very good:

Take the blackish ant-fly out of the mole-hill or ant-hill,* in which place you shall find them in the month of June, or if that be too early in the year, then doubtless you may find them in July, August, and most of September; gather them alive with both their wings, and then put them into a glass that will hold a quart or a pottle; but first put into the glass a handful or more of the moist earth out of which you gather them, and as much of the roots of the grass of the said hillock, and then put in the flies gently, that they lose not their wings: lay a clod of earth over it, and then so many as are put into the glass without bruising, will live there a month or more, and be always in a readiness for you to fish with; but if you would have them keep longer, then get any great earthen pot, or barrel of three or four gallons, which is better, then wash your barrel with water and honey, and having put into it a quantity of earth and grass-roots, then put in your flies, and cover it, and they will live a quarter of a year: these in any stream and clear water, are a deadly bait for roach or dace, or for a chub; and your rule is, to fish not less than a handful from the bottom.

I shall next tell you a winter bait for a roach, a dace, or chub, and it is choicely good. About All-hallowtide, and so till frost comes, when you see men ploughing up heath ground, or sandy ground, or green swards, then follow the plough, and you shall find a white worm as big as two maggots†, and it hath a red head; you may observe in what ground most are, for there the crows will be very watchful and follow the plough very close; it is all soft, and full of whitish guts: a worm that is in Norfolk,

* The blackish ant-fly, the males of an ant (*formica*), which are always winged, but short lived, and are plenty here in ant-hills (not mole-hills) during the spring and beginning of summer.—*Am. Ed.*

† These are the *larvæ* of several species of caleopterous insects, known among us as *grubs*, and are found under the loose bark of decaying trees, as well as in newly ploughed ground.—*Am. Ed.*

and some other counties, called a grub, and is bred of the spawn or eggs of a beetle, which she leaves in holes that she digs in the ground under cow or horse dung, and there rests all winter, and in March or April comes to be first a red, and then a black beetle: gather a thousand or two of those, and put them with a peck or two of their own earth, into some tub or firkin, and cover and keep them so warm, that the frost or cold air or winds kill them not; these you may keep all winter, and kill fish with them at any time; and if you put some of them into a little earth and honey a day before you use them, you will find them an excellent bait for bream, carp, or indeed for almost any fish.

And after this manner you may also keep gentles all winter, which are a good bait then, and much the better for being lively and tough. Or you may breed and keep gentles thus: Take a piece of beast's liver, and with a cross stick hang it in some corner over a pot or barrel, half full of dry clay; and as the gentles grow big, they will fall into the barrel, and scour themselves, and be always ready for use whensoever you incline to fish; and these gentles may be thus created till after Michaelmas. But if you desire to keep gentles to fish with all the year, then get a dead cat or a kite, and let it be fly-blown; and when the gentles begin to be alive and to stir, then bury it and them in soft moist earth, but as free from frost as you can, and these you may dig up at any time when you intend to use them: these will last till March, and about that time turn to be flies.

But if you be nice to foul your fingers, which good anglers seldom are, then take this bait: Get a handful of well-made malt, and put it into a dish of water, and then wash and rub it betwixt your hands till you make it clean, and as free from husks as you can; then put that water from it, and put a small quantity of fresh water to it, and set it in something that is fit for that purpose over the fire, where it is not to boil apace, but leisurely and very softly, until it becomes somewhat soft, which you may try by feeling it between your finger and thumb; and when it is soft, then put your water from it, and then take a sharp knife, and turning the sprout and of the corn upward, with the point of your knife take the back part of the husk off from it, and yet leaving a kind of inward husk on the corn, or else it is marred;

and then cut off that sprouted end, I mean a little of it, that the white may appear, and so pull off the husk on the cloven side, as I directed you, and then cutting off a very little of the other end, that so your hook may enter: and if your hook be small and good, you will find this to be a very choice bait, either for winter or summer, you sometimes casting a little of it into the place where your float swims.

And to take the roach and dace, a good bait is the brood of wasps or bees, if you dip their heads in blood; especially good for bream, if they be baked or hardened in their husks in an oven, after the bread is taken out of it, or hardened on a fire-shovel; and so also is the thick blood of sheep, being half dried on a trencher, that so you may cut it into such pieces as may best fit the size of your hook; and a little salt keeps it from growing black, and makes it not the worse, but better; this is taken to be a choice bait if rightly ordered.

There be several oils of a strong smell that I have been told of, and to be excellent to tempt fish to bite, of which I could say much; but I remember I once carried a small bottle from Sir George Hastings to Sir Henry Wotton—they were both chymical men—as a great present; it was sent, and received, and used with great confidence: and yet, upon enquiry I found it did not answer the expectation of Sir Henry; which, with the help of this and other circumstances, makes me have little belief in such things as many men talk of: not but that I think fishes both smell and hear, as I have expressed in my former discourse; but there is a mysterious knack, which, though it be much easier than the philosopher's stone, yet it is not attainable by common capacities, or else lies locked up in the brains or breast of some chymical man, that, like the Rosicrucians,* will not yet reveal

* *Rosicrucians.* The early history of this extraordinary and enthusiastic sect was purposely made obscure by themselves. Their own account of it, as given to the public, was, that a German named Christian Rosenkranz, who travelled among different nations of the East in the fourteenth century, became acquainted with certain doctrines, derived from the Gymnosophists of India, the Persian Magi, the Egyptian Gnostics and the Hebrew Cabalists, which were of great importance in morals, chemical philosophy, and medicine. These secrets were buried with him in his tomb, which he

it. But let me nevertheless tell you, that camphor, put with moss into your worm-bag with your worms, makes them, if many anglers be not very much mistaken, a tempting bait, and the

commanded not to be opened until a century after his death, when (1604) there was discovered a book containing them written in letters of gold. The sect, however, became suddenly known to the world by the publication of two books; the one, *Fama Fraternitatis Laudabilis Ordinis Rosæ-crucis* in 1614, the other *Confessio Fraternitatis*, &c., in 1617, at Francfort. The authorship of these books is attributed to Johannes Valentinus Andria, a theologian of Wartenburg, who is believed, with some reason, to have been the principal inventor and projector of the whole farce; though some think that a secret society of the same character had been founded some time before, by Agrippa von Mettersheim, an occult philosopher, a follower of Reuchlin in Neo-Platonism, and of Raymond Lulli in Alchemy. The system was in fact a revival, with some additions suited to the religious character of the age, of the doctrines taught by the celebrated Swiss physician, Bombast von Hohenheim, better known by his assumed name of Paracelsus, who blended Therapeutics and Chemistry with the Neo-Platonic and Cabalistic mysticisms. The Rosicrucian tenets were a compound of Theosophism and Alchemy. Their experimental inquiries were directed to the transmutation of metals, the art of prolonging life, the power of knowing what was passing at a distance, and the use of the cabala and numbers in the resolution of all mysteries. They claimed, at least for the superior brethren of their order, the faculty of curing all diseases, the power of controlling the agency of powerful demons, and the design of regenerating the world. They pretended that the primitive Christian Church was restored in their society, and recognised two sacraments only. The highest class of the initiated was limited to eight; but the lower classes were without any restriction of number. Each member was bound to cure gratuitously the sick; to obey the usages of the country in which he lived; to meet once a year in their general assembly; and, if of the higher class, to nominate some person capable of succeeding him when he chose to die. Their fraternity was to be kept secret for a hundred years; and they adopted the name of Rosicrucians as their characteristic designation. This name, popularly thought to have been taken from that of Rosenkranz, had a mystical meaning, being compounded of two words: *Ros*, the Latin for dew, which they hold to be the most powerful dissolvent of gold; and *Crux* or cross, which in their mystic language was equivalent to light, because the figure of the cross × shows at the same time the three letters L V X, of which the Latin word LUX, or light, is compounded. *Lux* was called by them *the seed of the great* dragon, or the corporeal light which, when properly modified, produces gold. Thus a Rosicrucian signified one who by the existence of *dew* seeks for *light* or the *Philosopher's Stone*. The common notion that the word was

angler more fortunate. But I stepped by chance into this discourse of oils and fishes' smelling; and though there might be more said, both of it and of baits for roach and dace and other

compounded of Rosa, a rose, and Crux, is an error, yet it greatly helped them, as it seemed to have a reference to Luther, whose arms were *a rose lying on a cross.*

The fraternity highly excited the curiosity of people, some supposing that it aimed at a revolution in the church, and others that its object was political—others again that it concealed some great chemical secret; but it received its death blow from Michael Bruler, who in his work *On the Mystery of the False Gospel*, boldly declared that the whole was a scheme contrived by some artful persons to impose on public credulity. The mystery, however, continued to be affected by many chemists, who were called by various names expressive of their pretensions, as *Immortales*, *Illuminati*, the Invisible Brothers, F. R. C., *Fratres Roris Cocti.*

The doctrines of the Rosicrucians were warmly adopted and proclaimed in England by Robert Fludd (or *De Fluctibus*), a physician, a man of great learning, genius, and religious sentiment (born 1574, died 1637), who sought to draw from them an explanation of the Mosaic history of the Creation, which was effectively answered by Gassendi. His writings found in Germany a proselyte equally enthusiastic, Jacob Böhm, or Behmen, a shoemaker of Görlitz, in Upper Lusatia, who from the strength of a highly imaginative mind and religious fervor, became through his writings one of the most renowned mystics of modern times. This man, having devoted himself to theological speculation, and enjoyed, as he thought, several remarkable visions, accidentally heard of Fludd's doctrines, and struck out of the element of fire, a form of theology wilder than that of the Pythagorean numbers. He gained, as well as Michael Meyer, another disciple of the same creed, many followers; and, after writing many works, which with all their errors show him to have had a mind of no mean powers, he died in 1624. His works were first collected and published in 1675, but a more complete edition was issued at Amsterdam in ten vols, 1642, by Gichtel, from whom the followers of Böhm, a sect much esteemed for their quiet, charitable character, have derived their name of Gichtelians. There was a sect of *Böhmenites* formed in England; and in 1697, Jane Leade established a society there under the name of *Philadelphists*, for the explanation of his writings, which is said to exist even at this time. Several editions of his works have been published subsequently. William Law, a non-juring divine, the author of *The Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*, a work well known and highly esteemed among evangelical Christians, a man of acuteness, talent, and learning, embraced the opinions of Böhm with great ardor. He translated and commenced the publication of his master's works, which was completed after his death under the title—*The Works of Jacob Behmen, to which is prefixed the life of the author.*

float-fish, yet I will forbear it at this time, and tell you in the next place how you are to prepare your tackling; concerning which I will, for sport-sake, give you an old rhyme out of an old fish-book which will prove a part, and but a part, of what you are to provide.

My rod and my line, my float and my lead,
My hook and my plummet, my whetstone and knife,
My basket, my baits both living and dead,
My net and my meat, for that is the chief:
Then I must have thread, and hairs green[1] *and small,*
With my angling-purse, and so you have all.

But you must have all these tackling, and twice so many more with which, if you mean to be a fisher, you must store yourself; and to that purpose I will go with you either to Mr. Margrave,[a] who dwells amongst the booksellers in St. Paul's Church-yard, or to Mr. John Stubs, near to the Swan in Golden-lane; they be both honest men, and will fit an angler with what tackling he lacks.*

[a] I have heard that the tackling hath been priced at fifty pounds in the inventory of an angler.

[1] *Variation.*—In the first edition it is "great and small."

With figures illustrating his Principles. Left by the Rev. William Law, M. A. In four volumes. London, 1764–81: 4to. Böhm is not without some admirers, even in our day.

Though the several writers, who have taught these opinions, differ greatly from each other, they agree in certain common principles, viz. That the dissolution of bodies by fire is the only way to arrive at the true knowledge of things: That there is a certain analogy and harmony between the powers of nature and the kingdom of grace, for which reason they express religious truths by chemical denominations: That there is a divine energy or soul diffused through the universe, which some call *Archæus*, others the *Universal Spirit*. They all talk in the most obscure manner of the power the stars have over all corporeal beings, of the efficacy of magic, the various orders of demons, and of what they call the signatures of things. The whole is a mass of incomprehensible mysticism, showing the folly into which men's minds run when they throw off the laws of demonstration and induction, trusting to the hallucinations of an ungoverned fancy.

The reader may consult Mosheim's *Eccles. Hist.*, vol. 5; Tenneman's *Grundriss der Geschichte der Philosophie;* Enfield's *History of Philosophy*, or Brucker's larger work; *Encyclopædia Americana*, art. Böhm; Hoefer's *Histoire de la Chimie*, ii., p. 325.—*Am. Ed.*

* In the first edition Piscator says: "To that purpose I will go with

VEN. Then, good Master, let it be at ——, for he is nearest to my dwelling; and I pray let us meet there the ninth of May next, about two of the clock, and I'll want nothing that a fisher should be furnished with.

you either to *Charles Brandon's* (near to the *Swan* in *Golding lane*), or to Mr. Fletcher's in the Court, which did once belong to *Dr. Nowel*, the Dean of *Paul's*, that I told you was a good man, and a good Fisher; it is hard by the west end of Saint *Paul's* Church: they be both honest men, and will fit an angler with what tackling hee wants. *Viat.* Then, good Master, let it be at *Charles Brandon*," &c. In the second edition, after speaking of Fletcher, our author adds: "But if you would have choice hooks, I will one day walk with you to Charles Kerbye's in Harp alley in Shoe-lane, who is the most exact and best hook-maker that the nation affords."

The text has been taken from the fifth edition (1676), "at which time," Sir Harris Nicholas thinks, "Brandon, Fletcher and Kerbye were probably dead." Why Walton left Kirby's name out of his last edition is beyond our conjecture, but he was not dead at the time, for in the first edition of *The Angler's Vade Mecum* (Chetham's), 1681, there is an advertisement, "*The choicest* hooks *are made by* Mr. Charles Kirby *in* Globe Court *in* Shoe lane, London;" and in the third edition of the same work there is another advertisement of Will. Browne at the sign of the Fish in Black Horse alley near Fleet street, "who selleth all sorts of Fishing Tackle, also Charles Kirby's hooks, &c.," to which is added: "Note, That Kirby's hooks are known by the fineness of the wyer and strength, and many shops sells counterfeits of his, which proves prejudicial to the user." It is said that Kirby learnt the secret of tempering the steel for his hooks from the celebrated Prince Rupert (son of the King of Bohemia and Elizabeth daughter of James, who, under Charles II., commanded the English fleet against the Dutch). This is probable, as the prince was much given to practical science, among other evidences of which was his discovery of mezzotint engraving from seeing a soldier scraping a rusty musket barrel. (See Evelyn's *Sculptura*.) There was a succession of Kirbys. Hawkins says, "The method of tempering hooks communicated to Charles Kirby by Prince Rupert, has been continued in his family ever since, there being a lineal descendant of his now (1760) living in Crowther's well-alley near Aldersgate street." This was John Kirby, whose portrait, as "The Celebrated Angler," is prefixed to *The Angler's Museum* by Shirley, in which work he (Kirby) is supposed to have assisted, 1764.

The Kirby hooks are distinguished by the fineness of the steel, and by the point being turned towards the left, from the bend. This has the advantage of hooking in some cases more certainly; though Williamson (*Complete Angler's Vade Mecum*, 1808), no mean authority, prefers the point that stands perfectly upright, thinks that the Kirby often fails in striking, and makes too large a cut, which often loses a fish. Chitty (South's *Fly-*

Pisc. Well, and I'll not fail you, God willing, at the time and place appointed.

Ven. I thank you, good Master, and I will not fail you: and, good Master, tell me what baits more you remember; for it will not now be long ere we shall be at Tottenham-High-Cross, and when we come thither I will make you some requital of your pains, by repeating as choice a copy of verses as any we have heard since we met together; and that is a proud word, for we have heard very good ones.

Pisc. Well, Scholar, and I shall be then right glad to hear them: and I will, as we walk, tell you whatsoever comes in my mind, that I think may be worth your hearing. You may make another choice bait thus: Take a handful or two of the best and biggest wheat you can get, boil it in a little milk, like as frumety is boiled; boil it so till it be soft, and then fry it very leisurely with honey and a little beaten saffron dissolved in milk; and you will find this a choice bait, and good, I think, for any fish, especially for roach, dace, chub, or grayling: I know not but that it may be as good for a river-carp, and especially if the ground be a little baited with it.

And you may also note, that the spawn of most fish is a very tempting bait, being a little hardened on a warm tile, and cut into fit pieces. Nay, mulberries and those black-berries which grow upon briers, be good baits for chubs or carps; with these many have been taken in ponds, and in some rivers where such trees have grown near the water, and the fruit customarily dropped into it: and there be a hundred other baits more than can be well named, which, by constant baiting the water, will become a tempting bait for any fish in it.

Fisher's Text-Book) observes: "I by no means approve of Kirby's hooks for flies; they are, perhaps, the best for bait-fishing, and more sure to hook a fish; but their form prevents flies dressed on them from swimming so strait as they would do on hooks that lie flat, nor is the shank end tapered, so as to allow of the fly being neatly finished at the head." He prefers, as most English fly-fishers do, the O'Shaughnessy hook, or rather Sell's, of Limerick, the latter being a slight improvement on the former. The best Kirbys are those made by Hemming and Sons (the needle-makers) of Redditch. They are imitated in an inferior quality by English and German manufacturers, but so badly as to be worse than nothing.—*Am. Ed.*

You are also to know, that there be divers kinds of cadis, or case-worms, that are to be found in this nation in several distinct counties, and in several little brooks that relate to bigger rivers; as namely, one cadis called a piper,* whose husk or case is a piece of reed about an inch long or longer, and as big about as the compass of a two-pence: these worms being kept three or four days in a woollen bag with sand at the bottom of it, and the bag wet once a day, will in three or four days turn to be yellow; and these be a choice bait for the chub or chavender, or indeed for any great fish, for it is a large bait.

There is also a lesser cadis-worm, called a cockspur,* being in fashion like the spur of a cock, sharp at one end; and the case or house in which this dwells is made of small husks, and gravel, and slime, most curiously made of these, even so as to be wondered at, but not to be made by man, no more than a king-fisher's nest can, which is made of little fishes' bones, and have such a geometrical interweaving and connexion, as the like is not to be done by the art of man: this kind of cadis is a choice bait for any float-fish; it is much less than the piper-cadis, and to be so ordered; and these may be so preserved, ten, fifteen, or twenty days, or it may be longer.

There is also another cadis,* called by some a straw-worm, and by some a ruff-coat, whose house or case is made of little

* Cadis worms are the larva cases of many species of *Phryganea*, which class includes all those water-flies that have long antennæ and moth-like wings, often veined, but without powder. They have four wings, which, when closed, lie flat on their backs, the upper pair being folded over the lower, "the flies called by anglers the willow-fly, the alder-fly, and the dun, &c., are," Sir Humphrey Davy says, "of this kind." They deposit their eggs on the leaves of trees overhanging the water, and then produce small larvæ, which drop into the water. These spin for themselves a case like a silk worm, and, by a glutinous matter which exudes through it, cement about them outside cases, some of leaves, some of sticks, some of stones or shells. The cases vary in shape, some being almost cylindrical, others elongated cones, others resembling shells. They are plentifully found in our streams (in the month of May), adhering to stones or old logs at the bottom, often looking like a multitude of little animated sticks an inch or less in length. They feed on aquatic plants and insects, putting only their heads and legs from the case. At the time of their change into the fly they leave their cases, rise to the surface of the water, when

pieces of bents, and rushes, and straws, and water-weeds, and I know not what, which are so knit together with condensed slime, that they stick about her husk or case, not unlike the bristles of a hedgehog; these three cadises are commonly taken in the beginning of summer, and are good indeed to take any kind of fish, with float or otherwise. I might tell you many more, which as these do early, so those have their time also of turning to be flies later in summer; but I might lose myself and tire you by such a discourse: I shall therefore but remember you, that to know these and their several kinds, and to what flies every particular cadis turns, and then how to use them, first as they be cadis, and after as they be flies, is an art, and an art that every one that professes to be an angler has not leisure to search after, and, if he had, is not capable of learning.

the atmosphere completes the transformation; though (as Sir H. D. says) some species fix themselves on plants and stones, and, bursting the skin, appear winged of full size. The greentail or grannom (*Tinodes*) derive their color from the eggs in the female, and are very numerous in the spring. Those whose cases are cylindrical are most analogous to Walton's piper, and the conical to his cockspur. The piper is the largest of the tribe. Hawkins very well observes: "It is greatly to be wished that none had written upon aquatic insects but men conversant with natural history, which would have prevented much confusion from the erroneous use of various illiberal terms, cadew, cod-bait, cad-bait, cot-worm," &c. A scientific friend remarks, that "to render a work on angling-flies of much service to this country would require much study and observation, so as to introduce the native species in place of the foreign; but, as the American trout are not far advanced in their entomological studies, they might very well mistake a European for an indigenous species; and therefore such works on the subject as are approved by English anglers may be of great service to the fly-fisher at home."

Another friend, very skilful with his rod, says: "Under flat stones by springs of water, there is a small black and brown lizard, or ewet, with two legs and a long tail; its motion is quick, and it darts almost instantly away; when caught, it is among the best baits for trout. But it must not be confounded with that which lies in the bottom of stagnant waters, and is comparatively sluggish, for the last is of no account." The same gentleman strongly recommends *a young mouse* for large trout; and says, "that trout have been known to take even the red squirrel when swimming across the water; and that he himself found a ground mole of some size in the maw of one."—*Am. Ed.*

I will tell you, Scholar, several countries have several kinds of cadises, that indeed differ as much as dogs do; that is to say, as much as a very cur and a greyhound do. These be usually bred in the very little rills or ditches that run into bigger rivers; and, I think, a more proper bait for those very rivers than any other. I know not how or of what this cadis receives life, or what colored fly it turns to; but doubtless they are the death of many trouts, and this is one killing way:

Take one, or more if need be, of these large yellow cadis, pull off his head, and with it pull out his black gut; put the body, as little bruised as is possible, on a very little hook, armed on with a red hair, which will show like the cadis-head, and a very little thin lead, so put upon the shank of the hook that it may sink presently; throw this bait thus ordered, which will look very yellow, into any great still hole where a trout is, and he will presently venture his life for it, 'tis not to be doubted, if you be not espied, and that the bait first touch the water before the line; and this will do best in the deepest stillest water.

Next let me tell you, I have been much pleased to walk quietly by a brook with a little stick in my hand, with which I might easily take these, and consider the curiosity of their composure: and if you shall ever like to do so, then note, that your stick must be a little hazel or willow, cleft, or have a nick at one end of it; by which means you may with ease take many of them in that nick out of the water, before you have any occasion to use them. These, my honest Scholar, are some observations told to you as they now come suddenly into my memory, of which you may make some use; but for the practical part, it is that that makes an angler: it is diligence, and observation, and practice, and an ambition to be the best in the art, that must do it. I will tell you, Scholar, I once heard one say, "I envy not him that eats better meat than I do, nor him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than I do; I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do." And such a man is like to prove an angler; and this noble emulation I wish to you and all young anglers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of the Minnow or Penk, of the Loach, and of the Bull-head, or Miller's-thumb.

PISCATOR. There be also three or four other little fish that I had almost forgot, that are all without scales, and may for excel-

lency of meat be compared to any fish of greatest value and largest size. They be usually full of eggs or spawn all the months of summer; for they breed often, as it is observed mice and many of the smaller four-footed creatures of the earth do; and as those, so these come quickly to their full growth and perfection. And it is needful that they breed both often and numerously, for they be, besides other accidents of ruin, both a prey

and baits for other fish. And first I shall tell you of the minnow or penk.*

The minnow hath, when he is in perfect season and not sick, which is only presently after spawning, a kind of dappled or waved color, like to a panther, on his sides, inclining to a greenish and sky-color, his belly being milk-white, and his back almost black or blackish. He is a sharp biter at a small worm; and in hot weather makes excellent sport for young anglers, or boys, or women that love that recreation, and in the spring they make of

* *Cyprinus Phoxinus*, called minnow or minim from the Latin *minimus*, on account of diminutive size, and penk, or rather pink, from the bright red color which tinges its belly in summer.

The minnow is a favorite bait for pearch and trout. They should be taken with a small net, and placed in a large tin pail, covered by a lid pierced with many small holes so as to let in the air but exclude the sun. When carrying them to the fishing-ground it is not well to change the water very often, though this should be done occasionally to freshen them, great care being taken not to bruise them, as then they quickly die. They should be lifted out with a small piece of millinet stretched across a bowed whalebone. In fishing for pearch, it is better to hook them through the lips (taking care not to wound them more than necessary), as that fish takes in the bait lengthwise; in lake bass fishing, the hook should be passed tenderly under the dorsal fin, so that the spine is not injured; in trout-fishing, the minnow should be placed on a gang of small hooks, thus: Take a piece of good gut, on the end of it tie two hooks opposite to each other; about an inch above them put two more in the same manner; then with a loop of gut tie on another hook above the two last, in such a manner that it may be slipped up or down according to the size of the minnow. Put the upper hook through the lips of the fish, one of the middle hooks through the body, and one of the last ones through the tail, so that it is somewhat bent; attach the gut to your bottom line or leader by a small swivel, and your leader to your running line by another swivel, and thus the minnow being made to spin becomes equally attractive and dangerous to the trout, especially in spring. Small fish of any kind are often called minnows or minnies in this country, and used as such; but the best bait is the minnow proper (*Hydrargira Diaphana*), which may be easily known by its pellucid beauty, and the bright, silvery shiner (*Leuciscus Nitidus*). The angler will also see in many brooks a pike-looking fish never more than three inches long, which is an excellent bait.

Aristotle, *Nat. Hist.* (vi., 14), says that the *Phoxini*, unlike any other river fish, "are bred without sexual congress, for as soon as born and however small, they have *ova*." A notion at once seen to be erroneous.—*Am. Ed.*

them excellent minnow-tansies; for being washed well in salt, and their heads and tails cut off, and their guts taken out, and not washed after, they prove excellent for that use; that is, being fried with yolks of eggs, the flowers of cowslips and of primroses, and a little tansie: thus used they make a dainty dish of meat.

The loach is, as I told you, a most dainty fish: he breeds and feeds in little and clear swift brooks or rills; and lives there upon the gravel, and in the sharpest streams: he grows not to be above a finger long, and no thicker than is suitable to that length. This loach is not unlike the shape of the eel; he has a beard or wattles like a barbel. He has two fins at his sides, four at his belly, and one at his tail; he is dappled with many black or brown spots, his mouth is barbel-like under his nose. This fish is usually full of eggs or spawn; and is by Gesner, and other learned physicians, commended for great nourishment, and to be very grateful both to the palate and stomach of sick persons:* he is to be fished for with a very small worm at the bottom, for he very seldom or never rises above the gravel, on which I told you he usually gets his living.

The miller's-thumb, or bull-head, is a fish of no pleasing shape.† He is by Gesner compared to the sea toad-fish, for his

* The loach, or loche, *Cobitis Barbatula*, though very small, never longer than four inches, is thought to be so great a delicacy on the Continent of Europe, that they have been taken long distances and naturalized, as by Frederick I. of Sweden, who (according to Linnæus) had them brought from Germany to his own country. Pesson-Maissonneuve (*Manuel de Pêcheur*) says, that "in the spring and at the end of autumn, the gastronomes prefer them to almost all the inhabitants of the water, especially when they have been smothered in wine or milk."—*Am. Ed.*

† The river bull-head (*Cottus Gobio*) derives its common name from the shape of its head. It is very well described by Walton. The name of miller's-thumb (drolly enough written by Aldrovandus among his English names of fish, *Mullersthombe*) is given to it, on account of the shape of its head resembling very closely the thumb of a miller, which has a peculiar form from its constant exercise in trying the character of the meal under the spout. From the same thing came the proverbs, "Worth a miller's thumb," and "An honest miller has a golden thumb." (See *Yarrell.*) The miller's-thumb in England seldom exceeds four or five inches, though it is sometimes larger on the Continent of Europe.—*Am. Ed.*

similitude and shape. It has a head big and flat, much greater than suitable to his body: a mouth very wide, and usually gaping. He is without teeth, but his lips are very rough, much like to a file; he hath two fins near to his gills, which be roundish or crested, two fins also under the belly, two on the back, one below the vent, and the fin of his tail is round. Nature hath painted the body of this fish with whitish, blackish, brownish spots. They be usually full of eggs or spawn all the summer, I mean the females; and those eggs swell their vents almost into the form of a dug. They begin to spawn about April, and, as I told you, spawn several months in the summer: and in the winter, the minnow, the loach, and bull-head, dwell in the mud, as the eel doth, or we know not where; no more than we know where the cuckoo and swallow and other half-year birds, which first appear to us in April, spend their six cold, winter, melancholy months. This bull-head does usually dwell and hide himself in holes, or amongst stones in clear water; and in very hot days will lie a long time very still, and sun himself, and will be easy to be seen upon any flat stone, or any gravel, at which time he will suffer an angler to put a hook baited with a small worm, very near unto his very mouth; and he never refuses to bite nor indeed to be caught with the worst of anglers. Matthiolus* commends him much more for his taste and nourishment, than for his shape or beauty.

There is also a little fish called a sticklebag;† a fish without scales, but hath his body fenced with several prickles. I know not where he dwells in winter, nor what he is good for in summer,

* Peter Andrew Matthiolus, an eminent physician, born at Sienna, Tuscany, 1501. He is best known by his Commentaries on the *Materia Medica* of Dioscorides, in which he displayed great talent, though, as Sprengel observes (in the preface to his edition of Dioscorides), he was not altogether free from the errors of his age. The work to which Walton refers is probably, *Epistolæ Medicinales, Prag.*, 1561. He died of the plague at Trent, 1577. He must not be confounded with Matthiolus of Padua, 1490, who wrote *Ars Numerativa.*

† This sticklebag or stickleback is probably *Gasterosteus trachurus* of Cuvier. It is very small and pugnacious, using the three sharp spines on its back as deadly weapons of offence. Several species of stickleback are found in our waters, exhibiting the same disposition.—*Am. Ed.*

but only to make sport for boys and women anglers, and to feed other fish, that be fish of prey, as trouts in particular, who will bite at him as at a penk, and better, if your hook be rightly baited with him; for he may be so baited, as his tail, turning like the sail of a wind-mill, will make him turn more quick than any penk or minnow can. For note, that the nimble turning of that or the minnow is the perfection of minnow-fishing. To which end, if you put your hook into his mouth, and out at his tail, and then having first tied him with white thread a little above his tail, and placed him after such a manner on your hook as he is like to turn, then sew up his mouth to your line, and he is like to turn quick, and tempt any trout; but if he do not turn quick, then turn his tail a little more or less towards the inner part, or towards the side of the hook; or put the minnow or stickle-bag a little more crooked or more straight on your hook, until it will turn both true and fast; and then doubt not but to tempt any great trout that lies in a swift stream. And the loach, that I told you of, will do the like: no bait is more tempting, provided the loach be not too big.

And now, Scholar, with the help of this fine morning, and your patient attention, I have said all that my present memory will afford me concerning most of the several fish that are usually fished for in fresh waters.

Ven. But, Master, you have by your former civility made me hope that you will make good your promise, and say something of the several rivers that be of most note in this nation; and also of fish-ponds, and the ordering of them; and do it, I pray, good Master; for I love any discourse of rivers, and fish, and fishing: the time spent in such discourse passes away very pleasantly.

CHAPTER XIX.[1]

Of several Rivers, and some Observations of Fish.

PISCATOR. Well, Scholar, since the ways and weather do both favor us, and that we yet see not Tottenham-Cross, you shall see my willingness to satisfy your desire. And first, for the rivers of this nation, there be, as you may note out of Doctor Heylin's Geography* and others, in number 325; but those of chiefest note he reckons and describes as followeth.

The chief is Thamisis, compounded of two rivers, Thame and Isis: whereof the former, rising somewhat beyond Thame in

[1] *Var.* This chapter was not in the first edition, but added to the second.

* The title of Heylin's work is *Cosmography*, originally published as a small octavo, with the title of *Microcosmos, or a Little Description of the Great World;* enlarged to 4to., Oxford, 1622, 1633, and afterwards to a large folio—*Cosmography in Four Books, containing the Chorographie and Historie of the whole World, and all the Principal Kingdoms, Provinces, Seas and Isles thereof*, 1652–'64, '66, '82. Walton has copied verbatim, from the latter work, the whole passage beginning. "The chief is Thamisis," to the end of Michael Drayton's Sonnet.

Peter Heylin was born in 1600, and early distinguished himself by his talents and learning, taking his degree of Master of Arts in his twentieth year, and of D.D. in 1633. Deprived of his church preferments, he lived some time in studious retirement, until at the Restoration he received his preferments again, but never rose higher than sub-Dean of Westminster, and died in 1662. He was a very voluminous writer and a keen controversialist. His learning was very great, and his talents remarkable, but, as Wood observes, "He was too much of a party man to be an historian, and equally an enemy to Popery and Puritanism." To what extent he carried his notions may be inferred from the high favor in which he stood with Laud, and the fact of his having determined in the negative the two questions, "Whether the Church is ever invisible?" and "Whether the Church can err?" From his polemical histories of Episcopacy and Presbyterianism, he deserves the epithet not seldom applied to him of "uncandid."—*Am. Ed.*

Buckinghamshire, and the latter near Cirencester in Gloucestershire, meet together about Dorchester in Oxfordshire; the issue of which happy conjunction is the Thamisis, or Thames: hence it flieth betwixt Berks, Buckinghamshire, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex, and so weddeth himself to the Kentish Medway in the very jaws of the ocean. This glorious river feeleth the violence and benefit of the sea more than any river in Europe, ebbing and flowing twice a day more than sixty miles; about whose banks are so many fair towns and princely palaces, that a German poet* thus truly spake:—

Tot campos, &c.

We saw so many woods and princely bowers,
Sweet fields, brave palaces, and stately towers,
So many gardens dress'd with curious care,
That Thames with royal Tiber may compare.

2. The second river of note is Sabrina, or Severn: it hath its beginning in Plinlimmon-Hill in Montgomeryshire, and his end seven miles from Bristol; washing in the mean space the walls of Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Gloucester, and divers other places and palaces of note.

3. Trent, so called for thirty kind of fishes that are found in it, or for that it receiveth thirty lesser rivers; who having his fountain in Staffordshire, and gliding through the counties of Nottingham, Lincoln, Leicester, and York, augmenteth the turbulent current of Humber, the most violent stream of all the isle. This Humber is not, to say truth, a distinct river, having a springhead of his own, but it is rather the mouth, or æstuarium, of divers rivers here confluent and meeting together; namely, your Derwent, and especially of Ouse and Trent; and (as the Danow, having received into its channel the rivers Dravus, Savus,

* Who this German poet was, has not been discovered. Heylin gives three lines:—

Tot campos, sylvas, tot regia tecta, tot hortos,
Artifici excultos dextra, tot vidimus arces,
Ut nunc Ausonio Thamisis *cum* Tibride *certet.—Am. Ed.*

Tibiscus, and divers others) changeth his name into this of Humberabus, as the old geographers call it.

4. Medway, a Kentish river, famous for harboring the royal navy.

5. Tweed, the north-east bound of England; on whose northern banks is seated the strong and impregnable town of Berwick.

6. Tyne, famous for Newcastle, and her inexhaustible coal-pits. These, and the rest of principal note, are thus comprehended in one of Mr. Drayton's sonnets.

Our floods' queen, Thames, for ships and swans is crown'd,
And stately Severn for her shore is prais'd;
The crystal Trent for fords and fish renown'd,
And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is rais'd.
Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee,
York many wonders of her Ouse can tell;
The Peak her Dove, whose banks so fertile be,
And Kent will say her Medway doth excel.
Cotswold commends her Isis to the Thame,
Our northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood;
Our western parts extol their Willy's fame,
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood.

These observations are out of learned Dr. Heylin, and my old deceased friend, Michael Drayton; and because you say you love such discourses as these of rivers and fish and fishing, I love you the better, and love the more to impart them to you. Nevertheless, Scholar, if I should begin but to name the several sorts of strange fish that are usually taken in many of those rivers that run into the sea, I might beget wonder in you, or unbelief, or both; and yet I will venture to tell you a real truth concerning one lately dissected by Dr. Wharton, a man of great learning and experience, and of equal freedom to communicate it; one that loves me and my art, one to whom I have been beholden for many of the choicest observations that I have imparted to you. This good man, that dares do anything rather than tell an untruth, did, I say, tell me, he lately dissected one strange fish, and he thus described it to me.

"The fish was almost a yard broad, and twice that length; his

mouth wide enough to receive or take into it the head of a man, his stomach seven or eight inches broad: he is of a slow motion, and usually lies or lurks close in the mud, and has a moveable string on his head, about a span, or near unto a quarter of a yard long, by the moving of which—which is his natural bait—when he lies close and unseen in the mud, he draws other smaller fish so close to him, that he can suck them into his mouth, and so devours and digests them."*

And, Scholar, do not wonder at this; for, besides the credit of the relater, you are to note, many of these, and fishes which are of the like and more unusual shapes, are very often taken on the mouths of our sea-rivers, and on the sea-shore: and this will be no wonder to any that have travelled Egypt, where it is known the famous river Nilus does not only breed fishes that yet want names, but by the overflowing of that river, and the help of the sun's heat on the fat slime which that river leaves on the banks, when it falls back into its natural channel, such strange fish and beasts are also bred that no man can give a name to; as Grotius, in his Sopham,† and others, have observed.

But whither am I strayed in this discourse? I will end it by telling you, that, at the mouth of some of these rivers of ours, herrings are so plentiful, as namely, near to Yarmouth in Nor-

* This is clearly another edition of the Sea Angler, *Lophius Piscatorius*, which has been already described.—*Am. Ed.*

† This tragedy of the celebrated Hugo Grotius (or De Groot) was translated and published: *Hugo Grotius; His Sophompaneas, or Joseph, a Tragedy, with Annotations, by Francis Goldsmith, Esqr.:* London—no date, but about 1634: 8vo. It is founded on the story of Joseph, taken from Genesis xliv., xlv.; Psalm cxxv.; Acts of the Apostles, vii.; Philo's Life of Joseph; Josephus, Annals, ii.; Justin, Alexander Polyhistor, and Demetrius in Eusebius, *Præ. Evan.* Sophompaneas is the Egyptian name, signifying "Saviour of the World," given to Joseph in consequence of the service rendered by him in averting the threatened famine.

The original tragedy, with the *Christus Patiens* of the same author, the *Sisaras* of Petavius, and the *Sedecias* of Malapertius, have been recently published in a neat duodecimo, *Monachii*, 1845, *Typis Weiss.*

Many fabulous stories are told of the Nile, the periodical overflowing of which, in consequence of the heavy rains in the table land of Abyssinia, and, by the deposit of rich alluvium, is the cause of Egypt's great fertility.—*Am. Ed.*

folk, and in the west-country Pilchers so very plentiful, as you will wonder to read what our learned Camden relates of them in his Britannia, pp. 178, 186.

Well, Scholar, I will stop here, and tell you what by reading and conference I have observed concerning fish-ponds.

CHAPTER XX.[1]

Of Fish-ponds, and how to order them.

PISCATOR. Doctor Lebault, the learned Frenchman, in his large discourse of Maison Rustique, gives this direction for making of fish-ponds: I shall refer you to him to read it at large; but I think I shall contract it, and yet make it as useful.

He adviseth, that when you have drained the ground, and made the earth firm where the head of the pond must be, that you must then in that place drive in two or three rows of oak or elm piles, which should be scorched in the fire, or half burnt, before they be driven into the earth; for being thus used, it preserves them much longer from rotting: and having done so, lay faggots or bavins of smaller wood betwixt them, and then earth betwixt and above them; and then having first very well rammed them and the earth, use another pile in like manner as the first were: and note, that the second pile is to be of or about the height that you intend to make your sluice or flood-gate, or the vent that you intend shall convey the overflowings of your pond, in any flood that shall endanger the breaking of the pond-dam.

Then he advises that you plant willows or owlers about it, or both; and then cast in bavins in some places not far from the

[1] *Var.*—The whole of this chapter was added to the second edition, and is contracted from: "*Maison Rustique; or, The Covntry Farmer, Compyled in the French Tongue by Charles Stevens and John Liebault, Doctors of Physicke, and Translated into English by Richard Svrflet, Practitioner in Physicke*, Lond., 1616, fol. The original work passed through many editions, being from time to time greatly enlarged.

Besides the work of Bishop Dubravius and that of Taverner, described in the Bib. Pref., Hawkins alludes to Roger North's (a Person of Honour) *Treatise on Fish-ponds*, 1713, 14, 15, in the *Gentleman Farmer*, 1726, 8vo.,1770, 4to., and in Ebenezer Albin's work illustrating the Essay with 18 colored plates, 1794.—*Am. Ed.*

side, and in the most sandy places, for fish both to spawn upon, and to defend them and the young fry from the many fish, and also from vermin that lie at watch to destroy them; especially the spawn of the carp and tench, when it is left to the mercy of ducks or vermin.

He and Dubravius and all others advise, that you make choice of such a place for your pond, that it may be refreshed with a little rill, or with rain-water running or falling into it; by which fish are more inclined both to breed, and are also refreshed and fed the better, and do prove to be of a much sweeter and more pleasant taste.

To which end it is observed, that such pools as be large, and have most gravel, and shallows where fish may sport themselves, do afford fish of the purest taste. And note, that in all pools it is best for fish to have some retiring place, as namely, hollow banks, or shelves, or roots of trees, to keep them from danger; and, when they think fit, from the extreme heat of summer, as also from the extremity of cold in winter. And note, that if many trees be growing about your pond, the leaves thereof falling into the water make it nauseous to the fish, and the fish to be so to the eater of it.

It is noted that the tench and eel love mud, and the carp loves gravelly ground, and in the hot months to feed on grass. You are to cleanse your pond, if you intend either profit or pleasure, once every three or four years, especially some ponds; and then let it lie dry six or twelve months, both to kill the water-weeds, as water-li les, candocks, reate, and bull-rushes, that breed there; and also, that as these die for want of water, so grass may grow in the pond's bottom, which carps will eat greedily in all the hot months if the pond be clean. The letting your pond dry and sowing oats in the bottom is also good, for the fish feed the faster: and being sometime let dry, you may observe what kind of fish either increases or thrives best in that water; for they differ much both in their breeding and feeding.

Lebault also advises, that if your ponds be not very large and roomy, that you often feed your fish by throwing into them chippings of bread, curds, grains, or the entrails of chickens, or of any fowl or beast that you kill to feed yourselves; for these

afford fish a great relief. He says that frogs and ducks do much harm, and devour both the spawn and the young fry of all fish, especially of the carp; and I have, besides experience, many testimonies of it. But Lebault allows water-frogs to be good meat,* especially in some months, if they be fat; but you are to note, that he is a Frenchman, and we English will hardly believe him, though we know frogs are usually eaten in his country: however, he advises to destroy them and king-fishers out of your ponds: and he advises, not to suffer much shooting at wild-fowl; for that, he says, affrightens, and harms, and destroys the fish.

Note, that carps and tench thrive and breed best when no other fish is put with them into the same pond; for all other fish devour their spawn, or at least the greatest part of it. And note, that clods of grass thrown into any pond, feed any carps in summer; and that garden-earth and parsley thrown into a pond, recovers and refreshes the sick fish. And note, that when you store your pond, you are to put into it two or three melters for one spawner, if you put them into a breeding-pond; but if into a nurse-pond, or feeding-pond, in which they will not breed, then no care is to be taken whether there be most male or female carps.

It is observed, that the best ponds to breed carps are those that be stony or sandy, and are warm and free from wind, and that are not deep, but have willow trees and grass on their sides, over which the water does sometimes flow: and note, that carps do more usually breed in marle-pits, or pits that have clean clay-bottoms, or in new ponds, or ponds that lie dry a winter season, than in old ponds that be full of mud and weeds.

* In France, especially Paris, they eat only the edible frog, *rana esculenta*, which is more delicate than the frogs of our waters. The prejudice against eating frogs would scarcely last after tasting a well made *pâté des grenouilles*. The agreeable authoress of *Shetland and the Shetlanders* tells a story of a French *emigré*, who on being entertained by a Scotch Dowager, asked leave to taste a bear-meal bannock (a coarsely baked barley-meal cake). Finding it not much to the liking of his cultivated palate, he expressed his disgust rather strongly, which provoked his hostess to retort: "Some folk eat bannocks, and some folk eat puddocks" (the Scotch for frogs).—*Am. Ed.*

Well, Scholar, I have told you the substance of all that either observation, or discourse, or a diligent survey of Dubravius and Lebault hath told me: not that they in their long discourses have not said more; but the most of the rest are so common observations, as if a man should tell a good arithmetician, that twice two is four. I will therefore put an end to this discourse, and we will here sit down and rest us.

CHAPTER XXI.

Directions for making of a Line, and for the coloring of both Rod and Line.

Piscator. Well, Scholar, I have held you too long about these cadis, and smaller fish, and rivers, and fish-ponds, and my spirits are almost spent, and so I doubt is your patience; but being we are now almost at Tottenham, where I first met you, and where we are to part, I will lose no time, but give you a little direction how to make and order your lines, and to color the hair of which you make your lines, for that is very needful to be known of an angler; and also how to paint your rod, especially your top, for a right-grown top is a choice commodity, and should be preserved from the water soaking into it, which makes it in wet weather to be heavy, and fish ill-favoredly, and not true, and also it rots quickly for want of painting: and I think a good top is worth preserving, or I had not taken care to keep a top above twenty years.

But first for your line.* First, note, that you are to take care that your hair be round and clear, and free from galls or scabs or frets, for a well-chosen, even, clear, round hair, of a kind of glass-color, will prove as strong as three uneven scabby hairs, that are ill-chosen, and full of galls or unevenness. You shall seldom find a black hair but it is round, but many white are flat and uneven; therefore if you get a lock of right, round, clear, glass-color hair, make much of it.

And for making your line, observe this rule: first let your hair

* Few anglers in this country will make as good lines, or make them as cheaply as they can be had at the tackle shops; but it must be noted that angling in our mountain streams requires an adaptation of their color to that of the water. As a general rule, in a shaded forest stream, the *grizly grey* line is best; in a more open country, the pale sorrel, light slate, or amber, may be better at times.—*Am. Ed.*

be clean washed ere you go about to twist it; and then choose not only the clearest hair for it, but hairs that be of an equal bigness, for such do usually stretch all together, and break all together, which hairs of an unequal bigness never do, but break singly, and so deceive the angler that trusts to them.

When you have twisted your links, lay them in water for a quarter of an hour at least, and then twist them over again before you tie them into a line; for those that do not so, shall usually find their line to have a hair or two shrink, and be shorter than the rest at the first fishing with it, which is so much of the strength of the line lost for want of first watering it and then re-twisting it; and this is most visible in a seven-hair line, one of those which hath always a black hair in the middle.

And for dyeing of your hairs,* do it thus: take a pint of strong ale, half a pound of soot, and a little quantity of the juice of

* Salter's recipes for dyeing hair and gut are very simple: "To stain hair or gut of a pale sorrel color, let it remain a few minutes in a cup of strong coffee, or black tea boiling hot. To give it a pale slate color, mix boiling water and black ink in equal parts, and put the hair or gut in it for a moment only. For a greyish water colour, dissolve a little alum and indigo in boiling water, let it stand till it is cold, and dip the hair or gut in it till it has acquired the tint you wish."

Theophilus South is more particular. "No 1. An azure or neutral tint, similar to the ink dye: 1 drachm logwood, 6 grains copperas. No. 2. An azure tint more pink than No. 1: 2 scruples of alum instead of the copperas (the less you use copperas the better). No. 3. A dingy or dirty olive (a very good color): add 3 scruples quercitron bark to No. 2. No. 4. 1 drachm madder, 1 scruple alum. No. 5. A light yellow or amber: 1½ scruple quercitron bark, 1 scruple alum, 6 grains madder, 4 drops muriate of tin, 1 scruple cream of tartar. Boil these ingredients in an earthen pipkin with a pint and a half of water for about ten minutes. Take the pipkin off the fire, and after a minute or so immerse the gut, tied very loosely, if at all—for No. 1, not longer than 2½ or 3 minutes by the watch; for No. 2, 3 minutes; for No. 3, 2 to 3 minutes; for No. 4, 5 to 6 minutes; for No. 5, 2½ minutes. On taking the gut from the pipkin, cast it into a basin of clear, cold water, and rinse it well; wipe it and let it dry awhile; then take each length separately, and holding it by the end between the teeth, rub it with Indian rubber, which not only cleans and straightens it, but also tests its strength. After this, clip off the bad end, tie all up neatly together, and keep it at *full length* in a paper or parchment case, with an inner one of thin paper rubbed with olive oil, which in moderation preserves gut."

walnut-tree leaves, and an equal quantity of alum; put these together into a pot, pan, or pipkin, and boil them half an hour; and having so done, let it cool, and being cold, put your hair into it, and there let it lie: it will turn your hair to be a kind of water or glass color, or greenish, and the longer you let it lie, the deeper colored it will be: you might be taught to make many other colors, but it is to little purpose; for doubtless the water-color or glass-colored hair is the most choice and most useful for an angler; but let it not be too green.

But if you desire to color hair greener, then do it thus: take a quart of small ale, half a pound of alum; then put these into a pan or pipkin, and your hair into it with them; then put it upon a fire, and let it boil softly for half an hour; and then take out your hair, and let it dry; and having so done, then take a pottle of water, and put into it two handsful of marigolds, and cover it with a tile, or what you think fit, and set it again on the fire, where it is to boil again softly for half an hour, about which time the scum will turn yellow; then put into it half a pound of copperas, beaten small, and with it the hair you intend to color; then let the hair be boiled softly till half the liquor be wasted; and then let it cool three or four hours, with your hair in it: and you are to observe, that the more copperas you put into it, the greener it will be; but doubtless the pale green is best: but if you desire yellow hair, which is only good when the weeds rot, then put in the more marigolds, and abate most of the copperas, or leave it quite out, and take a little verdigris instead of it.

This for coloring your hair. And as for painting your rod, which must be in oil, you must make a size with glue and water boiled together, until the glue be dissolved, and the size of a lye-color; then strike your size upon the wood with a bristle, or a brush, or pencil, whilst it is hot: that being quite dry, take white-lead, and a little red-lead, with a little coal black, so much as all together will make an ash-color; grind these all together with linseed-oil; let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the wood with a brush or pencil; this do for the ground of any color to lie upon wood.

For a green: take pink and verdigris and grind them together in linseed-oil, as thin as you can well grind it; then lay it

smoothly on with your brush, and drive it thin: once doing, for the most part, will serve, if you lay it well; and if twice, be sure your first color be thoroughly dry before you lay on a second.

Well, Scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High-Cross,* I will, as we walk towards it, in the cool shade of this sweet honey-suckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And, that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me, how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and tooth-ache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted; others thunder-strucken; and we have been freed from these, and all those many miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience, a misery that none can bear; and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace; and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us; who, with the expense of a little money, have ate and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, Scholar, I have a rich neighbor, that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more

* All that follows to the place where Venator requires his Master's courtesy with a bottle of "sack, milk, oranges and sugar," was added in the fourth edition. The quaint, simple beauty of these moral reflections recommends them to our hearts as well as to our taste.—*Am. Ed.*

money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says, that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "That there be "as many miseries beyond riches, as on this side them:" and yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares, that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do; loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, Scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with a friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair; he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little: and yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will, it may be nothing but his will of his poor neighbor, for not worshipping, or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller, and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and

handsome as her next neighbor's was. And I knew another, to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud, and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbor, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend, why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him: for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul. And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel; for he there says,—"Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And, Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but in the meantime he, and he only, possesses the earth as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him: he has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honor or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what

he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing both to God and himself.

My honest Scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness: and to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the more deadly sins; yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms; where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart. And let us, in that, labor to be as like him as we can: let not the blessings we receive daily from God, make us not to value, or not praise him, because they be common; let not us forget to praise him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man, that was born blind, could obtain to have his sight, for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily; and for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises: but let not us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a fishing.

Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you: but I now see Tottenham High-Cross; and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind, with which I labor to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And, to that end, I have showed you

that riches without them do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares; and therefore my advice is, that you endeavor to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin,* "he that loses his conscience, has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not: but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches, as on this side them: and, if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say,† that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other

* Nicholas Caussin, a Jesuit, born at Troyes, 1583, who gained quite a reputation as a preacher and writer. He was Confessor to Louis XIII., and though a person of probity and courage, failed in address to keep his place at that tempestuous court. Taking the part of the Queen Mother against Richelieu, he was banished by that minister to Bretagne. After the Cardinal's death he returned to Paris, where he died, 1651. He wrote several works in Latin and French, the most celebrated of which was, *La Cour Sainte, en Cinq livres* (the best and most complete edition, 1664); which was translated into English: *The Holy Court, in Three Tomes, Written in French by Nicholas Caussin, S. I., Translated into English by Sr. T. H.*, 1634, fol. It is a book of morality written in an affected style, though not destitute of merit, and was accused of having more reference to French politics than religion. It had a great run, was often reprinted, and rendered into various languages. It ranks at present with *Le Pedagogue Chrétien*, and *Les Sept Trompettes*. I have not been able to find the sentence quoted by Walton in either the French or English versions, both of which are in my collection. Walton may have quoted incorrectly from memory; and, perhaps, himself deserves the merit of condensing Caussin's meaning into the excellent aphorism which he gives; as there is a long labored passage to the same effect in the fifth section of *The Statesman*, entitled "*Sage Precepts drawn out of the monuments of the divine Agathopolis.*"—*Am. Ed.*

† Dr. Donne, as a reverend and learned friend of mine informs me.—*Moses Browne.*

in a meek and thankful heart. Which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest Scholar; and so you are welcome to Tottenham High-Cross.

VEN. Well, Master, I thank you for all your good directions; but for none more than this last of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget. And pray let us now rest ourselves in this sweet shady arbor, which nature herself has woven with her own fine fingers; it is such a contexture of woodbines, sweetbrier, jessamine, and myrtle, and so interwoven, as will secure us both from the sun's violent heat, and from the approaching shower; and, being sat down, I will requite a part of your courtesies with a bottle of sack, milk, oranges, and sugar; which all put together make a drink like nectar, indeed too good for anybody but us anglers. And so, Master, here is a full glass to you of that liquor; and when you have pledged me, I will repeat the verses which I promised you: it is a copy printed amongst some of Sir Henry Wotton's, and doubtless made either by him, or by a lover of angling.* Come, Master, now drink a glass to me; and then

* Though Walton speaks doubtingly of Sir Henry Wotton's being the author of this spirited poem, he found it among Sir Henry's papers, and published it among the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1651 (p. 390, editions 1672, 1686). Sir Egerton Brydges, however, ascribes them to Sir Walter Raleigh; yet without any other plausible reason than that they have the signature Ignoto in the *Reliquiæ*. But, as Hannah observes (*Poems by Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others*): "It is evident, that Walton placed the piece among the doubtful poems when he edited *Rel. Wotton.*, because he had no positive proof that Wotton wrote it, but it is equally evident that he knew of no other claimant, from the expressions he used about it when he wrote the Angler. If *he* could not establish Wotton's claim, of course we cannot, but Wotton certainly ought to have the benefit of his editor's hesitation on the subject." The internal evidence is decidedly in favor of Wotton over Raleigh, especially the last couplet,

> "Which we may every year
> Find when we come fishing here."

As we know that it was Wotton's custom to spend his vacations each year at his Fishing-house; and there is nothing in Raleigh's life which warrants a supposition that such was his annual practice, though we would gladly reckon one that had such "a brave soul," among the fraternity of anglers. On the other hand, the scenery described, "Downs," "Meads," "Rocks,"

I will pledge you, and fall to my repetition: it is a description of such country recreations as I have enjoyed since I had the happiness to fall into your company.

Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd Sardonic smiles are glosing still,
And grief is forc'd to laugh against her will;
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery:—
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance on our poverty;
Peace, and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic masque nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;

"Mountains," "Purling Fountains," is not that around the Fishing-house of Wotton, on the banks of the Thames near Windsor. Neither does the structure of the verse resemble Wotton's; but that and the scenery, with many expressions in the poems, strongly remind us of the *Stanzes Irregulières*, addressed to Walton by Cotton. To Cotton, however, the piece can scarcely be attributed, as in such case they must have been written before their author was twenty-one, while they show a far more mature judgment and feeling than he could then have had. The safest conclusion is acquiescence in the signature given to them in the *Rel. Wott.*, "Ignoto." It should, however, be added, that the piece is printed anonymously in Clifford's *Tixall Poetry* (p. 297–300), with the title, *Rusticatio Religiosi in Vacantiis*, which would agree with Wotton's habit.—*Am. Ed.*

Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother:
And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground

Here are no entrapping baits
To hasten to too hasty fates,—
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which, worldling like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;—
Nor envy, 'less among
The birds for prize of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems hid in some forlorn creek:
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, oh may you be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
Which we may every year
Meet when we come a fishing here.

Pisc. Trust me, Scholar, I thank you heartily for these verses; they be choicely good, and doubtless made by a lover of angling. Come, now, drink a glass to me, and I will requite you with another very good copy: it is a farewell to the vanities of the world, and, some say, written by Sir Harry Wotton, who, I told you, was an excellent angler.* But let them be writ by whom

* In the first and second editions Walton wrote, "some say written by Dr. D. (Donne):" "But let them be writ by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave soul, and must needs be possest with happie thoughts, at the time of their composure; 'and I hope he was an Angler' (second

they will, he that writ them had a brave soul, and must needs be possessed with happy thoughts at the time of their composure.

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honor'd rags, ye glorious bubbles:
Fame's but a hollow echo? gold, pure clay;
Honor, the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin;
State, but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds; embroider'd trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;

edition)." Hannah says: "With this account agrees the title of a copy in MS. Ashm., 38, "*Dr. Donne's Valadiction to the Worlde.*" He adds: "Headly (ii., 24, ed 1787) and Campbell (p. 157, second edition) have printed it as Wotton's on Walton's authority, without any sign of doubt. . . In Sir H Nicholas's noble reprint of Walton, we find a note upon the poem: 'These verses are also said to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh, when a prisoner in the Tower, shortly before his execution.'" This note is, however, altered from Moss Browne's (edition of Walton, 1772), on the lines: "They are positively said to be by the great Sir Walter Raleigh; written (and very suitably) while a prisoner in the Tower, a little before his execution, and appear (vouched *as his*) in a printed *life of him*, yet extant." The date of this "life" Browne does not give, but his statement, "vouched *as his*," is strong. Hannah goes on to say: "A fourth claimant is added from '*Wits Interpreter*' (1671, p. 269), where the poem is said to be 'By Sir Kenelme Digby.' On this authority, Ellis inserted a part of it in his Collection under Digby's name (iii., 179, ed. 1811). A singular title is prefixed to an anonymous copy of it in Sancroft's Collection (MS. *Taun.*, 465, fol. 59): 'An Hermite in an Arbour, wth a prayer booke in his hand, his foote spurning a globe, thus speaketh.'" Hannah adds in a note, marking some variations from the Sancroft MS. in Walton's transcript, "it would seem that the text which Sancroft copied underwent a revisal from the author before it fell into Walton's hand;" but, as we have seen, it was Walton's wont to alter the verses he quoted to suit his taste. The whole evidence goes against its being as late as Wotton's, and, as such is the general tradition, it may be Raleigh's, though not written by him just before death, nor during his imprisonment, as appears from the last verse.

"Welcome, ye silent Groves!
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly love.
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring."

The whole piece describes a courtier in rural, domestic retirement.—*Am. Ed.*

And blood ally'd to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own:
Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind:
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich hated; wise suspected; scorn'd if poor;
Great fear'd; fair tempted; high still envy'd more:
I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither;
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauty's queen entitle me the fair,
Fame speak me fortune's minion, could I vie
Angels with India, with a speaking eye*

* An angel was a gold coin varying in value, so called from having the figure of an angel (*Angelus* quasi *Anglus*) upon it. After the coin had gone out of use, the name signified ten shillings sterling. "Vie," from the Saxon wigan, to contend, here means to try a comparison of wealth between two persons, each putting down a piece of money, until the store of one was exhausted, which was sometimes called "dropping angels." This Hawkins illustrates by a passage from the ballad of *The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnall-Green* (See Percy's *Reliques*, Ser. ii., b. 2, 10), whose father, on her being despised by the kinsmen of a young knight who wished to marry her, thus showed his secret wealth:

"Then spake the blind beggar, although I bee poore,
Yet rayle not against my child at my own doore:
Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett will I drop angels with you for my girle.

"With that an angell he caste on the ground,
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound;

Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs; be called great master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster:
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives:
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine;
And hold one minute of this holy leisure,
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts, welcome, ye silent groves;
These guests, these courts my soul most dearly loves;
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome Spring:
A Pray'r-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears:
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy:
And if contentment be a stranger, then
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again.

Ven. Well, Master, these verses be worthy to keep a room in every man's memory. I thank you for them; and I thank you for your many instructions, which, God willing, I will not forget: and as St. Austin in his Confessions, Book 4, Chap. 3,* comme-

And oftentimes it was proved most plaine,
For the gentleman's one the beggar dropt twayne;

" So that the place wherein they did sitt
With gold it was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen then having droppt all their store,
Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for we haye noe more.

" Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright;
Then marry, quoth he, my girl to this knight;
And heere, added hee, I will throw you now downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne."—*Am. Ed.*

* The passage to which Walton alludes, will be found in a translation of the Life of St. Augustine, printed for John Crook, and sold at the sign of the Ship in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1660, lib. 9, cap. 3.—*Sir H. Nicholas.*

morates the kindness of his friend, Verecundus, for lending him and his companion a country-house, because there they rested and enjoyed themselves free from the troubles of the world; so, having had the like advantage, both by your conversation and the art you have taught me, I ought ever to do the like; for indeed, your company and discourse have been so useful and pleasant, that I may truly say, I have only lived since I enjoyed them and turned angler, and not before. Nevertheless, here I must part with you, here in this now sad place, where I was so happy as first to meet you: but I shall long for the ninth of May, for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved company at the appointed time and place. And now I wish for some somniferous potion, that might force me to sleep away the intermitted time, which will pass away with me as tediously as it does with men in sorrow; nevertheless I will make it as short as I can by my hopes and wishes. And, my good Master, I will not forget the doctrine which you told me Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honored so much for being philosophers, as to honor philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to do the like concerning angling, and I will endeavor to do so, and to live like those many worthy men, of which you made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution; and as a pious man advised his friend, that to beget mortification he should frequent churches, and view monuments and charnel houses, and then and there consider, how many dead bones time had piled up at the gates of death: so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and Providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of Nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose; and so, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord:" and let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine.*

* This has been shown in the Bib. Pref. to be a Protestant version of the blessing at the end of the Berners' Treatyse: "and all those that done after

Pisc. And upon all that are lovers of virtue; and dare trust in his Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling.

"Study to be quiet." 1 Thes. iv., 11.

this rule, shall have the blessynge of god and Saynt Petyr, whyche he theyme graunte, that wyth his preyeyous blood us bought."—*Am. Ed.*

END OF PART ONE.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

PART II.

COMPLETE

PART II

Qui mihi non credit [illegible]
Et fuerit [illegible]

[illegible] FOR A TREAT
[illegible]

THE

COMPLETE ANGLER;

OR, THE

CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION.

PART II.

Qui mihi non credit, faciat licet ipse periclum
Et fuerit scriptus æquior ille meis.

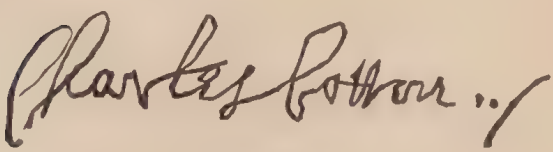
BEING

INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO ANGLE FOR A TROUT
OR GRAYLING IN A CLEAR STREAM.

NEW YORK:
WILEY & PUTNAM, 161 BROADWAY.

1847.

COTTON'S FISHING-HOUSE ON THE DOVE.—*Vide* Page 36.



Autograph.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

CHARLES COTTON, Esq.

BY THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

The friendship which our venerated Walton had for Cotton, besides his being the author of the following amusing and excellent treatise, will naturally lead the reader to desire a better knowledge of him; but, it must be confessed, that the duty thus laid upon the Editor, is by no means so pleasant as he could wish. The character of the adopted son differs so widely from that of his pure-minded father, as to make it a mystery how even a common taste for angling could have made the friend of Wotton bear with the habits of the younger man. Perhaps the friendship Walton had for Cotton's father was affectionately entailed upon the offspring; perhaps similarity of political opinions may have biased even the very sober judgment; perhaps a charitable hope to do the reckless wit good by a close association, made the merciful heart more tolerant; no doubt the venerable presence restrained the tongue from the license of the pen which the burlesque poet made a second nature; but however it came about, an affectionate intercourse was maintained between them, as the reader already knows, and will soon know further. Let us hope, that Walton's serious occupations and intercourse with pious men of learning kept him happily away from companions where loose

writings would be named; and that ignorant of Cotton's vicious folly, he judged him rather by the truly beautiful sentiments breathed through the "Stanzes Irreguliers."

The reader can scarcely have forgotten the language of Walton (2d chap., 1st part), in answer to Venator's question whether their host of the night before was not "a witty man;" but, to save the trouble of a reference, I shall repeat, what cannot too often be repeated, here: "He is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were Scripture jests, or lascivious jests; for which I count no man witty, for the devil will help a man that way inclined to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter; but a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin that is usually mixed with it, is the man; and indeed such a companion should have his charges borne, and to such company I hope to bring you this night. . . . And let me tell you, such company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue; but for such company as we heard last night, it infects others; the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard mine host and another of the company that shall be nameless; I am sorry the other is a gentlemen, for less religion will not save their souls than a beggar's; I think more will be required at the last great day. Well you know what example is able to do, and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:

> 'Many a one
> Owes to his country his religion:
> And in another would as strongly grow,
> Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.'

"This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more; for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures." Cotton himself gives the same character of Walton when he says: "My father Walton will be seen in no man's company twice he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men; which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am or *that he thinks me* one of those, seeing I have never

found him weary of me." Surely these extracts may warrant us in doubting such "a spot in a feast of charity," as Walton's familiar intimacy with one whose profligate disposition was known to him.

Cotton's family was both ancient and honorable in the county of Sussex, his ancestor having been Sir Richard Cotton, Comptroller of the Household and Privy Councillor to Edward the Sixth. Charles Cotton, the father of our fly-fisher, having married the heiress, settled at Beresford. He seems to have been a man of parts and accomplishments, in Walton's good judgment, for his marginal note in the Fishing-house says: "the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows about it, cannot be described unless Sir Philip Sidney or Mr. Cotton's father were alive to do it." The Earl of Clarendon, in his Autobiography, characterizes him as "a gentleman born to a competent fortune, and so qualified in his person and education, that for many years he continued the greatest ornament of the town, in the esteem of those who had been best bred; his natural parts were very great, his wit flowing in all the parts of his conversation; the superstructure not raised to a considerable height, but having passed some years in Cambridge and then in France, and conversing always with learned men, his expressions were ever proper and significant, and gave great lustre to his discourse upon any argument; so that he was thought by those not intimate with him, to have been much better acquainted with books than he was; he had all those qualities which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen; such a pleasantness and gaiety of humor, such a sweetness and gentleness of nature, and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man in court or out of it appeared a more accomplished person, all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits in law, and waste of his fortune in these suits, made some impression on his mind; which being impaired by domestic afflictions, and those indulgences to himself which naturally attend these afflictions, rendered his age less reverenced than his youth had been, and gave his best friends cause to have wished that he had not lived

so long" (*Clarendon's Life*, v. i., p. 36, Oxford ed., 1827). I give the above extract as, *mutatis mutandis*, it is a portrait of the son, and shows the paternal example which in good and evil he much resembled.

Our Cotton was born in 1630, so that he was thirty-seven years younger than Walton. His youth, spent near the Dove, developed his innate taste for the art, his skill in which, as well as in treating of it, has won for him more honorable fame than all his other writings. He was an angler before his seventeenth year, for in 1676 he had had thirty years' experience. We know little of his education, except that he was sent to Cambridge about 1649, and was the pupil of Mr. Ralph Rawson, to whom he addressed a dedication of an ode of Johannes Secundus, which he had translated, receiving some affectionate verses in return. He travelled in France and Italy some years before his first marriage with Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of whom he speaks affectionately in his satirical poem on the "Joys of Marriage."

> "Yet with me 'tis out of season,
> Thus to complain without reason,
> Since the best and sweetest fair
> Is allotted to my share:
> But, alas! I love her so
> That my love creates my woe;
> For if she be out of humor,
> Straight displeased I do presume her,
> And would give the world to know,
> What it is offends her so.
> Or if she be discontented,
> Lord, how am I then tormented:
> And am ready to persuade her,
> That I have unhappy made her;
> But, if sick, I then am dying,
> Meat and med'cine both defying."

Poor lady, she had often too much reason to be out of humor, and complimentary rhyme was a less proof of affection than his obscene verses were of the contrary. She died, after bearing him eight children, five of whom survived him, about 1670.

The pecuniary embarrassments which he inherited with the

litigious disposition of his father, and his own extravagant habits, kept him in difficulties all his life and left his family poor, an act of parliament having authorized the dismemberment of his estate. To his poverty and its consequences he often alludes in his poems; sometimes in a strain of sadness, sometimes of jocularity scarcely less sad. Indeed, he seems at one time to have thought of escaping across the Channel for refuge from his creditors; as he says in an epistle to his commanding officer (under whom he served in Ireland as captain about the years 1671–2):

> "What ease can France or Flanders give
> To him who is a fugitive?
> Some two years hence when you come o'er
> In all your state, ambassador,
> If my ill-nature be so strong
> As t' outlive my infamy so long,
> You'll find your little officer
> Ragged as his old colors are."

He confesses, however, in his ode to Hope, that he had neglected taking good counsel, when it might have saved him:

> "That fatal hope by which I was betrayed,
> Thinking myself already rich and great;
> And in that foolish thought despised
> The advice of those who out of love advised;
> As I'd foreseen what they did not foresee,
> A torrent of felicity,
> And rudely laughed at those, who pitying wept for me."

In his ode to Poverty, he says:

> "But I not call him poor does not abound,
> But him who snared in bonds and endless strife,
> The comforts wants more than supports of life,
> Him, whose whole age is measured out by fears,
> And though he hath wherewith to eat,
> His bread doth yet
> Taste of affliction, and his cares
> His purest wine mix and allay with tears.
>
> "'Tis in this sense that I am poor,
> And I'm afraid shall be so still;

Obstrep'rous creditors besiege my door,
And my whole house clamorous echoes fill;
From these there can be no retirement free,
From room to room they hunt and follow me;
They will not let me eat, nor sleep, nor pray,
But persecute me night and day,
Torment my body and my mind;
Nay, if I take my heels and fly,
They follow me with open cry,
At home no rest, abroad no refuge can I find."

That he experienced the common desertion of false friends from the unfortunate, he rather eloquently laments in one of his eclogues, as elsewhere.

"The want of wealth I reckon not distress,
But of enough to do good offices;
Which, growing less, those friends will fall away;
Poverty is the ground of all decay;
With our prosperities our friendships end,
And to misfortune no one is a friend.
Which I already find in that degree,
That my old friends are now afraid of me,
And all avoid me, as good men would fly
The common hangman's shameful company.
Those who by fortune were advanced above,
Being obliged by my most ready love,
Shun me, for fear lest my necessity
Should urge what they're unwilling to deny
And are resolved they will not grant; and those
Have shared my meat, my money, and my clothes,
Grown rich with others' spoils as well as mine,
The coming near me now do all decline,
Lest shame and gratitude should draw them in,
To be to me what I to them have been,
By which means I am stripped of all supplies,
And left alone to my own miseries."

Hawkins states that he was sometimes obliged to conceal himself from his creditors in a cave near Beresford Hall, where a faithful woman servant supplied him with food; and at another time he was confined in a debtors' prison at London, where he inscribed on the wall those lines so often quoted:

" A prison is a place of care,
Wherein no man may thrive;
A touchstone sure to try a friend,
A grave for men alive."

His second marriage (before 1675) with the Countess Dowager of Ardglass, who had a jointure of £1500 a year, must have relieved in some degree his more immediate necessities, but at his death (which would appear from the date of the instrument to have occurred about 1687), the administration of his estate was granted to his principal creditor, his widow and children renouncing.

It is probable that Cotton wrote many of his poems in early life, and others at the time when his necessities banished him from the capital. The merit of his poems may be gathered from the specimens given in this sketch and elsewhere in the volume. He was evidently a rapid writer, and could have done much better with more application; yet he cannot be said to have been idle, as the number of his productions (a list of which is here given) shows.

1. His first work was, "Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie, a Mock Poem on the First Book of Virgile's Æneis, in English Burlesque." Published 1664.

2. "The Moral Philosophy of the Stoics," translated from the French of Du Vaix, at his (Cotton's) father's command, and dedicated to John Ferrers, Esq., 1663–4. Published 1677.

3. "The Horace of Racine," translated for the amusement of his wife's sister, and published 1670.

4. A new edition of Scarronides, a Travestie of Virgile's Fourth Book being added, 1670.

5. "The Life of the Duke of Espernon," from the French of Gerard, dedicated to Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1670.

6. "The Commentaries of De Montluc, Marshal of France," translated 1674.

"The Complete Gamester," published the same year, has been attributed to him, on insufficient evidence.

7. "The Fair One of Tunis; or, The Generous Mistress, a piece of gallantry out of the French," pp. 312, 1674. This appears to have been in a great measure an original work.

8. "Burlesque upon Burlesque; or, The Scoffer Scoft, being some (twenty-seven) of Lucian's Dialogues (of the Gods) newly put into English Fustian, for the consolation of those who had rather laugh and be merry than be merry and wise," 1675.

9. "The Planter's Manual, very useful for such as are curious in planting and grafting," 1676.

10. The Second Part of the Complete Angler, "with Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream," 1676.

11. "The Wonders of the Peake;" a poor poem descriptive of the wild, gloomy scenery near the Peak in Derbyshire, 1681.

12. A translation of Montaigne's Essays, in three volumes, 1685.

He was engaged, at the time of his death, in translating Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis, which was afterwards published.

Besides these, he published many smaller poems, poetical epistles, translations from the classics and the French, &c. "The Retirement, a Poem, with Annotations, printed for C. C., 1679," has been also thought to be his.

With the exception of his second part to the Complete Angler, Cotton is better known from his burlesque of Virgil than any other of his writings. It is written in the style brought into France by St. Amant, improved upon by Scarron, who translated eight books of Virgil in that manner, and used it with much success during the political disputes under Mazarine's ministry. A notable example had been given of it in England by the Hudibras of Butler, which was published a year before Cotton's Travesty. The Scarronides has very little of wit, nothing, indeed, beyond drollery, and that of the lowest kind. Of this production and its kin, the exaggeration of Lucian's Dialogues, Sir John Hawkins says, not too severely: "In all of them we meet such foul imagery, such obscene allusions, such offensive descriptions, such odious comparisons, such coarse sentiment, and such filthy expressions, as could only proceed from a polluted imagination, and tend to excite loathing and disgust." The later editions of the Virgil Travestie abound more in gross allusions than the first, which shows the reverse of compunction, and the excuse he

gives in the Epilogue to Lucian for such "trumpery," as he calls it himself, but condemns him the more:

"In the precious age we live in,
The people are so lewdly given,
Coarse hempen trash is sooner read
Than poems of a finer thread.
* * * *
Yet he is wise enough to know,
His muse however sings too low
(Though warbling in the newest fashion);
To work a work of reformation;
And so writ this (to tell you true)
To please himself as well as you."

That he could write most biting satire, he showed in his scathing lines to Waller on his writing a panegyric upon Cromwell, where he says:

"Who called thee coward—much mistook
The characters of thy pedantic look;
Thou hast at once abused thyself and us,
His stout that dares to flatter a tyranne thus.
Put up thy pen and ink, muzzle thy muse,
Adulterate hag fit for the common stews,
No good man's library; writ thou hast,
Treason in rhyme, has all thy works defaced;
Such is thy fault, that when I think to find
A punishment of the severest kind
For thy offence, my malice cannot name
A greater, than once to commit the same.
Where was thy reason then, when thou began
To write against the sense of God and man?
Within thy guilty breast despair took place,
Thou wouldst despairing die despite of grace,
At once thou'rt judge and malefactor shown,
Each sentence in thy poem is thine own.
Then what thou hast pronounced go execute,
Hang up thyself, and say I bid thee do it;
Fear not thy memory, that cannot die,
This panegyric is thy elegy,
Which shall be when or wheresoever read,
A living poem to upbraid the dead."

Some of his minor poems display much taste. Coleridge

(*Biographia Literaria*) says of Cotton: "There are not a few of his poems replete with every excellence of thought, images and passions, which we expect or desire in the poetry of the milder muse; and yet, so worded, that the reader sees no one reason either in the selection or the order of the words, why he might not have said the very same in an appropriate conversation, and cannot conceive how indeed he could have expressed such thoughts otherwise, without loss or injury to his meaning." The finest specimens of his better poetry are the *Stanzes Irreguliers*, addressed to Walton, which are prefixed to the second part of the Angler, and *Contentation*, which is subjoined to this sketch. It is to be regretted that the love of retirement and nature shown in these poems is reversed by his querulous discontent in others.

His prose translations are now seldom seen, their subjects having lost their interest, except that of *Montaigne*, which, as it superseded "resolute" John Florio's work (the translation which Shakspeare used, as is proved by his autograph in a copy of the first edition, 1603), has itself, though not without considerable merit, been put aside for one still better.

It has already been said, that his second part of the Complete Angler was written at the request of Walton himself, who gladly appended it to his own work, with only a few marginal notes, placing the cypher of their conjoined initials on the title page, and adding his letter of acknowledgment to Cotton and the *Stanzes Irreguliers* at the end. Cotton says that he wrote his part in little more than ten days; but we may suppose, from the ingenuity of the structure and the elaborate description of the flies, that he had before thought of the subject, and prepared *memoranda* before he fairly sat down to write it out; if indeed the whole description of flies and fly-making was not already prepared. As to the merit of the treatise, the reader has an opportunity to judge for himself. It is certainly very far inferior to Walton's in simplicity, beauty, and moral feeling; but is as far superior in its display of the art. Cotton felt himself upon his best behavior when he wrote it, and anxious to please his adopted father by conforming to his tastes, in which he very well succeeded. The wit is subdued and so gracefully pleasant, unmixed with any gross alloy, that we wish he had written always in the

same strain. The twelve flies in the Berners' Treatise are the substratum of the mystery Cotton has built up wisely and correctly. The practical angler, though fresh from the study of Hofland, Chitty, or Ronald, will be gratified and instructed by reading Cotton after Walton, notwithstanding that Walter Scott says: "Walton's practice was entirely confined to bait-fishing, and even Cotton, his distinguished disciple and follower, though accustomed to fish trout in the Dove with artificial fly, would have been puzzled by a *fish* (for so the salmon is called *par excellence* in most parts of Scotland) of twenty pounds; both being alike strangers to that noble branch of the art."

It will also be seen, that the son in some places does not hesitate to correct, though modestly, his father's mistakes; particularly, the clumsy practice sometimes resorted to by less skilful American anglers of throwing in the rod to an over-grown fish, in the hope of afterwards recovering both fish and tackle. All good experience confirms Cotton's opinion. Besides, it does not appear that either of our authors used the *reel** or winch, with which any such bungling is inexcusably unnecessary; as is also the almost equally awkward method, which seems to have been then practised of catching hold of the line to draw in the fish, except he be so small that you care not if you lose him.

There has been, and will be, frequent allusion to the Fishing-house in which Cotton and his father Walton spent such pleasant hours, and we may better speak of it here than in a note. It was erected before the last visit Walton paid (or hoped to pay) to Cotton in the summer of 1676, and was but begun at the time of his former visit, the date of which is uncertain. It stands "in a kind of peninsula," as Cotton describes it, "with a delicate clear river about it;" or, as a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who saw it in 1824, says: "Just above the Pike, a small wooden foot-bridge leads over the stream towards Hartshorn in Derbyshire; it bears the date of 1818, but is the successor of that which Viator and Piscator crossed. Somewhat higher up

* The history of the reel is a fine subject for the angling archæologist. Its origin is as yet in deep obscurity. Walton alludes to it when speaking of salmon-fishing, but evidently without any clear notion of its use.

V.

Titles and wealth are fortune's toils
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare;
The great are proud of borrowed spoils;
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

VI.

The one supinely yawns to rest,
Th' other eternally doth toil;
Each of them equally a beast,
A pamper'd horse, or lab'ring moil.

VII.

The titulado's *oft disgrac'd*
By public hate, or private frown:
And he whose hand the creature rais'd,
Has yet a foot to kick him down.

VIII.

The drudge who would all get, all save,
Like a brute beast both feeds and lies:
Prone to the earth he digs his grave,
And in the very labor dies.

IX.

Excess of ill got, ill kept pelf,
Does only death and danger breed;
Whilst one rich worldling starves himself,
With what would thousand others feed.

X.

By which we see that wealth and power,
Although they make men rich and great,
The sweets of life do often sour,
And gull ambition with a cheat.

XI.

Nor is he happier than those,
Who in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live at ease,
Has lusts that are immoderate.

XII.

For he by those desires misled,
Quits his own vine's securing shade,

T' expose his naked empty head
To all the storms man's peace invade.

XIII.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trickt up in favors of the fair;
Mirrors, with ev'ry breath made dim,
Birds caught in ev'ry wanton snare.

XIV.

Woman, man's greatest woe or bliss,
Does ofter far, than serve, enslave,
And with the magic of a kiss,
Destroys whom she was made to save.

XV.

Oh fruitful grief! the world's disease,
And vainer man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase,
By cultivating his own woe.

XVI.

There are no ills but what we make,
By giving shapes and names to things,
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.

XVII.

We call that sickness which is health,
That persecution which is grace,
That poverty which is true wealth,
And that dishonor which is praise.

XVIII.

Providence watches over all,
And that with an impartial eye;
And if to misery we fall,
'Tis through our own infirmity.

XIX.

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold
Ambitious youth to danger climb;
And want of virtue when the old
At persecution do repine.

XX.

Alas! our time is here so short,
That in what state soe'er 'tis spent
Of joy or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

XXI.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what heav'n has done, undo
By an unruly appetite.

XXII.

'Tis contentation that alone
Can make us happy here below,
And when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to heav'n too.

XXIII.

A very little satisfies
An honest and a grateful heart;
And who would more than will suffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

XXIV.

That man is happy in his share,
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed;
Whose necessaries bound his care,
And honest labor makes his bed.

XXV.

Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,
Honors those laws that others fear;
Who ill of princes, in worst times,
Will neither speak himself nor hear.

XXVI.

Who from the busy world retires
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires.
But only the eschewing ill.

XXVII.

Who with his angle and his books
Can think the longest day well spent,

And praises God when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

XXVIII.

This man is happier far than he,
Whom public business oft betrays,
Through labyrinths of policy
To crooked and forbidden ways.

XXIX.

The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure, 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

XXX.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
When the frequented are unsure;
And he comes soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most secure.

XXXI.

It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here;
And who buys sorrow cheapest takes
An ill commodity too dear.

XXXII.

But he has fortune's worst withstood,
And happiness can never miss;
Can covet nought but where he stood,
And thinks him happy where he is.

TO

MY MOST WORTHY FATHER* AND FRIEND,

MR. IZAAK WALTON,

THE ELDER.

SIR,

BEING you were pleased, some years past, to grant me your free leave to do what I have here attempted; and observing you never retract any promise when made in favor even of your meanest friends; I accordingly expect to see these following particular directions for the taking of a trout, to wait upon your better and more general rules for all sorts of angling. And, though mine be neither so perfect, so well digested, nor indeed so handsomely coucht, as they might have been, in so long a time as since your leave was granted; yet I dare affirm them to be generally true; and they had appeared too in something a neater dress, but that I was surprised with the sudden news of a sudden new edition of your Complete Angler; so that, having but a little more than ten days' time to turn me in, and rub up my memory

* Piscator, in the conversation introductory to this second part of the Angler, chap. i., tells Venator, speaking of Walton: "I have the happiness to know his person, and to be intimately acquainted with him; and in him, to know the worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and truest friend any man ever had; nay, I shall yet acquaint you further, that he gives me leave to call him father, and I hope is not yet ashamed to own me for his adopted son." Hawkins refers here to the practice among the Rosicrucians "of adopting favorite persons as their sons, to whom they imparted their secrets;" but, surely, there is no need of supposing that Walton imitated them in thus expressing his affection for Cotton as his disciple. The custom is far older and more universal than that of the hermetic adepts.—*Am. Ed.*

(for, in truth, I have not, in all this long time, though I have often thought on't, and almost as often resolved to go presently about it), I was forced, upon the instant, to scribble what I here present you; which I have also endeavored to accommodate to your own method. And, if mine be clear enough for the honest brothers of the angle readily to understand (which is the only thing I aim at), then I have my end; and shall need to make no further apology; a writing of this kind not requiring (if I were master of any such thing) any eloquence to set it off, or recommend it: so that if you, in your better judgment, or kindness rather, can allow it passable, for a thing of this nature, you will then do me honor if the cypher fixt and carv'd in the front of my little fishing-house, may be here explained; and, to permit me to attend you in public, who, in private, have ever been, am, and ever resolve to be, Sir,

Your most affectionate
Son and Servant,
CHARLES COTTON.

Berisford, 10th
of March, 1675–6.

TO MY

MOST HONORED FRIEND

CHARLES COTTON, ESQ.*

SIR,

YOU now see I have returned you your very pleasant and useful discourse of the art of fly-fishing, printed just as it was sent me; for I have been so obedient to your desires, as to endure all the praises you have ventured to fix upon me in it. And when I have thanked you for them, as the effects of an undissembled love, then let me tell you, Sir, that I will really endeavor to live up to the character you have given of me, if there were no other reason, yet for this alone, that you, that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not, for my sake, suffer by a mistake in your judgment.

And, Sir, I have ventured to fill a part of your margin, by way of paraphrase, for the reader's clearer understanding the situation both of your fishing-house, and the pleasantness of that you dwell in. And I have ventured also to give him a copy of verses that you were pleased to send me, now some years past, in which he may see a good picture of both; and so much of your own mind too, as will make any reader, that is blest with a generous soul, to love you the better. I confess, that for doing this you may justly judge me too bold: if you do, I will say so too; and so far commute for my offence that, though I be more

* This letter, and the *Stanzes Irreguliers* called "The Retirement," were placed at the close of the second part in the edition of 1676.

than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age, yet I will forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon; for I would die in your favor, and till then will live, Sir,

Your most affectionate
Father and Friend,
IZAAK WALTON.

London, April 29, 1676.

The following delightful stanzas, addressed by Cotton "to his dear and most worthy friend Mr. Isaac Walton," were printed with the collection of his Poems, in 1669. Their date is uncertain, but they may very well be considered an invitation to the visit which Walton promises in the foregoing letter:—

Am. Ed.

Whilst in this cold and blust'ring clime,
Where bleak winds howl and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time,
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improv'd,
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much belov'd,
We would not now wish with us here;

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly-killing flie:

A day, with not too bright a beam,
A warm, but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And, master, half our work is done.

There whilst behind some bush we wait,
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treach'rous bait,
To make the preying Trout *our prey.*

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like Leviathans *devour,*
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flatt'ring dream.

THE RETIREMENT:

STANZAS IRREGULIERS,

TO

MR. IZAAK WALTON.

I.

Farewell, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again:
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age out-wears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice appears.

II.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace, what unanimity!
How innocent from the lew'd fashion
Is all our business, all our recreation!

III.

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
Oh, ye valleys, oh, ye mountains!
Oh, ye groves, and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!

IV.

Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend:
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

V.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone,
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease!
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

VI.

Oh, my beloved nymph, fair Dove:
Princess of rivers! how I love
Upon thy flow'ry banks to lie;
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty;
And, with my angle, upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learnt, industriously to try.

VII.

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po:
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine
Are puddle-water all, compar'd with thine:
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer, to compare:
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine,
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

VIII.

Oh, my beloved rocks, that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies;

From some aspiring mountain's crown,
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure to look down;
And, from the vales, to view the noble heights above!
Oh, my beloved caves, from dog-star's heat,
And all anxieties my safe retreat!
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society
Ev'n of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes intrusted to your privacy!

IX.

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be,
Might I in this desert place
(Which most men in discourse disgrace),
Live but undisturb'd and free!
Here, in this despis'd recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
*Try to live out to sixty full years old;**
And all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

* This he did not, but died, aged 57, in 1687.

THE

COMPLETE ANGLER;

OR,

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION;

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

A Conference between a Country-Gentleman a Proficient in Fly-fishing, and a Traveller.

PISCATOR JUNIOR, AND VIATOR.

PISC. You are happily overtaken, Sir: may a man be so bold as to inquire how far you travel this way?

VIAT. Yes sure, Sir, very freely; though it be a question I cannot very well resolve you, as not knowing myself how far it is to Ashborn, where I intend to-night to take up my inn.

PISC. Why then, Sir, seeing I perceive you to be a stranger in these parts, I shall take upon me to inform you, that from the town you last came through, called Brelsford, it is five miles; and you are not yet above half a mile on this side.*

VIAT. So much? I was told it was but ten miles from Derby; and, methinks, I have rode almost so far already.

PISC. O, Sir, find no fault with large measure of good land, which Derbyshire abounds in, as much as most counties of England.

* Brelsford, or Brailsford, as it is now called, is six miles from Ashbourn, and Ashbourn thirteen miles from Derby.

Viat. It may be so; and good land, I confess, affords a pleasant prospect: but, by your good leave, Sir, large measure of foul way is not altogether so acceptable.

Pisc. True, Sir; but the foul way serves to justify the fertility of the soil according to the proverb, "There is good land where there is foul way;" and is of good use to inform you of the riches of the country you are come into, and of its continual travel and traffic to the country town you came from; which is also very observable by the fulness of its road, and the loaden horses you meet everywhere upon the way.

Viat. Well, Sir, I will be content to think as well of your country as you would desire; and I shall have a great deal of reason both to think and to speak very well of you, if I may obtain the happiness of your company to the forementioned place, provided your affairs lead you that way, and that they will permit you to slack your pace, out of complacency to a traveller utterly a stranger in these parts, and who am still to wander further out of my own knowledge.

Pisc. Sir, you invite me to my own advantage, and I am ready to attend you, my way lying through that town; but my business, that is, my home, some miles beyond it: however, I shall have time enough to lodge you in your quarters, and afterwards to perform my own journey. In the meantime, may I be so bold as to inquire the end of your journey?

Viat. It is into Lancashire, Sir, and about some business of concern to a near relation of mine: for, I assure you, I do not use to take so long journeys, as from Essex, upon the single account of pleasure.

Pisc. From thence, Sir, I do not then wonder you should appear dissatisfied with the length of the miles and the foulness of the way; though I am sorry you should begin to quarrel with them so soon; for, believe me, Sir, you will find the miles much longer, and the way much worse, before you come to your journey's end.

Viat. Why truly, Sir, for that I am prepared to expect the worst; but, methinks, the way is mended since I had the good fortune to fall into your good company.

Pisc. You are not obliged to my company for that, but because

you are already past the worst, and the greatest part of your way to your lodging.

VIAT. I am very glad to hear it, both for the ease of myself and my horse; but especially because I may then expect a freer enjoyment of your conversation; though the shortness of the way will, I fear, make me lose it the sooner.

PISC. That, Sir, is not worth your care; and I am sure you deserve much better for being content with so ill company: but we have talked away two miles of your journey; for, from the brook before us, that runs at the foot of this sandy hill, you have but three miles to Ashborn.*

VIAT. I meet everywhere in this country with these little brooks, and they look as if they were full of fish: have they not trouts in them?

PISC. That is a question which is to be excused in a stranger, as you are; otherwise, give me leave to tell you, it would seem a kind of affront to our country, to make a doubt of what we pretend to be famous for, next, if not before, our malt, wool, lead, and coal: for you are to understand, that we think we have as many fine rivers, rivulets, and brooks as any country whatever; and they are all full of trouts, and some of them the best, it is said, by many degrees, in England.

VIAT. I was first, Sir, in love with you; and now shall be so enamored of your country by this account you give me of it, as to wish myself a Derbyshire man, or at least that I might live in it: for you must know I am a pretender to the angle, and, doubtless, a trout affords the most pleasure to an angler of any sort of fish whatever; and the best trouts must needs make the best sport: but this brook, and some others I have met with upon this way, are too full of wood for that recreation.

PISC. This, Sir! why this, and several others like it which you have passed, and some that you are like to pass, have scarce any name amongst us: but we can show you as fine rivers, and as clear from wood, or any other encumbrance to hinder an angler,

* "The sandy hill and brook described by Cotton does not produce a subject (for a sketch) illustrative of the angler, though the scenery is beautiful." *Journey to Beresford Hall*, by W. Alexander, F. S. A. and L. S.—*Am. Ed.*

as any you ever saw ; and for clear, beautiful streams, Hantshire itself, by Mr. Izaak Walton's good leave, can show none such ; nor, I think, any country in Europe.

VIAT. You go far, Sir, in the praise of your country rivers, and, I perceive, have read Mr. Walton's Complete Angler, by your naming of Hantshire ; and, I pray, what is your opinion of that book ?

PISC. My opinion of Mr. Walton's book is the same with every man's that understands anything of the art of angling, that it is an excellent good one, and that the fore mentioned gentleman understands as much of fish and fishing as any man living ; but I must tell you further, that I have the happiness to know his person, and to be intimately acquainted with him, and in him to know the worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and the truest friend any man ever had ; nay, I shall yet acquaint you further, that he gives me leave to call him father, and I hope is not yet ashamed to own me for his adopted son.

VIAT. In earnest, Sir, I am ravished to meet with a friend of Mr. Izaak Walton's, and one that does him so much right in so good and true a character ; for I must boast to you, that I have the good fortune to know him too, and came acquainted with him much after the same manner I do with you ; that he was my master, who first taught me to love angling, and then to become an angler : and, to be plain with you, I am the very man deciphered in his book under the name of Venator ; for I was wholly addicted to the chase, till he taught me as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion.*

* But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue—
Not less delightful—the prolific stream
Affords. The chrystal rivulet, that o'er
Its stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry. * *
* * * * * *
* * * When life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charmed with toys,
In th' transparent eddies have I lav'd,
And traced with patient steps the fairy banks,
With the well imitated fly, to hook

Pisc. Sir, I think myself happy in your acquaintance, and before we part shall entreat leave to embrace you: you have said enough to recommend you to my best opinion; for my father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men; which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me, one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me.

Viat. You speak like a true friend, and in doing so render yourself worthy of his friendship. May I be so bold as to ask your name?

Pisc. Yes, surely Sir, and, if you please, a much nicer question; my name is ————; and I intend to stay long enough in your company, if I find you do not dislike mine, to ask yours too. In the meantime, because we are now almost at Ashborn, I shall freely and bluntly tell you, that I am a brother of the angle too; and peradventure, can give you some instructions how to angle for a trout in a clear river, that my father Walton himself will not disprove, though he did either purposely omit, or did not remember them, when you and he sat discoursing under the sycamore tree.* And being you have already told me whither your journey is intended, and that I am better acquainted with the country than you are, I will heartily and earnestly entreat you will not think of staying at this town; but go on with me six miles further, to my house, where you shall be extremely welcome: it is directly in your way; we have day enough to perform our

The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling, panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscured the ruffl'd pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.
Form'd on the Samian school or those of Ind,
There are who think this pastime scarce humane;
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.

The Art of Preserving Health. B. III.
Exercise; by John Armstrong, M. D., 1774.
Am. Ed.

* See page 93 of the first part.

journey; and as you like your entertainment, you may there repose yourself a day or two, or as many more as your occasions will permit, to recompense the trouble of so much a longer journey.

Viat. Sir, you surprise me with so friendly an invitation upon so short acquaintance; but how advantageous so ever it would be to me, and that my haste, perhaps, is not so great, but it might dispense with such a divertisement as I promise myself in your company; yet I cannot in modesty accept your offer, and must therefore beg your pardon: I could otherwise, I confess, be glad to wait upon you, if upon no other account but to talk of Mr. Izaak Walton, and to receive those instructions you say you are able to give me for the deceiving a trout; in which art I will not deny but I have an ambition to be one of the greatest deceivers; though I cannot forbear freely to tell you, that I think it hard to say much more than has been read to me upon that subject.

Pisc. Well, Sir, I grant that too; but you must know that the variety of rivers require different ways of angling: however, you shall have the best rules I am able to give, and I will tell you nothing I have not made myself as certain of, as any man can be in thirty years' experience, for so long I have been a dabbler in that art; and that, if you please to stay a few days, you shall in a very great measure see made good to you: but of that hereafter. And now, Sir, if I am not mistaken, I have half overcome you; and that I may wholly conquer that modesty of yours, I will take upon me to be so familiar as to say, you must accept my invitation; which, that you may the more easily be persuaded to do, I will tell you that my house stands upon the margin of one of the finest rivers for trouts and grayling in England; that I have lately built a little fishing-house upon it, dedicated to anglers, over the door of which you will see the two first letters of my father Walton's name and mine, twisted in cypher:* that you shall lie in the same

* *As in the Title-Page.*

* See the notice of Cotton and his writings for an account of this fishing-house.—*Am. Ed.*

bed he has sometimes been contented with,* and have such country entertainment as my friends sometimes accept, and be as welcome too as the best friend of them all.

VIAT. No doubt, Sir, but my master Walton found good reason to be satisfied with his entertainment in your house; for you, who are so friendly to a mere stranger, who deserves so little, must needs be exceeding kind and free to him who deserves so much.

PISC. Believe me, no; and such as are intimately acquainted with that gentleman, know him to be a man who will not endure to be treated like a stranger. So that his acceptation of my poor entertainments, has ever been a pure effect of his own humility and good-nature, and nothing else. But, Sir, we are now going down the Spittle Hill† into the town; and therefore let me importune you suddenly to resolve, and most earnestly not to deny me.

VIAT. In truth, Sir, I am so overcome by your bounty, that I find I cannot, but must render myself wholly to be disposed by you.

PISC. Why that's heartily and kindly spoken, and I as heartily

* Mr. Pickering has this note here: "Tradition does not point out the room; but Mr. Bagster has, in his edition of Cotton, given an engraving of the carved mantel-piece of a bed-room, 'which,' he observes, 'may be the very room that Walton slept in; many circumstances unite to lead to that conclusion.' In 1825, there were two bed-rooms with similar carved mantel-pieces existing, which were then used only as lumber or cheese rooms; and in Alstomfield Church is a pew with the back finely carved with the arms of Cotton on the pannels." Fitzgibbon says: "Beresford Hall is now (1838) a farm house, occupied by Mrs. Hannah Gibbs. It is in good repair; and we were told that its interior arrangements, with the exception of one room, is the same as in the time of Cotton."—*Am. Ed.*

† "Before entering Ashbourn, we took the *old* road down Spittle Hill, which was discontinued about four years since, for the present improved one. The view from this hill is highly picturesque; the town below, and the hill of Thorpe-cloud, &c., forming the vicinity of Dove Dale, make such a composition as I have seen from the hands of Gaspar Poussin."—*Alexander's Journey, Sept.* 9, 1815.

Thorpe-cloud is a conical hill of very steep ascent, which rises to a great height a little to the north of the village of Thorpe.—*Am. Ed.*

thank you ; and being you have abandoned yourself to my conduct, we will only call and drink a glass on horseback at the Talbot, and away.

VIAT. I attend you : but what pretty river is this, that runs under this stone bridge ? Has it a name ?

PISC. Yes, it is called Henmore,* and has in it both trout and grayling ; but you will meet with one or two better anon. And so soon as we are past through the town, I will endeavor, by such discourse as best likes you, to pass away the time till you come to your ill quarters.

VIAT. We can talk of nothing with which I shall be more delighted than of rivers and angling.

PISC. Let those be the subjects, then : but we are now come to the Talbot :† what will you drink, Sir ; ale, or wine ?

VIAT. Nay, I am for the country liquor, Derbyshire ale, if you please ; for a man should not, methinks, come from London to drink wine in the Peak.

PISC. You are in the right ; and yet, let me tell you, you may drink worse French wine in many taverns in London, than they have sometimes at this house. What, ho ! bring us a flagon of your best ale : and now, Sir, my service to you, a good health to the honest gentleman you know of, and you are welcome into the Peak.

* At that time it was commonly called Henmore, because it flowed through Henmoor ; but its proper name is Schoo-brook. See a singular contest for the right of fishing in this brook, as reported in Burrows, 2279 : Richard Hayne, Esq., of Ashbourne *vs.* Uriah Cordon, Esq., of Clifton.—*Bagster.*

According to Shipley and Fitzgibbon, *True Treatise on the Art of Fly-Fishing, Trolling, &c., as Practised in the Dove, &c.*, London, 1838, this "pretty little brook, now called *Compton-brook*, and *formerly* the Schoo or Henmore, and, in times gone by, celebrated for the excellent quality of its trout, runs irregularly on the south of the town."—*Am. Ed.*

† The Inn stood in the market-place, and till about sixty years since was the first Inn at Ashbourn. About that time, a wing was divided off for a private dwelling, and the far-famed Talbot reduced to an inferior pot-house, and continued thus degraded until the year 1786, when it was totally demolished by Mr. Langdale, then a builder in that town, who erected a very handsome structure on the site.—*Sir Harris Nicholas.*

VIAT. I thank you, Sir, and present you my service again, and to all the honest brothers of the angle.

PISC. I'll pledge you, Sir. So, there's for your ale, and farewell. Come, Sir, let us be going, for the sun grows low: and I would have you look about you as you ride; for you will see an odd country, and sights that will seem strange to you.

CHAPTER II.

PISCATOR. So, Sir, now we have got to the top of the hill out of town, look about you, and tell me how you like the country.

VIAT. Bless me, what mountains are here!* Are we not in Wales?

PISC. No, but in almost as mountainous a country; and yet these hills, though high, bleak, and craggy, breed and feed good beef and mutton above ground, and afford good store of lead within.

VIAT. They had need of all those commodities to make amends for the ill landscape: but I hope our way does not lie over any of these; for I dread a precipice.

PISC. Believe me, but it does, and down one especially that will appear a little terrible to a stranger; though the way is passable enough, and so passable, that we, who are natives of these mountains, and acquainted with them, disdain to alight.

VIAT. I hope, though, that a foreigner is privileged to use his own discretion, and that I may have the liberty to intrust my neck to the fidelity of my own feet, rather than to those of my horse; for I have no more at home.

PISC. It were hard else. But in the meantime I think it were best, while this way is pretty even, to mend our pace, that we may be past that hill I speak of, to the end your apprehension may not be doubled for want of light to discern the easiness of the descent.

VIAT. I am willing to put forward as fast as my beast will give me leave; though I fear nothing in your company. But what pretty river is this we are going into?

* The American reader will remember that what he would call only a hill, makes a respectable mountain in England, especially to an Essex man, as Viator was.—*Am. Ed.*

Pisc. Why this, Sir, is called Bentley Brook,* and is full of very good trout and grayling; but so encumbered with wood in many places, as is troublesome to an angler.

Viat. Here are the prettiest rivers, and the most of them in this country that ever I saw: do you know how many you have in the country?

Pisc. I know them all, and they were not hard to reckon, were it worth the trouble; but the most considerable of them I will presently name you. And to begin where we now are, for you must know we are now upon the very skirts of Derbyshire; we have first the river Dove, that we shall come to by and by, which divides the two counties of Derby and Stafford for many miles together; and is so called from the swiftness of its current,† and that swiftness occasioned by the declivity of its course

* "Bentley-brook is a narrow, swift stream, two miles beyond Ashbourne, in the present high road, but considerably nearer to it in the old road."—*Bagster.*

Alexander, in his notes, says that "over Bentley-brook is the *bridge* noticed by Cotton;" but this must be a mistake, as Viator speaks of going *into* the river, which indicates that they forded it.—*Am. Ed.*

† Sir Oswald Moseley says: "The Dove was so called from the British word 'dwfr' (water); and the Derwent, from 'dwfr' and 'gwin' (white); i. e. white water."

Drayton, in his *Poly Olbion* (Twelfth Song), makes the Dove the "darling" of Moreland—

"because the daintie grass
That grows upon his banks all others doth surpass."

Cotton celebrates his favorite river in his *Wonders of the Peake*, thus:

"The silver Dove (how pleasant is that name!)
Runs through a vale high-crested cliffs o'ershade
(By her fair progress only pleasant made);
But with so swift a torrent in her course
As spurs the nymph, flies from her native source,
To seek what's there deny'd, the sun's warm beams,
And to embrace Trent's prouder swelling streams.
In this so craggy ill contrived a nook,
Of this our little world, this pretty brook,
Alas! 'tis all the recompense I share
For all the intemperances of the air,
Perpetual winter, endless solitude,
Or the society of men so rude,

betwixt the rocks; by which, and those very high ones, it is hereabout, for four or five miles, confined into a very narrow stream: a river that, from a contemptible fountain, which I can cover with my hat, by the confluence of other rivers, rivulets, brooks, and rills, is swelled—before it falls into Trent, a little below Eggington, where it loses the name—to such a breadth and depth, as to be in most places navigable, were not the passage frequently interrupted with fords and wears; and has as fertile banks as any river in England, none excepted. And this river, from its head, for a mile or two, is a black water, as all the

> That it is ten times worse. Thy murmurs, Dove,
> Or humor of lovers: or men fall in love
> With thy bright beauties, and thy fair blue eyes
> Wound like the Parthian while the Shooter flies.
> Of all fair Thetis' daughters none so bright,
> So pleasant none to taste, none to the sight—
> None yields the gentle angler such delight:
> To which, the bounty of her stream is such,
> As only with a swift and transient touch
> T' enrich her sterile borders as she glides,
> And force sweet flowers from their marble sides."

The account given by *Glover* (which I abridge) will not be uninteresting: "The Dove takes its rise among cavities of gritstone and coal-shade, near Thatch Marsh Colliery, between the Great and Middle Axe-Edge Hills. The scenery around the sources of this beautiful river presents traces of barren mountainous ridges, covered with heath, from which the traveller has extensive views, on the one hand, over the fruitful and thickly-peopled plains of Staffordshire and Cheshire; on the other, the dreary and sometimes stupendous elevations of the Peak. After cutting through the gritstone rock, this small but rapid branch is joined by another stream, which passes by a village called Dovehead, and has been selected by Cotton the angler, and by Edwards, the poet of the Dove, as the original stream:—

> At length 'tis gained, the heathy cloud-capt mountain!
> Not at the hamlet of Dovehead I rest,
> But higher up, beside a bubbling fountain
> That makes within a little well its nest.
> *Here springs the Dove!* and with a grateful zeal
> I drink its waters, that first serve the poor.
> O when shall they repose on Ocean's breast?
> How long must their rough pilgrimage endure?
> They ask not, but begin their wild romantic tour."

rest of the Derbyshire rivers of note originally are, for they all spring from the mosses: but is in a few miles' travel so clarified, by the addition of several clear and very great springs, bigger than itself, which gush out of the lime-stone rocks, that before it comes to my house, which is but six or seven miles from its source, you will find it one of the purest crystalline streams you have seen.

VIAT. Does Trent spring in these parts?

PISC. Yes, in these parts; not in this county, but somewhere towards the upper end of Staffordshire, I think not far from a place called Trentham, and thence runs down not far from Stafford to Wolsly bridge, and washing the skirts and purlieus of the forest of Needwood, runs down to Burton in the same county: thence it comes into this where we now are, and running by Swarkston and Dunnington, receives Derwent at Wildon, and so to Nottingham, thence to Newark, and by Gainsborough to Kingston-upon-Hull, where it takes the name of Humber, and thence falls into the sea; but that the map will best inform you.

VIAT. Know you whence this river Trent derives its name?

PISC. No, indeed: and yet I have heard it often discoursed upon; when some have given its denomination from the forenamed Trentham, though that seems rather a derivative from it: others have said, it is so called from thirty rivers that fall into it, and there lose their names; which cannot be neither, because it carries that name from its very fountain, before any other rivers fall into it: others derive it from thirty several sorts of fish that breed there; and that is the most likely derivation.* But be it

* Mr. Birch, in his elegant work, says: "In some places it flows smoothly along, but never slowly; in others its course is rapid, and even turbulent. The ash, the hazel, the slender osier, and the graceful birch, hung with honeysuckles and wild roses, dip their pensile branches in the stream, and break its surface into ripples. Huge fragments of stone, toppled from the rocks above, and partly covered with moss and plants that love the water, divide the stream into many currents; round these it circles in innumerable eddies, which give life and motion to a great variety of aquatic plants that grow in the bed of the river. . . Occasionally large stones are thrown across the stream, and interrupt its progress, forming frequently series of fairy cascades, about which it sparkles and foams with a beauty and brilliancy peculiar to this lively and romantic river." "The

how it will, it is doubtless one of the finest rivers in the world, and the most abounding with excellent salmon, and all sorts of delicate fish.

Viat. Pardon me, Sir, for tempting you into this digression; and then proceed to your other rivers, for I am mightily delighted with this discourse.

Pisc. It was no interruption, but a very seasonable question; for Trent is not only one of our Derbyshire rivers, but the chief of them, and into which all the rest pay the tribute of their names; which I had, perhaps, forgot to insist upon, being got to the other end of the county, had you not awoke my memory. But I will now proceed: and the next river of note, for I will take them as they lie eastward from us, is the river Wye; I say, of note, for we have two lesser betwixt us and it, namely, Lathkin and Bradford; of which Lathkin* is, by many degrees, the

waters of this river" (says Mr. Glover, again) "have a clear blue tint, deepening through various shades to a dark purple. The limestone over which they flow, renders them fertile, and when they overflow their banks in the spring, they enrich the adjacent meadows. This has given rise to a proverb,

'In April Dove's flood
Is worth a king's good.'

These floods are sometimes so sudden, that the waters have been known to rise and fall in the course of a day, carrying down their channel flocks of sheep and herds of cattle." Shipley and Fitzgibbon describe it piscatorially, but at too great length to extract; but, from all we can gather, there are very many streams at the foot of our mountains quite as worthy an angler's enthusiasm as the far-famed Dove, except that they have in them no grayling, and their banks have not been trodden by Walton and his adopted son. Having named Shipley and Fitzgibbon's book, I may add, that it is well worthy the angler's purchase, from the highly practical instructions which it gives on all subjects connected with fly-fishing.—*Am. Ed.*

* Drayton thus gives the reason of the name "Trent:" "A more than usual power did in that name consist, which thirty doth import, by which she thus divined,

"There should be found in her of fishes thirty kind;
And thirty abbeys great, in places fat and ranke;
Should in succeeding time be builded on her banke;

purest and most transparent stream that I ever yet saw, either at home or abroad; and breeds, it is said, the reddest and the best trouts in England; but neither of these are to be reputed rivers, being no better than great springs. The river Wye then has its source near unto Buxton, a town some ten miles from hence, famous for a warm bath, and which you are to ride through in your way to Manchester; a black water too at the fountain, but by the same reason with Dove, becomes very soon a most delicate, clear river, and breeds admirable trout and grayling* reputed by those who, by living upon its banks, are partial to it, the best of any; and this, running down by Ashford, Bakewell,† and Hadden, at a town a little lower, called Rowsly, falls into Derwent, and there loses its name. The next in order is Derwent, a black water too, and that not only from its fountain, but quite through its progress, not having these crystal springs to wash and cleanse it which the two fore-mentioned have; but abounds with trout and grayling, such as they are, towards its source, and with salmon below: and this river, from the upper and utmost part of the county, where it springs, taking its course by Chatsworth, Darley, Matlock, Derby, Burrow-Ash, and Awberson, falls into

> And thirty severale streams from many a sundry way,
> Unto her greatness should their watery tribute pay."

It is probable that all these reasons for the name are wrong, and that it was given to the river before the Latin word was known in Britain.

Charles Snart, an attorney, of Newark, who had "made angling his study for more than twenty years," published *Practical Observations on Angling in the River Trent*, 12mo., pp. 130, in 1801, and his book contains some good rules.—*Am. Ed.*

* Shipley and Fitzgibbon say of the Lathkill, that "it is famous for the quantity and color of its trout. It is better adapted to minnow than fly-fishing, and, notwithstanding the high pink color of its trout, their flavor is not good. None but the relatives and friends of the Duke of Rutland are allowed to fish in this celebrated stream."

† The Wye retains its character as a trout and grayling stream, particularly from Bakewell to Rowsly. *Shipley and Fitzgibbon.* There is a river of the same name rising on the borders of Montgomery and Cardiganshire, and falling into the Severn below Chepstow, Monmouthshire.—*Sir H. Ellis.*

Trent at a place called Wildon, and there loses its name. The east side of this county of Derby is bounded by little inconsiderable rivers, as Awber, Eroways, and the like, scarce worth naming, but trouty too; and further we are not to inquire. But, Sir, I have carried you, as a man may say, by water, till we are now come to the descent of the formidable hill I told you of, at the foot of which runs the river Dove, which I cannot but love above all the rest; and therefore prepare yourself to be a little frighted.

Viat. Sir, I see you would fortify me, that I should not shame myself: but I dare follow where you please to lead me; and I see no danger yet; for the descent, methinks, is thus far green, even, and easy.

Pisc. You will like it worse presently, when you come to the brow of the hill: and now we are there, what think you?

Viat. What do I think? Why I think it the strangest place that ever, sure, men and horses went down; and that, if there be any safety at all, the safest way is to alight.

Pisc. I think so too for you, who are mounted upon a beast not acquainted with these slippery stones; and though I frequently ride down, I will alight too to bear you company, and to lead you the way; and, if you please, my man shall lead your horse.

Viat. Marry, Sir, and thank you too: for I am afraid I shall have enough to do to look to myself; and with my horse in my hand should be in a double fear, both of breaking my neck, and my horse's falling on me; for it is as steep as a penthouse.

Pisc. To look down from hence it appears so, I confess; but the path winds and turns, and will not be found so troublesome.

Viat. 'Would I were well down though. Hoist thee! there's one fair 'scape! these stones are so slippery I cannot stand! Yet again! I think I were best lay my heels in my neck, and tumble down.

Pisc. If you think your heels will defend your neck, that is the way to be soon at the bottom: but give me your hand at this broad stone, and then the worst is past.

Viat. I thank you, Sir; I am now past it, I can go myself.

What's here, the sign of a bridge ?* Do you use to travel with wheel-barrows in this country ?

Pisc. Not that I ever saw, Sir. Why do you ask that question ?

Viat. Because this bridge certainly was made for nothing else: why a mouse can hardly go over it: 'tis not two fingers broad.

Pisc. You are pleasant, and I am glad to see you so: but I have rid over the bridge many a dark night.

Viat. Why, according to the French proverb, and 'tis a good one among a great many of worse sense and sound that language abounds in, "Ce que Dieu garde, est bien gardé:" They whom God takes care of, are in safe protection. But, let me tell you, I would not ride over it for a thousand pounds, nor fall off it for two: and yet I think I dare venture on foot; though if you were not by to laugh at me, I should do it on all four.

Pisc. Well, Sir, your mirth becomes you, and I am glad to see you safe over; and now you are welcome into Staffordshire.

Viat. How, Staffordshire! What do I there trow? there is not a word of Staffordshire in all my direction.

Pisc. You see you are betrayed into it: but it shall be in order to something that will make amends; and 'tis but an ill mile or two out of your way.

Viat. I believe all things, Sir, and doubt nothing. Is this your beloved river Dove? It is clear and swift indeed, but a very little one.

Pisc. You see it here at the worst; we shall come to it anon again after two miles' riding, and so near as to lie upon the very banks.

Viat. Would we were there once; but I hope we have no more of these Alps to pass over.

Pisc. No, no, Sir, only this ascent before you, which you see is not very uneasy, and then you will no more quarrel with your way.

Viat. Well, if ever I come to London, of which many a man

* Alexander, in his Journal, speaks of "the small and narrow bridge, as described by Cotton," from which we may infer that it is still standing, or was, in 1815.—*Am. Ed.*

there, if he were in my place, would make a question, I will sit down and write my travels, and, like Tom Coriate,* print them at my own charge. Pray what do you call this hill we came down?

Pisc. We call it Hanson Toot.

Viat. Why, farewell Hanson Toot, I'll no more on thee; I'll go twenty miles about first. Puh! I sweat, that my shirt sticks to my back.

* Tom Coriate, frequently spoken of by the writers of that period, was the son of a clergyman, born in 1577, and educated at Oxford; after which he was received into the family of Henry, Prince of Wales, where his eccentricities, pedantry, and vanity made him, as Anthony Wood says, "the whetstone of all the wits of that age." In 1608, he travelled over almost all Europe on foot, and walked 900 miles with one pair of shoes which he got mended at Zurich; and, on his return, published an account of his travels, which he called, *Crudities*, 4to., 1611. The work is full of extravagant stories, and egotistical absurdities; and was recommended by verses from Ben Jonson, Harrington, Inigo Jones, Drayton, and others. Delighted with the success of his book, he determined to travel ten years more, and set out in 1612. He visited Constantinople, Egypt, the Levant, and penetrated into Persia, and the dominions of the Great Mogul. At Surat, a flux, occasioned by a debauch on sack, carried him off, in 1617. During his absence some letters were published, in 1616, as from him, but bearing strong marks of having been written by some other hand or hands, to ridicule him. Prefixed to them is an epigram called "His Parallel with Erasmus:

> "Erasmus did in praise of folly write,
> And Coryate doth in his self-praise endite."

And under a wood-cut of him riding an elephant:

> "Loe heere the wooden Image of our wits;
> Borne in first travaile on the back of nits,
> But now on elephants," &c.
> "O what will he ride, when his yeares expire?
> The world must ride him or he will all retire."

Purchas, in his *Pilgrimage*, Part I., book fifth, chap. vii., 5, 6 (and not, as Hawkins says, book fourth, chap. xvii., where no mention is made of him), cites from the letters published in 1617, and calls Coryate, "the world's great foot post." The passage referred to occurs in his *Crudities*, in "a character of the author," on the reverse of b. 1.—*Compiled by the Am. Ed.*

Pisc. Come, Sir, now we are up the hill, and now how do you?

Viat. Why, very well, I humbly thank you, Sir, and warm enough, I assure you. What have we here, a church? As I'm an honest man, a very pretty church!* Have you churches in this country, Sir?

Pisc. You see we have: but had you seen none, why should you make that doubt, Sir?

Viat. Why, if you will not be angry, I'll tell you: I thought myself a stage or two beyond Christendom.

Pisc. Come, come, we'll reconcile you to our country before we part with you, if showing you good sport with angling will do it.

Viat. My respect to you, and that together, may do much, Sir; otherwise, to be plain with you, I do not find myself much inclined that way.

Pisc. Well, Sir, your raillery upon our mountains has brought us almost home; and look you where the same river of Dove has again met us† to bid you welcome, and to invite you to a dish of trouts to-morrow.

Viat. Is this the same we saw at the foot of Penmen-Maure? It is a much finer river here.

Pisc. It will appear yet much finer to-morrow. But look you, Sir, here appears the house that is now like to be your inn, for want of a better.

* The church here spoken of is that at Alstonefield, a parish in the north division of the Hundred of Totmanslow, county of Stafford. It is dedicated to St. Peter, and stands five miles N.N.W. from Ashbourn.—*Carlile.*

† "On entering Dovedale (from the South) it is impossible not to be struck with the almost instantaneous change of scenery, so different from the surrounding country. Here, instead of the brown heath or the rich cultivated meadow, rocks abrupt and vast, their grey sides harmonized by mosses, lichens, and yew trees, their tops, sprinkled with mountain ash, rise on each side. The mountains that enclose this narrow dell rise very precipitous, and bear on their sides fragments of rock that, at a distance, look like the remains of some ruined castle. After proceeding a little way, a deep and narrow valley presents itself, into whose recesses the eye is prevented from penetrating, by the winding course it pursues and the shutting in of its precipices, which fold into each other and preclude all distant view.—*Davies.*

VIAT. It appears on a sudden, but not before it was looked for: it stands prettily, and here's wood about it too, but so young, as appears to be of your own planting.

PISC. It is so. Will it please you to alight, Sir; and now permit me, after all your pains and dangers, to take you in my arms, and to assure you that you are infinitely welcome.

VIAT. I thank you, Sir, and am glad with all my heart I am here; for, in downright truth, I am exceeding weary.

PISC. You will sleep so much the better; you shall presently have a light supper, and to bed. Come, Sirs, lay the cloth, and bring what you have presently; and let the gentleman's bed be made ready in the meantime in my father Walton's chamber. And now, Sir, here is my service to you, and once more welcome.

VIAT. Ay, marry, Sir, this glass of good sack has refreshed me; and I'll make as bold with your meat, for the trot has got me a good stomach.

PISC. Come, Sir, fall to then: you see my little supper is always ready when I come home; and I'll make no stranger of you.

VIAT. That your meal is so soon ready is a sign your servants know your certain hours, Sir. I confess I did not expect it so soon; but now 'tis here, you shall see I will make myself no stranger.

PISC. Much good do your heart, and I thank you for that friendly word. And now, Sir, my service to you in a cup of More-lands ale; for you are now in the More-lands, but within a spit and a stride of the Peak. Fill my friend his glass.

VIAT. Believe me you have good ale in the More-lands; far better than that at Ashborn.

PISC. That it may soon be; for Ashborn has, which is a kind of a riddle, always in it the best malt and the worst ale in England.* Come, take away, and bring us some pipes and a bottle

* This seems to be something contradictory to what is formerly stated. A friend of mine informs me that at this time Ashborne ale is quite famous in the northern and midland counties.—*Rennie.* The information of Mr. Rennie's friend is perfectly correct. The ale of Ashborne is equal, if not superior, in strength, color, purity, and flavor, to any ale of any town in the kingdom. Even Nottingham does not surpass it.—*Fitzgibbon.*

of ale, and go to your own suppers. Are you for this diet, Sir?

VIAT. Yes, Sir, I am for one pipe of tobacco; and I perceive yours is very good by the smell.*

* That Walton was a smoker is seen in his tenth chapter. The practice, indeed, had become quite common in England among those who could afford the luxury. Tobacco, Humboldt (*Essai sur la Nouvelle Espagne*, 2d ed., iii. 50) has shown to be the name given by the Haytians to their pipe. Tobacco was at first believed to possess great medicinal properties, and especially to be a specific for that dreadful disease which was brought to Europe from America by the companions of Columbus. The herb was sent to Spain by Cortes, but on its supposed curative powers being found to have no existence, little attention was paid to it until about 1560, when it appears, according to Linnæus and Humboldt, to have been cultivated in France and Italy, the seed having been brought from Yucatan in 1559. It was brought into France from Portugal by Nicot, the French ambassador to that kingdom, whence its scientific name, *Nicotiana tabacum*. According to Lobel, it was cultivated in England as early as 1570, but it was not generally used or known there until the return of Raleigh and his companions from Virginia, where they set the fashion of the habit which they had learned from the Indians. It is said that the ladies of the Court became fond of the pipe, the virgin Queen herself enjoying the novel luxury. The smokers, however, were not screened by high names from the most severe satires, Ben Jonson being among the keenest of its opposers. King James I. set his face against it most earnestly, and his *Counter-Blast to Tobacco* is well known. Hawkins quotes also some sayings of the pedantic monarch against "the noysome herb," from "*A Collection of Witty Apothegms delivered by him and others at several times and on divers occasions*: 12*mo*. 1671." "Tobacco was a lively image and pattern of hell; for that it had, by allusion, in it all the parts and vices of the world whereby hell may be gained, to wit: First, It was a smoke; so are the vanities of this world. Secondly, It delighteth them who take it; so do the pleasures of this world delight the men of the world. Thirdly, It maketh men drunken and light in the head; so do the vanities of the world; men are drunken therewith. Fourthly, He that taketh tobacco saith he cannot leave it—it doth bewitch him; even so the pleasures of the world make men loath to leave them, they are for the most part so enchanted with them. And further, besides all this, It is like hell in the very substance of it, for it is a stinking, loathsome thing; and so is hell. And further, his majesty professed that were he to invite the devil to dinner, he should have three dishes: 1, a pig; 2, a pole of ling and mustard; and 3, a pipe of tobacco for digestion." Besides *The Counter-Blast*, there were at least a hundred books in various languages published against tobacco. The Empress Elizabeth prohibited its use in churches, and Ur-

Pisc. The best I can get in London, I assure you. But, Sir, now you have thus far complied with my designs, as to take a troublesome journey into an ill country, only to satisfy me; how long may I hope to enjoy you?

Viat. Why, truly, Sir, as long as I conveniently can; and longer, I think, you would not have me.

Pisc. Not to your inconvenience by any means, Sir: but I see you are weary, and therefore I will presently wait on you to your chamber, where take counsel of your pillow, and to-morrow resolve me. Here, take the lights, and pray follow them, Sir. Here you are like to lie; and now I have showed you your lodging, I beseech you command anything you want: and so I wish you good rest.

Viat. Good night, Sir.

ban VIII. excommunicated all who took it within consecrated walls. The Czar condemned any who used it to the loss of the nose, and even death. So did the King of Persia; and in Transylvania all who planted tobacco were threatened with the confiscation of their estates. Since then, the monarchies of Europe have derived no small part of their revenue from a luxury more valued than a necessary of life; and the high duties upon tobacco in Great Britain laid by James I. (as some think out of mean revenge upon Raleigh) continue, with little reduction, to this day. In modern times, tobacco has had its zealous opposers, among not the least of whom were John Wesley and Adam Clarke. On the other hand, it has had its strenuous defenders, and the pious quaint Ralph Erskine has left among his (so called) *Gospel Sonnets*, some devout meditations upon his pipe, every verse of which ends with,

"Thus think and smoke tobacco."

There are not a few anglers who will think the stern Scotch Calvinist more orthodox in this respect than the founder or the Achilles of Methodism, and enjoy the cloud of their own blowing the more from having the sanction of Izaak Walton.—*Am. Ed.*

CHAPTER III.

PISCATOR. Good morrow, Sir: what, up and dressed so early?

VIAT. Yes, Sir, I have been dressed this half hour; for I rested so well, and have so great a mind either to take, or to see a trout taken in your fine river, that I could no longer lie a-bed.

PISC. I am glad to see you so brisk this morning, and so eager of sport; though I must tell you, this day proves so calm, and the sun rises so bright, as promises no great success to the angler: but however we'll try; and one way or other, we shall sure do something. What will you have to your breakfast, or what will you drink this morning?

VIAT. For breakfast, I never eat any, and for drink I am very indifferent: but if you please to call for a glass of ale, I am for you: and let it be quickly, if you please; for I long to see the little fishing-house you spoke of, and to be at my lesson.

PISC. Well, Sir, you see the ale is come without calling; for though I do not know yours, my people know my diet, which is always one glass so soon as I am dressed, and no more till dinner: and so my servants have served you.

VIAT. My thanks: and now, if you please, let us look out this fine morning.

PISC. With all my heart. Boy, take the key of my fishing-house, and carry down those two angle-rods in the hall-window thither, with my fish pannier, pouch, and landing-net; and stay you there till we come. Come, Sir, we'll walk after; where, by the way, I expect you should raise all the exceptions against our country you can.

VIAT. Nay, Sir, do not think me so ill-natured, nor so uncivil: I only made a little bold with it last night to divert you, and was only in jest.

PISC. You were then in as good earnest as I am now with you: but had you been really angry at it, I could not blame you; for,

to say the truth, it is not very taking at first sight. But look you, Sir, now you are abroad, does not the sun shine as bright here as in Essex, Middlesex, or Kent, or any of your southern counties?

Viat. It is a delicate morning, indeed; and I now think this a marvellous pretty place.

Pisc. Whether you think so or no, you cannot oblige me more than to say so; and those of my friends who know my humor, and are so kind as to comply with it, usually flatter me that way. But look you, Sir, now you are at the brink of the hill, how do you like my river, the vale it winds through like a snake, and the situation of my little fishing-house?

Viat. Trust me, 'tis all very fine, and the house seems at this distance a neat building.

Pisc. Good enough for that purpose: and here is a bowling-green too, close by it; so, though I am myself no very good bowler, I am not totally devoted to my own pleasure, but that I have also some regard to other men's. And now, Sir, you are come to the door, pray walk in, and there we will sit and talk as long as you please.

Viat. Stay, what's here over the door? Piscatoribus Sacrum.* Why then, I perceive, I have some title here; for I am one of them, though one of the worst: and here below it is the cypher too, you spoke of, and it is prettily contrived. Has my master Walton ever been here to see it? for it seems to be new built.

* *There is under this motto the Cypher mentioned in the title page. And some part of the Fishing-house has been described; but the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows, about it, cannot; unless Sir* Philip Sidney *or Mr.* Cotton's *father were again alive to do it.*

Pisc. Yes, he saw it cut in the stone before it was set up, but never in the posture it now stands; for the house was but building when he was last here, and not raised so high as the arch of the door: and I am afraid he will not see it yet; for he has lately writ me word, he doubts his coming down this summer; which, I do assure you, was the worst news he could possibly have sent me.

Viat. Men must sometimes mind their affairs to make more

room for their pleasures; and 'tis odds he is as much displeased with the business that keeps him from you, as you are that he comes not. But I am the most pleased with this little house of anything I ever saw :* it stands in a kind of peninsula too, with a delicate clear river about it. I dare hardly go in, lest I should not like it so well within as without; but, by your leave, I'll try. Why this is better and better: fine lights, finely wainscotted, and all exceeding neat, with a marble table, and all, in the middle!

Pisc. Enough, Sir, enough; I have laid open to you the part where I can worst defend myself; and now you attack me there. Come, boy, set two chairs; and whilst I am taking a pipe of tobacco, which is always my breakfast, we will, if you please, talk of some other subject.†

* Fitzgibbon gives this pleasing information: "Cotton's fishing-house was repaired about three years ago, and is now (1838) nearly in the same state as when the original constructor described it. All these repairs and improvements are owing to the good taste of the actual owner, the Marquis of Beresford." See the prefatory notice of Cotton and his writings.—*Am. Ed.*

† The following verses, extracted from a longer poem, in praise of tobacco, will serve to illustrate the several visits to the Fishing-house. They are taken from Gosden's edition of the *Journey to Beresford Hall.*

"Methinks I see Charles Cotton, and his friend,
The modest Walton, from Augusta's town,
Enter the Fishing-house an hour to spend,
And by the marble table set them down.

"'Boy, bring me in the jug of Derby ale,
My best tobacco, and my smoking tray;'
The boy, obedient, brings the rich regale,
And each assumes his pipe of polished clay.

"Thus sung young Cotton, and his will obeyed,
And snug the friends were seated at their ease;
They light their tubes without the least parade,
And give the fragrance to the playful breeze.

"Now cloud on cloud pervades the fishers' room,
The Moreland ale rich sparkles to the sight;
They draw fresh wisdom from the circling gloom,
And deal a converse pregnant with delight.

VIAT. None fitter then, Sir, for the time and place, than those instructions you promised.

PISC. I begin to doubt, by something I discover in you, whether I am able to instruct you or no; though, if you are really a stranger to our clear northern rivers, I still think I can; and, therefore, since it is yet too early in the morning at this time of the year, to-day being but the seventh of March, to cast a fly upon the water, if you will direct me what kind of fishing for a trout I shall read you a lecture on, I am willing and ready to obey you.

VIAT. Why, Sir, if you will so far oblige me, and that it may not be too troublesome to you, I would entreat you would run through the whole body of it; and I will not conceal from you, that I am so far in love with you, your courtesy, and pretty Moreland seat, as to resolve to stay with you long enough by intervals, for I will not oppress you, to hear all you can say upon that subject.

PISC. You cannot oblige me more than by such a promise; and therefore, without more ceremony, I will begin to tell you, that my father Walton having read to you before, it would look like a presumption in me, and peradventure would do so in any other man, to pretend to give lessons for angling after him, who, I do really believe, understands as much of it, at least, as any man in England; did I not pre-acquaint you, that I am not tempted to it by any vain opinion of myself, that I am able to give you better directions; but having from my childhood pursued the recreation of angling in very clear rivers, truly I think by much, some of them at least, the clearest in this kingdom, and

"So, when our Druids inspiration sought,
They burned the mistletoe to fume around,
Th' inspiring vapors gave a strength to thought,
And yield a lore impression and profound.

"Methinks I see them with the mental eye,
I hear their lessons with attentive ear,
Of early fishing with the summer fly,
And many a pleasing tale to anglers dear."

Am. Ed.

the manner of angling here with us, by reason of that exceeding clearness, being something different from the method commonly used in others, which, by being not near so bright, admit of stronger tackle, and allow a nearer approach to the stream; I may, peradventure, give you some instructions that may be of use even in your own rivers, and shall bring you acquainted with more flies, and show you how to make them, and with what dubbing too, than he has taken notice of in his Complete Angler.*

VIAT. I beseech you, Sir, do: and if you will lend me your steel, I will light a pipe the while; for that is commonly my breakfast in a morning, too.†

* Part i., chap. 5.

† It is not wise to venture out in the morning with an empty stomach, which renders the system peculiarly liable to any *malaria* that may be prevalent; besides, an empty stomach makes a light brain, and the angler needs all the coolness of judgment he can command. It is far better to rise even earlier than our father Walton, that, having fortified ourselves against the cravings of appetite which the angler's pursuits give him, for (as the Berners' Treatyse says) "the swete ayre of the swete savoure of the meede flowres makyth us hungry," we may not be forced to turn from the side of the stream until the golden opportunities of the morning are all well used.—*Am. Ed.*

CHAPTER IV.

PISCATOR. Why then, Sir, to begin methodically, as a master in any art should do; and I will not deny but that I think myself a master in this: I shall divide angling for trout or grayling into these three ways; at the top, at the bottom, and in the middle: which three ways, though they are all of them, as I shall hereafter endeavor to make it appear, in some sort common to both those kinds of fish; yet are they not so generally and absolutely so, but that they will necessarily require a distinction, which in due place I will also give you.

That which we call angling at the top, is with a fly; at the bottom, with a ground-bait; in the middle with a minnow or ground-bait.

Angling at the top is of two sorts; with a quick fly, or with an artificial fly.

That we call angling at the bottom is also of two sorts; by the hand, or with a cork or float.

That we call angling in the middle is also of two sorts; with a minnow for a trout, or with a ground-bait for a grayling.

Of all which several sorts of angling, I will, if you can have the patience to hear me, give you the best account I can.

VIAT. The trouble will be yours, and mine the pleasure and the obligation; I beseech you therefore to proceed.

PISC. Why then, first of fly-fishing.

CHAPTER V.

Of Fly-fishing.

PISCATOR. Fly-fishing, or fishing at the top is, as I said before, of two sorts; with a natural and living fly, or with an artificial and made fly.

First then, of the natural fly; of which we generally use but two sorts, and those but in the two months of May and June only, namely, the green-drake, and the stone-fly; though I have made use of a third that way, called the camlet fly, with very good success for grayling; but never saw it angled with by any other after this manner, my master only excepted, who died many years ago, and was one of the best anglers that I ever knew.

These are to be angled with, with a short line, not much more than half the length of your rod, if the air be still; or with a longer, very near or all out as long as your rod, if you have any wind to carry it from you. And this way of fishing we call daping, dabbing, or dibbing,* wherein you are always to have your line flying before you up or down the river as the wind serves, and to angle as near as you can to the bank of the same side whereon you stand; though where you see a fish rise near you, you may guide your quick fly over him, whether in the middle or on the contrary side; and if you are pretty well out of sight, either by kneeling, or the interposition of a bank or bush, you may almost be sure to raise, and take him too, if it be presently done; the fish will otherwise peradventure be removed to some other place, if it be in the still deeps, where he is always in motion, and roving up and down to look for prey; though in a stream, you may always almost, especially if there be a good

* See chap. vii., May 11, directions how to bait with the green-drake fly.

stone near, find him in the same place. Your line ought in this case to be three good hairs next the hook, both by reason you are in this kind of angling to expect the biggest fish, and also that wanting length to give him line after he is struck, you must be forced to tug for it; to which I will also add, that not an inch of your line being to be suffered to touch the water in dibbing, it may be allowed to be the stronger. I should now give you a description of those flies, their shape and color, and then give you an account of their breeding, and withal show you how to keep and use them; but shall defer them to their proper place and season.

Viat. In earnest, Sir, you discourse very rationally of this affair: and I am glad to find myself mistaken in you; for in plain truth I did not expect so much from you.

Pisc. Nay, Sir, I can tell you a great deal more than this, and will conceal nothing from you. But I must now come to the second way of angling at the top, which is with an artificial fly, which also I will show you how to make before I have done; but first shall acquaint you, that with this you are to angle with a line longer by a yard and a half, or sometimes two yards, than your rod; and with both this and the other, in a still day in the streams, in a breeze that curls the water in the still deeps, where (excepting in May and June, that the best trouts will lie in shallow streams to watch for prey, and even then too) you are like to hit the best fish.

For the length of your rod,* you are always to be governed by the breadth of the river you shall choose to angle at; and for a trout river, one of five or six yards long is commonly enough; and longer, though never so neatly and artificially made, it ought not to be, if you intend to fish at ease; and if otherwise, where lies the sport?

Of these, the best that ever I saw are made in Yorkshire, which are all of one piece; that is to say, of several, six, eight, ten, or twelve pieces, so neatly pieced, and tied together with fine thread below and silk above, as to make it taper like a switch, and to ply with a true bent to your hand; and these too are light,

* For some remarks on the construction of rods, see part i., pp. 97–8, 123–4.

being made of fir-wood, for two or three lengths nearest to the hand, and of other wood nearer to the top, that a man might very easily manage the longest of them that ever I saw, with one hand; and these, when you have given over angling for a season, being taken to pieces, and laid up in some dry place, may afterwards be set together again in their former postures, and will be as straight, sound, and good as the first hour they were made; and being laid in oil and color, according to your master Walton's direction, will last many years.*

The length of your line, to a man that knows how to handle his rod, and to cast it, is no manner of encumbrance, excepting in woody places, and in landing of a fish, which every one that can afford to angle for pleasure has somebody to do for him; and the length of line is a mighty advantage to the fishing at distance; and to fish fine, and far off, is the first and principal rule for trout-angling.

Your line in this case should never be less, nor ever exceed, two hairs next to the hook; for one,—though some, I know, will pretend to more art than their fellows,—is indeed too few, the least accident, with the finest hand, being sufficient to break it: but he that cannot kill a trout of twenty inches long with two, in a river clear of wood and weeds, as this and some others of ours are, deserves not the name of an angler.

Now to have your whole line as it ought to be, two of the first lengths, nearest the hook, should be of two hairs a-piece; the next three lengths above them of three, the next three above them of four, and so of five, and six, and seven, to the very top: by which means your rod and tackle will in a manner be taper from your very hand to your hook; your line will fall much better and straighter, and cast your fly to any certain place, to which the hand and eye shall direct it, with less weight and violence, that would otherwise circle the water, and fright away the fish.

* Many good rods have been ruined by not being properly cared for during the winter; and a room heated by stove or furnace, so common in this country, is a very bad place to lay them up in; heat being more hurtful even than damp, warping the wood and starting the ferules. —*Am. Ed.*

In casting your line,* do it always before you, and so that your fly may first fall upon the water, and as little of your line with it as possible; though if the wind be stiff, you will then of necessity be compelled to drown a good part of your line to keep your fly in the water: and in casting your fly, you must aim at

* The management of the rod in casting the line, cannot be taught by book, though every writer on angling has attempted it, Theophilus South, who illustrates his rules by diagrams, perhaps more successfully than any other: but even his directions are scarcely comprehensible except by the practised angler. The better plan is to confess your ignorance to some expert friend, and ask him to teach you at the stream side. The thing to be aimed at is, a proper propulsion of your line by the *spring* of your rod, so that only the flies will fall lightly on the water where you wish to have them. To do this, begin with a short line and a single, rather heavy, fly. Manage the rod by grasping it firmly a little above the reel, and giving it motion not by exerting the whole arm, but the *hand and wrist only*. For the first cast, hold the fly between the finger and thumb of your left hand; turn the point of your rod to the right, and then, as you let loose the fly, by the *spring* of the rod let the line be thrown out to its *full* length behind you (if you do not, your fly will be snapped off like the crack of a whip); by a like motion forward, *spring* the line in the direction you wish the fly to fall, checking its descent in time to prevent any of the line striking the water with the fly. Then play the fly with a gentle tremulous motion of the hand *across* the current, if the water be swift, or in such directions as circumstances may determine, if it be still. When another cast is to be made (and fly-fishing requires industry), draw the line a little towards you so as to bend your tip, then spring it backward from such resistance, and repeat the operation as before. Remember that *casting* the fly, is not *whipping* it, though that term is sometimes inappropriately used; and that the more of your *arm* you use, the more clumsy you will be. It is of course easier to make a cast with the wind at your back; but as that cannot always be, practice must teach you how to manœuvre to overcome its resistance; the main thing to be learned is so to spring your rod by the wrist only, as to give it the due movement at the tip.

When two flies are used, the lower (or tail, or end, or stretcher) fly should be the *heaviest* and *winged* (though a large hackle may be used); the dropper should be looped on the bottom line at about their feet or so from the stretcher, or a gut of such length as that it will play on the water. The upper fly is to be watched, leaving the tail fly to follow. If another fly be added, its gut should, of course, be proportionately longer; but two flies are generally quite enough, if well managed. Palmers are used mostly as drop flies; and the droppers should be light. Care should be taken to have the bottom-line of due proportions. (See note to p. 281.)—*Am. Ed.*

the further or nearer bank as the wind serves your turn; which also will be with and against you on the same side, several times in an hour, as the river winds in its course, and you will be forced to angle up and down by turns accordingly; but are to endeavor, as much as you can, to have the wind evermore on your back: and always be sure to stand as far off the bank as your length will give you leave, when you throw to the contrary side; though when the wind will not permit you so to do, and that you are constrained to angle on the same side whereon you stand, you must then stand on the very brink of the river, and cast your fly at the utmost length of your rod and line, up or down the river, as the gale serves.

It only remains, touching your line, to inquire whether your two hairs, next to the hook, are better twisted or open;* and for

* This is clearly a slip of the pen; he means "better twisted *than* open." The inconveniences here spoken of as attending the use of hair-snoods (or snells, as the American angler calls the short line on which the hook is bent), are now generally avoided by the substitution of silk-worm gut. Saunders, in his *Complete Fisherman*, 1724, is the first to make mention of this material, now so essential to the angler's outfit. The passage, which occurs p. 91–2, is so interesting that I transcribe it: "The *Swiss* and the *Milanese*, and the inhabitants of the more mountainous parts of Italy, are esteemed the greatest artists at trout fishing, perhaps in the world; and it is not unlikely it may be occasioned by the many fine trout rivers which they have among the *Alps*, and falling from these mountains either into the *Po* on the *south*, the *Rhine* on the *north*, or the Rhone on the west sides of that country. These, they tell us, make a fine and exceeding strong hair or line, resembling a single hair, which is drawn from the bowels of the silk-worms, the glutinous substance of which is such, that like the cat's gut which makes strings for the viol and violin, of an unaccountable strength, so this will be so strong, as nothing of so small a size can equal it in nature; for it is rather smaller than the single hair ordinarily used in fishing, and strong as the catgut itself; so that with these lines, they secure the strongest fish in those rivers where they have some trouts very large, as well as other fish. I have seen an imitation of these worm-gut lines in *England*, and indifferent strong too, but not like those I have mentioned, in *Italy;* yet these will hold a fish of a good size too, if she be not too violent, and does not nimbly harness herself among weeds and roots of trees, where she cannot be pulled out."

The silk-worm gut is brought to us from Spain, Italy, or China (for a full description, see *Blaine's Encyclopedia of Rural Sports*); some experiments in its manufacture have been made in New Jersey, but not with

that, I should declare that I think the open way the better, because it makes less show in the water, but that I have found an inconvenience, or two, or three, that have made me almost weary of that way; of which one is, that without dispute they are not so strong open as twisted; another, that they are not easily to be fastened of so exact an equal length in the arming, that the one will not cause the other to bag, by which means a man has but one hair upon the matter to trust to; and the last is, that these loose flying hairs are not only more apt to catch upon every twig or bent they meet with, but moreover the hook, in falling upon the water, will very often rebound, and fly back betwixt the hairs, and there stick, which, in a rough water especially, is not presently to be discerned by the angler, so as the point of the hook shall stand reversed; by which means your fly swims backward, makes a much greater circle in the water, and, till taken home to you and set right, will never raise any fish; or if it should, I am sure, but by a very extraordinary chance, can hit none.

Having done with both these ways of fishing at the top, the length of your rod, and line and all, I am next to teach you how

desirable success. It is distinguished, according to its thickness, into salmon gut and trout gut. The salmon gut, when best, is as thick as a large pin, and (the part fit for use) nearly a foot and a half long. The trout gut is of the thickness of sewing silk, and finer, and from nine to fifteen or sixteen inches long. The salmon gut should be used in our lake fishing. Great pains should be taken in the selection of gut, and, after a hank is purchased, it is far better to reject whatever strands show any deficiency, than to run risk of greater loss and vexation. Gut, to be good, should be round and smooth, and hard. The best test is to draw it through the teeth, and then try its strength by the pocket weighing machine which every well-furnished angler carries about him. Gut should be thoroughly wet, before an attempt is made to bend it into a knot, as more fish are lost from the gut *cutting itself*, which it will do if such precaution is not used, than from its breaking. The same care should be had, on coming to the water side, before a cast is made. Not only the snood, but the bottom line (*Americanice*, leader) should be of gut, from six to nine feet of which are sufficient. Gut is apt to fray, which may be partially prevented by waxing it.

The Manilla grass was, and is sometimes now used in place of gut, but it is not trustworthy, being too liable to rot, especially in fresh water.—*Am. Ed.*

to make a fly ; and afterwards, of what dubbing you are to make the several flies I shall hereafter name to you.

In making a fly, then, which is not a hackle or palmer-fly* (for of those, and their several kinds, we shall have occasion to speak every month in the year), you are first to hold your hook fast betwixt the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand, with the back of the shank upwards, and the point towards your finger's end ; and then take a strong small silk, of the color of the fly you intend to make, wax it well with wax of the same color too (to which end you are always, by the way, to have wax of all colors about you), and draw it betwixt your finger and thumb to the head of the shank, and then whip it twice or thrice about the bare hook, which you must know is done, both to prevent slipping, and also that the shank of the hook may not cut the hairs of your towght,* which sometimes it will otherwise do : which, being done, take your line and draw it likewise betwixt your finger and thumb, holding the hook so fast, as only to suffer it to pass by, until you have the knot of your towght almost to the middle of the shank of your hook, on the inside of it ; then whip your silk twice or thrice about both hook and line, as hard as the strength of the silk will permit ; which, being done, strip the feather for the wings proportionable to the bigness of your fly, placing that side downwards, which grew uppermost before, upon the back of the hook, leaving so much only as to serve for the length of the wing of the point of the plume, lying reversed from the end of the shank upwards ; then whip your silk twice or thrice about the root-end of the feather, hook, and towght ; which being done, clip off the root end of the feather close by the arming, and then whip the silk fast and firm about the hook and towght, until you come to the bend of the hook, but not further, as you do at London, and so make a very unhandsome, and, in plain English, a very unnatural and shapeless fly ; which,

* *Towght* was probably a provincial word for the snood, snell, or hook-line, as I do not remember seeing it, except in Cotton. It is evidently from the verb to *tow* (Saxon, *teogan*, German *ziehen*, French *touer*), or draw along, and signifies, *that which is drawn*. *Taut* or *tight*, is probably the same word used adjectively.—*Am. Ed.*

being done, cut away the end of your towght, and fasten it, and then take your dubbing, which is to make the body of your fly, as much as you think convenient, and holding it lightly with your hook betwixt the finger and thumb of your left hand, take your silk with the right, and twisting it betwixt the finger and thumb of that hand, the dubbing will spin itself about the silk, which, when it has done, whip it about the armed hook backward, till you come to the setting on of the wings; and then take the feather for the wings, and divide it equally into two parts, and turn them back towards the bend of the hook, the one on the one side and the other on the other of the shank, holding them fast in that posture betwixt the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand; which done, warp them so down as to stand, and slope towards the bend of the hook; and having warped up to the end of the shank, hold the fly fast betwixt the finger and thumb of your left hand, and then take the silk betwixt the finger and thumb of your right hand, and where the warping ends, pinch or nip it with your thumb-nail against your finger, and strip away the remainder of your dubbing from the silk, and then with the bare silk whip it once or twice about, make the wings to stand in due order, fasten, and cut it off; after which, with the point of a needle, raise up the dubbing gently from the warp, twitch off the superfluous hairs of your dubbing, leave the wings of an equal length,—your fly will never else swim true,—and the work is done.* And this way of making a fly, which is certainly the

* These directions are mainly the same with those given by the best later works on the subject; though every artist varies more or less in the details. Every angler, who has the time or any mechanical skill, should learn to make his own flies; one who has neither, must be content to buy what his judgment approves as good, or order his flies made by a good hand; and, notwithstanding the scorn with which some writers affect for flies from the tackle shops, there is not one amateur in a hundred who can make for himself half as good as a skilful manufacturer will supply him with, if he know how to choose them.

I subjoin another set of plain directions, according to which a very skilful brother of the angle renders himself independent of all foreign aid: "Having prepared your materials, place them before you, and decide upon the fly to be made. Straighten the gut, if crooked, with a piece of India rubber. Select a thread of silk of the appropriate color, and wax it with

best of all other, was taught me by a kinsman of mine, one Captain Henry Jackson, a near neighbor, an admirable fly-angler, by many degrees the best fly-maker that ever I yet met with. And now that I have told you how a fly is to be made, you shall presently see me make one, with which you may peradventure take a trout this morning, notwithstanding the unlikeliness of the day; for it is now nine of the clock, and fish will begin to rise, if they will rise to-day: I will walk along by you, and look on; and after dinner I will proceed in my lecture of fly-fishing.

VIAT. I confess I long to be at the river: and yet I could sit here all day to hear you; but some of the one, and some of the other, will do well: and I have a mighty ambition to take a trout in your river Dove.

PISC. I warrant you shall: I would not for more than I will speak of but you should, seeing I have so extolled my river to you: nay, I will keep you here a month, but you shall have one day of sport before you go.

shoe-maker's wax. Take, then, the hook in your left hand, the shank pointing towards the right; having made a few turns of the silk round the hook, lay on the gut, and bind it fast, winding it towards your left hand; then lay on the dubbing, the hackle and gilt (if needed), taking a separate turn round each to fasten their ends. You have now the hook fastened to the gut, and the materials for a fly fastened to the tail end of the fly that is to be, but not yet wound; then carefully wind the worsted (or mohair, which is better, as the worsted becomes swollen and heavy with wet), and fasten it at the head of the fly; wind the gilt and fasten it in the same way; wind the hackle between the turns of the gilt, and fasten it by taking a turn of the silk about the hook. Then take the feathers designed for the wings, and put on the left first, making a turn with the silk to hold it on; put on the right wing in the same way. Having made a turn or two to hold it, carefully bring the left wing forward, and pass the silk around the hook behind and under the wing; do the same with the right wing. Then nicely tie the fly at the head. Lay the silk across the head of the fly, leaving several inches slack, and, taking up the slack, wind it twice around the head of the fly, pulling the gut through so as to draw the silk up; then, holding the end of the silk, draw up the slack tight, and the fly is tied. Trim it, and the fly is ready for use." My friend adds: "It is doubtful if one can dress a fly properly from written directions, but when once the process has been seen, it will not be easily forgotten." This advantage Viator enjoyed, as we learn from the next chapter.—*Am. Ed.*

VIAT. You will find me, I doubt, too tractable that way; for in good earnest, if business would give me leave, and that it were fit, I could find in my heart to stay with you for ever.

PISC. I thank you, Sir, for that kind expression: and now let me look out my things to make this fly.

CHAPTER VI.

PISCATOR. Boy, come, give me my dubbing-bag here presently; and now, Sir, since I find you so honest a man, I will make no scruple to lay open my treasure before you.

VIAT. Did ever any one see the like! what a heap of trumpery is here! certainly never an angler in Europe has his shop half so well furnished as you have.*

* Ronald curtly says of the materials for fly-making: "The dubbing-bag should contain everything in the world" Gay, in his *Rural Sports*, is more poetically explicit:

> "To frame the little animal, provide
> All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
> Let nature guide thee. Sometimes golden wire
> The shining bellies of the fly require;
> The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
> Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
> Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
> And lends the growing insect proper wings:
> Silks of all colors must their aid impart,
> And every fur promote the fisher's art."

Bowlker's list is as follows: "The fur of seals, moles, and water-rats; black, blue, purple, white, and violet goat's hair, commonly called mohair; camlets of every color; furs from the neck and ears of hares; also, hackle feathers from the neck and ears of cocks, red, dun, yellowish, white, and black. For the wings of flies, feathers from the neck, breast, and wings of the wild mallard, partridge, and pheasant; also the wings of the blackbird, brown hen, starling, jay, land-rail, swallow, thrush, field-fare, and water-coot; with peacock's and ostrich's herl. Provide, also, marking-silk of all colors; gold and silver platted wire or twist, a sharp knife, hooks of every size, a needle, and a pair of sharp-pointed scissors."

Monkey's fur, because of its resistance of water, should have been added to the above list, and that of the green Demerara monkey is particularly prized. The dubbing (the body of the fly) should never, when it is possible to avoid it, be made of wool, which becomes heavy when wet, but of

Pisc. You, perhaps, may think now, that I rake together this trumpery, as you call it, for show only; to the end that such as see it, which are not many I assure you, may think me a great master in the art of angling: but, let me tell you, here are some colors, as contemptible as they seem here, that are very hard to be got; and scarce any one of them which, if it should be lost, I should not miss, and be concerned about the loss of it too, once

mohair, which resists the water and preserves its color. "A rich dun dubbing may be procured by combing, with a fine-toothed comb, the back of a lead-colored grey-hound. Hog's fur, which grows between the roots of the bristles, dyed of various colors, bear's fur, fox's fur, fur got off the belly of a hedge-hog, the light yellow fur from the martin's neck, are all useful as dubbing. Dubbings of various hues and of excellent quality, resisting the water well, and not losing their color when in it, are to be found in tan-yards among the hairs that fall off the skins, and likewise among pieces of plaster that are stripped from old walls or ceilings. Lime not only changes the original color of hair, but adds to its capability of withstanding water. The brighter and finer the gold or silver twist, used in ribbing flies, the better. The scarcest and best *hackles* are duns of all shades, particularly those which have the clearest different shades of blue; furnace-hackles, of a red color, with a black streak along the stem up the middle of the feather; red hackles, light and dark ginger, black and grizzled hackles. Hackles are got in the greatest perfection from off the upper part of the necks of full-grown cocks, where they grow from half an inch to two inches long. When dun hackles cannot be procured from cocks, you must use those from dun hens; but they are, from the softness of their fibre, less capable of resisting water so well as those from the male bird The best time for plucking dun birds is in the middle of winter, for, as Mr. Bainbridge observes, 'the feathers are then perfect, and free from that disagreeable matter which at other times is generally found in the pen-part of the feather.' Dun hackles, when plucked in March, and exposed to the action of the sun's heat, assume a fine yellow tinge, and become that useful feather called the yellow dun. Excellent hackles may be got from off the back of the grouse, the tail of the common wren, the breast and back of the partridge, the outside part, nearest the body, of the golden plover's wing, the inside of the snipe's wing," &c.—***Shipley and Fitzgibbon.*** In a word, the fly-maker will seize upon everything that may by any possibility be of use. The angler should be provided with two pocket-books, the one for his flies, the leaves of which are of parchment, with pieces of cork at the corners to keep them wide enough apart to prevent the flies being bruised; the other, so arranged as to contain the materials for fly-making in different divisions. These books should be ***stitched*** not ***glued*** together, as, in the latter case, they will be ruined by being wetted. They can be bought at the tackle-shops.—***Am. Ed.***

in the year. But look you, Sir, amongst all these I will choose out of these two colors only, of which, this is bear's hair, this darker, no great matter what; but I am sure I have killed a great deal of fish with it; and with one or both of these you shall take trout or grayling this very day, notwithstanding all disadvantages, or my art shall fail me.

VIAT. You promise comfortably, and I have a great deal of reason to believe everything you say; but I wish the fly were made, that we were at it.

PISC. That will not be long in doing: and pray observe then. You see first how I hold my hook, and thus I begin. Look you, here are my first two or three whips about the bare hook; thus I join hook and line; thus I put on my wings; thus I twirl and lap on my dubbing; thus I work it up towards the head; thus I part my wings; thus I nip my superfluous dubbing from my silk; thus fasten; thus trim and adjust my fly; and there's a fly made; and now how do you like it?

VIAT. In earnest, admirably well, and it perfectly resembles a fly; but we about London make the bodies of our flies both much bigger and longer, so long as even almost to the very beard of the hook.

PISC. I know it very well, and had one of those flies given me by an honest gentleman, who came with my father Walton to give me a visit; which, to tell you the truth, I hung in my parlor window to laugh at: but, Sir, you know the proverb, "They who go to Rome, must do as they at Rome do;" and believe me you must here make your flies after this fashion, or you will take no fish. Come, I will look you out a line, and you shall put it on, and try it. There, Sir, now I think you are fitted; and now beyond the further end of the walk you shall begin; I see at that bend of the water above, the air crisps the water a little; knit your line first here, and then go up thither, and see what you can do.

VIAT. Did you see that, Sir?

PISC. Yes, I saw the fish, and he saw you too, which made him turn short: you must fish further off, if you intend to have any sport here; this is no New-River, let me tell you. That was a good trout, believe me; did you touch him?

VIAT. No, I would I had; we would not have parted so. Look you, there was another; this is an excellent fly.

PISC. That fly, I am sure, would kill fish, if the day were right; but they only chew at it, I see, and will not take it.* Come, Sir, let us return back to the fishing-house; this still water, I see, will not do our business to-day: you shall now, if you please, make a fly yourself, and try what you can do in the streams with that; and I know a trout taken with a fly of your own making, will please you better than twenty with one of mine. Give me that bag again, Sirrah: look you, Sir, here is a hook, towght, silk, and a feather for the wings; be doing with those, and I will look you out a dubbing that I think will do.

VIAT. This is a very little hook.

PISC. That may serve to inform you, that it is for a very little fly, and you must make your wings accordingly; for as the case stands, it must be a little fly, and a very little one too, that must do your business. Well said! believe me you shift your fingers very handsomely; I doubt I have taken upon me to teach my master. So here's your dubbing now.

VIAT. This dubbing is very black.

PISC. It appears so in hand; but step to the door and hold it up betwixt your eye and the sun, and it will appear a shining red: let me tell you, never a man in England can discern the true color of a dubbing any way but that, and therefore choose always to make your flies on such a bright sunshine day as this, which also you may the better do, because it is worth nothing to fish in: here, put it on, and be sure to make the body of your fly as slender as you can. Very good! Upon my word you have made a marvellous handsome fly.

VIAT. I am very glad to hear it; it is the first that ever I made of this kind in my life.

PISC. Away, away! you are a doctor at it: but I will not commend you too much, lest I make you proud. Come, put it on, and you shall now go downward to some streams betwixt the

* When a fish is thus observed to play, as it were, with the fly, I think he is probably doubtful of its smell; and I have often succeeded in making them bite in such cases, by putting a cadis bait, or other insect on the fly hook.—*Rennie.*

rocks below the little foot-bridge you see there, and try your fortune. Take heed of slipping into the water as you follow me under this rock: so, now you are over, and now throw in.*

Viat. This is a fine stream indeed. There's one! I have him.

Pisc. And a precious catch you have of him; pull him out! I see you have a tender hand: this is a diminutive gentleman; e'en throw him in again, and let him grow till he be more worthy your anger.

Viat. Pardon me, Sir; all's fish that comes to the hook with me now. Another!

Pisc. And of the same standing.

Viat. I see I shall have good sport now; another! and a grayling. Why you have fish here at will.

Pisc. Come, come, cross the bridge, and go down the other side lower, where you will find finer streams, and better sport, I hope, than this. Look you, Sir, here's a fine stream now; you have length enough, stand a little further off, let me entreat you, and do but fish this stream like an artist, and peradventure a good fish may fall to your share. How now! what! is all gone?

Viat. No, I but touched him; but that was a fish worth taking.

Pisc. Why now, let me tell you, you lost that fish by your own fault, and through your own eagerness and haste; for you are never to offer to strike a good fish, if he do not strike himself, till first you see him turn his head after he has taken your fly, and then you can never strain your tackle in the striking, if you strike with any manner of moderation.† Come, throw in once

* Mr. Bagster, who visited the spot in the summer of 1814, for the purpose of identifying the scenery, and who went *step* by *step* over the ground which is the scene of the dialogue, says, that "the undeviating accuracy of the delineation is very striking; but at this spot an alteration was made a few years since by cutting away part of the rock and removing the bridge, the site of which is still marked by fragments of stone."

† Every candid fly-fisher will confess, that in nine cases out of ten, the trout hooks himself; and in rough, sometimes in smooth though dark water, the first notice you have of his spring is his weight on the line. Many a fish is lost by vain attempts at striking, which compel you to bring

again, and fish me this stream by inches; for I assure you here are very good fish; both trout and grayling lie here; and at that great stone on the other side, it is ten to one a good trout gives you the meeting.

Viat. I have him now, but he is gone down towards the bottom: I cannot see what he is, yet he should be a good fish by his weight; but he makes no great stir.

Pisc. Why then, by what you say, I dare venture to assure you it is a grayling, who is one of the deadest-hearted fishes in the world, and the bigger he is, the more easily taken. Look you, now you see him plain; I told you what he was: bring hither that landing-net, boy: and now, Sir, he is your own; and believe me a good one, sixteen inches long I warrant him: I have taken none such this year.

Viat. I never saw a grayling before look so black.

Pisc. Did you not? why then let me tell you, that you never saw one before in right season: for then a grayling is very black about his head, gills, and down his back, and has his belly of a dark grey, dappled with black spots, as you see this is; and I am apt to conclude, that from thence he derives his name of

the line home for another cast, when a few inches more play would have done the business. Cotton's directions are, therefore, excellent. Better not strike at all, unless you are sure, and then strike easily by a turn of the wrist alone. In fishing far and fine, which is the surest way, especially in clear, still waters, it is not easy to see the fish, and you must be guided by the disturbance he makes of the surface. After he has risen, cast your fly a little above the place where he showed himself, as a trout almost always heads up stream, and his spring will send him in that direction; then cast in different directions around him. If he be large enough to give you trouble (pleasant trouble!), get your rod in a perpendicular position as soon as possible; for then you have more power in playing him with it. Be sure, however, never to *slack* your line, or he may snap it and be off; neither grasp your line to draw him by it, nor attempt to basket him while you are standing in the water; but as soon as he is sufficiently exhausted, lead him to a shallow, and nab him so, that if he falls, it may not be into the water. If the fish be small, such pains are unnecessary; or if you have a landing net, and do not use it until he is sufficiently subdued, you may secure him more easily. A trout may also be more readily killed by leading him *down* stream, or, if there be no current, hither and yonder, as so the water will rush into his open mouth and drown him.—*Am. Ed.*

umber. Though I must tell you, this fish is past his prime, and begins to decline, and was in better season at Christmas than he is now. But move on, for it grows towards dinner-time; and there is a very great and fine stream below, under that rock, that fills the deepest pond in all the river, where you are almost sure of a good fish.

Viat. Let him come, I'll try a fall with him: but I had thought, that the grayling had been always in season with the trout, and had come in and gone out with him.*

Pisc. Oh no! assure yourself a grayling is a winter fish; but such a one as would deceive any but such as know him very well indeed; for his flesh, even in his worst season, is so firm, and will so easily calver, that in plain truth he is very good meat at all times; but in his perfect season, which, by the way, none but an over-grown grayling will ever be, I think him so good a fish, as to be little inferior to the best trout that ever I tasted in my life.

Viat. Here's another skip-jack, and I have raised five or six more at least whilst you were speaking. Well, go thy way, little Dove: thou art the finest river that ever I saw, and the fullest of fish. Indeed, Sir, I like it so well, that I am afraid you will be troubled with me once a year, so long as we two live.

Pisc. I am afraid I shall not, Sir: but were you once here a May or a June, if good sport would tempt you, I should then expect you would sometimes see me; for you would then say it were a fine river indeed, if you had once seen the sport at the height.

Viat. Which I will do, if I live, and that you please to give me leave. There was one,—and there another.

Pisc. And all this in a strange river, and with a fly of your own making! why, what a dangerous man are you!

Viat. Aye, Sir, but who taught me? and as Damœtas says by his man Dorus, so you may say by me,

* For a description of the grayling, see the notes to Chap. VI. of the first part, in the text of which Walton, less informed than Cotton, differs from him as to the season of the fish.—*Am. Ed*

.... If my man such praises have,
*What then have I, that taught the knave?**

But what have we got here, a rock springing up in the middle of the river? this is one of the oddest sights that ever I saw.

Pisc. Why, Sir, from that pike, that you see standing up there distant from the rock, this is called Pike-Pool,* and young Mr. Izaak Walton was so pleased with it, as to draw it in landscape in black and white, in a blank book I have at home, as he has done several prospects of my house also, which I keep for a memorial of his favor, and will show you, when we come up to dinner.

* *'Tis a rock, in the fashion of a spire-steeple, and almost as big. It stands in the midst of the river Dove; and not far from Mr. Cotton's house, below which place this delicate river takes a swift career betwixt many mighty rocks, much higher and bigger than St. Paul's Church before 'twas burnt. And this Dove being opposed by one of the highest of them, has at last forced itself a way through it; and, after a mile's concealment, appears again with more glory and beauty than before that opposition, running through the most pleasant valleys and most fruitful meadows that this nation can justly boast of.*

Viat. Has young master Izaak Walton been here too?

Pisc. Yes, marry has he, Sir, and that again and again too, and in France since, and at Rome, and at Venice, and I can't tell where;† but I intend to ask him a great many hard questions so soon as I can see him, which will be, God willing, next month. In the meantime, Sir, to come to this fine stream at the head of

* From Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book i., which reads,

"For if my man must praises have,
What then must I, that keep the knave?"

† Some account of this amiable man, who inherited his father's piety, and a measure of his talents, has been given in the Bib. Preface. He accompanied his uncle, Bishop Ken, to Rome, in the year of the great Papal Jubilee, 1675, from which journey, according to the text, he must have returned the next year. His skill as an artist was considerable, and Bowles (*Life of Ken*) says that an interesting specimen of it is preserved by his relation Dr. Hawes, which is nothing less than a portrait in crayons of his venerable father. His face, as we see it in a portrait among the additional plates to Pickering's great edition of Walton, is of singular beauty, giving evidence of refinement and goodness.—*Am. Ed.*

this great pool, you must venture over these slippery, cobbling stones: believe me, Sir, there you were nimble, or else you had been down; but now you are got over, look to yourself; for on my word, if a fish rise here he is like to be such a one as will endanger your tackle. How now?

VIAT. I think you have such command here over the fishes, that you can raise them by your word, as they say conjurers can do spirits, and afterward make them do what you bid them; for here's a trout has taken my fly: I had rather have lost a crown. What luck's this! he was a lovely fish, and turned up a side like a salmon!

PISC. O, Sir, this is a war where you sometimes win, and must sometimes expect to lose. Never concern yourself for the loss of your fly; for ten to one I teach you to make a better. Who's that calls?

SERV. Sir, will it please you to come to dinner?

PISC. We come. You hear, Sir, we are called; and now take your choice, whether you will climb this steep hill before you, from the top of which you will go directly into the house, or back again over these stepping-stones, and about by the bridge.

VIAT. Nay, sure, the nearest way is best; at least my stomach tells me so; and I am now so well acquainted with your rocks, that I fear them not.

PISC. Come, then, follow me; and so soon as we have dined, we will down again to the little house, where I will begin at the place I left off about fly-fishing, and read you another lecture; for I have a great deal more to say upon that subject.

VIAT. The more the better: I could never have met with a more obliging master, my first excepted; nor such sport can all the rivers about London ever afford as is to be found in this pretty river.

PISC. You deserve to have better, both because I see you are willing to take pains, and for liking this little so well; and better I hope to show you before we part.

CHAPTER VII.

Viator. Come, Sir, having now well dined, and being again set in your little house, I will now challenge your promise, and entreat you to proceed in your instruction for fly-fishing; which, that you may be the better encouraged to do, I will assure you that I have not lost, I think, one syllable of what you have told me; but very well retain all your directions both for the rod, line, and making a fly, and now desire an account of the flies themselves.

Pisc. Why, Sir, I am ready to give it you, and shall have the whole afternoon to do it in, if nobody come to interrupt us; for you must know, besides the unfitness of the day, that the afternoons, so early in March, signify very little to angling with a fly, though with a minnow or a worm something might, I confess, be done.

To begin then where I left off: my father Walton tells us but of twelve artificial flies to angle with at the top, and gives their names; of which some are common with us here; and I think I guess at most of them by his description, and I believe they all breed and are taken in our rivers, though we do not make them either of the same dubbing or fashion. And it may be in the rivers about London, which I presume he has most frequented, and where it is likely he has done most execution, there is not much notice taken of many more: but we are acquainted with several others here, though perhaps I may reckon some of his by other names too; but if I do, I shall make you amends by an addition to his catalogue. And although the fore-named great master in the art of angling, for so in truth he is, tells you that no man should in honesty catch a trout till the middle of March; yet I hope he will give a man leave sooner to take a grayling, which, as I told you, is in the dead months in his best season;

and do assure you, which I remember by a very remarkable token, I did once take upon the sixth day of December one, and only one, of the biggest graylings, and the best in season, that ever I yet saw or tasted; and do usually take trouts too, and with a fly, not only before the middle of this month, but almost every year in February,* unless it be a very ill spring, indeed; and have sometimes in January, so early as New-year's-tide, and in frost and snow, taken grayling in a warm sun-shine day for an hour or two about noon; and to fish for him with a grub it is then the best time of all.

I shall therefore begin my fly-fishing with that month,†—though

* Chap. vi. of the first part.

† As has been before stated, the anglers of our day are divided into two schools, which may be conveniently distinguished as the *routine* and the *non-imitation*. The former hold that the trout should be angled for only with a nice imitation of the natural flies in season at the time, and that, therefore, the flies seen on the water, or found in the belly of the fish, are to be carefully imitated. To this school belong the older writers, from Venables down, and Taylor, Blaine, Hansard, South, Shipley, and Fitzgibbon, &c., &c. The *non-imitation* school (which reckons among its adherents Rennie, Professor Wilson, Fisher, of the Angler's Souvenir, &c., &c.), hold that no fly can be made so as to imitate nature well enough to warrant us in believing that the fish takes it for the natural fly; and, therefore, little reference is to be had to the fly upon which the trout are feeding at the time. "The fish," says Professor Rennie (*Alphabet of Angling*), "appear to seize upon an artificial fly, because, when drawn along the water, it has the appearance of being a living insect, whose species is quite unimportant, as all insects are equally welcome. The aim of the angler, accordingly, ought to be to have his artificial fly calculated, by its form and colors, *to attract the notice* of the fish, in which case he has a much greater chance of success than by making the greatest efforts to imitate any particular species of fly." Fisher (*Angler's Souvenir*) remarks, in the same strain: "Wherever fly-fishing is practised—in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, and America—it has been ascertained, from experience, that the best flies are those which are not shaped professedly in imitation of any particular living insect. Red, black, and brown hackles, and flies of the bittern's, mallard's, partridge's, woodcock's, grouse's, bold-coot's, martin's, or blue hen's feathers, with dubbing of brown, yellow, or orange, occasionally blended, and hackles, red, brown, or black, under the wings, are the most useful flies that an angler can use in daylight, on any stream, all the year through. For night-fishing in lakes, or long still ponds, no fly is better than a white hackle. The directions given in books to beat the bushes by the side of the stream, to see

I confess very few begin so soon, and that such as are so fond of the sport, as to embrace all opportunities, can rarely in that month find a day fit for their purpose,—and tell you, that upon

what kind of fly is in the water, and to open a fish's stomach to see what kind of fly the fish has been feeding on, are not deserving the least attention. The angler must be guided in his selection of flies by the state of the water—whether clear or dull, smooth or ruffled by a breeze; and also by the state of the weather, as it may be cloudy or bright. When the water is clear, and the day rather bright, small flies and hackles of a dark shade are most likely to prove successful, if used with a fine line and thrown by a delicate hand; but then it is only before eight in the morning and after six in the evening, from June to August, that the fish may be expected to rise. When the water, in such weather, is ruffled by a fresh breeze, larger hackles and flies of the same color may be used. When the water is clearing after rain, a red hackle, and a fly with a body of orange-colored mohair, dappled wings of a mallard or pea-fowl's feather, with a reddish brown hackle under them, are likely to tempt trout, at any time of day, from March to October. The old doctrine of a different assortment of flies for each month in the year is now deservedly exploded, for it is well known to practical anglers who never read a book on the subject, and whose judgment is not biassed by groundless theories, that the same flies with which they catch most fish in April will generally do them good service throughout the season. The names given to artificial flies are for the most part arbitrary, and afford no guide (with one or two exceptions) for distinguishing the fly meant. Where the materials for dressing a dozen of flies are so much alike, that when they are finished there is so little difference in appearance, that one angler will give them one name and another another, it is absurd to affix to each an individual appellation."

On the other side it is contended, that the non-imitation writers themselves admit, as experience compels them to do, that there must be an adaptation of *colors* in the fly, and also that certain flies will not be taken at some seasons which are freely taken at others. Nay, that though, when the fish are wantonly playful and hungry, they may rush at almost anything like an insect, when the water is clear, the day bright, and the fish coy, the angler who best imitates the natural fly of the time, and casts it with skill, "stands," to use the words of Mr. Blaine, "proudly conspicuous among his fellows."

For my own part (in common with most American anglers), I lean to the non-imitation theory, but would not carry it so far as to reject all the notions of the *doctrinaires*. The trout in our upland streams are more plentiful, and, clearly, less sophisticated than those with whom our transatlantic brethren are conversant. In a virgin stream (such an one as an artificial fly has never been cast upon, which the American fly-fisher sometimes meets with), the trout, if fairly on the feed, will take anything that

my knowledge these flies in a warm sun, for an hour or two in the day, are certainly taken.

JANUARY.

1. A red brown, with wings of the male of a mallard almost white: the dubbing of the tail of a black long-coated cur, such

is offered to them. I have, from mere wantonness of experiment, caught dozens from a still pool, at noon-day, with a *white miller;* and have rarely known a hackle, adapted to the water, and weather, and time of day, to fail. Hackles, in their several varieties, are the mainstays of the American angler, though not to the exclusion of winged flies. Thus, in the Long Island ponds and sea fed streams, hackles are almost exclusively used early in the season, followed, not supplanted by the far-famed Professor, the green drake, the grey drake, and the camlets. Indeed, a skilful angler, well acquainted with those waters, and disposed to give me information, persisted in answering to all my questions about flies in their seasons, "hackle, hackle, hackle." He says: "I have found the plain, black hackle, the black and blue-bodied hackle, the dark red hackle, the bright red hackle, the yellow hackle, and the partridge and woodcock hackles, decidedly the most killing flies in all American waters at all seasons, keeping this in mind, that the later the season, the brighter and gaudier-bodied fly may be used successfully. I am not an admirer of *fancy flies*, nor have I seen them take many or large fish on Long Island. On the lakes in the interior of New York, I have been informed that this is not the case, but that peacock's eyes, drake wings, and even gaudy macaws kill well; but were I fishing for a wager, I would stick to the various hackles, unless it were for salmon or sea trout, in taking which I believe the fancy flies preferable."

Another skilful brother of the rod says, that (the present year) about the first of April, the trout on Long Island would take freely only the grey drake, made large for the tail and smaller for the drop; though he killed several with a gnat fly of brown body and black wings.

Yet another, and a friend on whose judgment much reliance is to be placed, writes his experience of the inland streams: "When I began to fish, I *bought* flies according to the season in which the seller said they were good, as did some of the books; but I soon found that nothing could be ascertained in this way, and that I could judge of a fly only by actual trial, as the trout are very capricious in their taste. By observing what fly was on the water, or by putting on three or four of different colors, I could decide what fly was to their taste, and keeping that fly so far as the wings were concerned, I could change the body of the fly according to circumstances. For my part, I believe that book knowledge will help an angler in this country very little, for the obvious reason that the seasons

as they commonly make muffs of: for the hair on the tail of such a dog dyes and turns to a red brown, but the hair of a smooth-coated dog of the same color will not do because it will not dye,

vary so much in different places. Our fly fishing season includes May, June, July, and August; and as a general rule for May and June, I would use—1. Drab bodies, with light or cream-colored wings. 2. Yellow bodies, with light or brown wings. 3. Red bodies, with light or brown wings. For July and August, red and brown flies." This is, of course, not to the exclusion of the palmers or wingless hackles

My own experience on the inland streams is not much earlier than the end of April, and my practice is to observe the fly on the waters for my tail fly, and experiment with hackles on the drop. My favorite early flies are the March brown, stone, blue dun, and the cow dung; to be followed, as the season advances, by the green and grey drake, and later, the claret and red bodies, with light brown, sometimes more showy wings. For the hackles, the red hackle is the queen,—but a large coarse black or furnace hackle, *silver* ribbed, kills early: afterwards, the sorrel gold ribbed; in the summer, red and black hackles, small and very buzz. As a general rule, my flies grow *smaller* as the summer advances, for then the waters are lower and clearer, while the sky is brighter.

From all these opinions, the reader will see that the routine system is neither to be contemptuously rejected nor slavishly followed. There are flies that kill all the season; but the stone-fly will not tell in August, nor the claret body in April. Still, it cannot be doubted, that the trout, like men, have their caprices of appetite, and, except in the first few days of the May-fly, they may be as glad of a chance at a fly out of season, as an epicure would be of early green peas.

In this country, fly-fishing for trout is out of question before March, and, except on Long Island, before the middle of April, that is, after the chill of the snow freshets is gone, and when the streams, though full, are clear. After the first of September, a true-hearted angler will not wet a line in a trout stream. It will therefore be readily seen, as has been observed, that directions serviceable in Great Britain and Ireland, must be greatly modified to be of use among us, from the varieties of our climate, the character of our waters, and the habits of our aquatic insects. I shall, therefore, conclude the notes on this part of our subject by a list of flies furnished by an excellent brother of our gentle art, who relieves the labors of a life most zealously devoted to the best interests of his fellow-men, by occasionally fishing the head waters of the Susquehannah and Delaware, all the tributories to which abound in trout. His particular haunts are the streams of Pike, Wayne, and Susquehannah counties in Pennsylvania, and of Sullivan and Broome in New York. To great skill at the stream side, he unites equal aptness in making his own flies from the means within his reach. If, from the directions given, the reader should acquire a due pro-

but retains its natural color; and this fly is taken in a warm sun, this whole month through.

2. There is also a very little bright dun gnat, as little as can

portion of my friend's art in making and using the flies recommended, he will have nothing to wish for but a heart equally at peace with God and man—and, when he goes a fishing,

> "A day with not too bright a beam,
> And a south-west wind to curl the stream."

It must not be supposed that these flies are all that may be used, but with those others, too well known to need description, a book well supplied according to the list, is all that the fly-fisher necessarily needs. The experienced angler will recognise some old and highly valued acquaintances.

No. 1. A tail, end, or stretcher fly, on a No. 4 (Limerick) hook. *Body*, light slate drab, wound with the smallest gold cord and a red hackle. *Wings*, the brown under feather of the peacock's wing. Its *tail* has a tuft of red worsted (or mohair); and its *head* is wound round with gold cord. This is so excellent a fly as to be known in some places as *The* Fly. It is good as a general fly throughout the season. Made on a No. 8 hook, it may be used as a drop-fly with much execution.

No. 2. For a tail-fly on No. 5, for a drop on No. 8. *Body*, first wound with yellow floss silk, then a thread of crimson, then in an opposite direction a thread of gold, with a slight yellow or red hackle at the *head* for *legs*. *Wings*, rather full of the brown wing feathers of the peacock, or the lightest brown wing of the turkey-cock. (This fly is my friend's own invention, and he pronounces it very good. It resembles the cow dung, except in the body, which is gayer.)

No. 3. A dropper on a No. 6 hook. Having attached the hook to the snell, take two pieces of stiff gut about ½ to ¾ of an inch long, and, having soaked some pieces of fine gut, wind them round the stiff gut to make a *tail*, winding in three black hairs at the end, then bind this on the hook. The *body* is of peacock's herl; red hackle for *legs*; wings of a mottled wild duck's feather. An early fly.

No. 4. A dropper on a No. 9 hook. The *body*, of bright yellow floss silk, wound with gold and a red hackle. *Wings*, of the bright feathers on the breast of a wild pigeon, cut rather short, and dropping a little below the line of the hook. A most effective fly for May and June, indeed for the whole season. It may be varied in the color of the body by dubbing with red, &c.

No. 5. On a No. 8 hook Resembles No. 2, with the wings of No. 4.

No. 6. A tail Palmer, on a No. 4 hook. *Body*, black mohair, with a little orange towards the *head*; wound with silver, and a strong black hackle from the tail of a Poland cock. A very killing fly, though it has

possibly be made, so little as never to be fished with, with above one hair next the hook; and this is to be made of a mixed dubbing of martin's fur, and the white of a hare's scut, with a very

a coarse look, and will tell effectively through the season, especially after a flood or windy days.

(N. B. The palmers, as is well known, may be varied. When the gold or silver thread is used, the black should be wound with silver, the red with gold or silver. The angler should be provided with a plentiful assortment, both as to color and size, to suit the weather, time of day, and color of the waters. A red hackle wound with gold and silver on a dark brown dubbing, or without the tinsel, is the most killing of all the palmers. A short, thick, black hackle, wound lightly with silver over black, will kill in a bright sun at midsummer, on a fresh current or shaded pool, when nothing else will raise a fish.)

No. 7. A drop on a No. 8 or 9 hook. *Body*, black mohair, wound with silver, a small black hackle for *legs*; *wings* of a black cock's feather; tail tufted with two hairs.

This fly may be greatly varied.

No. 8. A dropper on a No. 9 hook. *Body*, red floss silk, wound with gold; the *head* with a small black hackle; *wings*, brown wing of the peacock, or the domestic cock, or the dun wing of the pigeon, or the breast-feather of the cock pigeon; varying the complexion of the fly many ways.

No. 12. A dropper on a No. 9 hook. Body and wings like No. 13, with dark red hackles, round the head, for wings. Latter end of May, June, and beginning of July.

No. 13. A dropper on No. 8 hook. *Body*, a brownish, greenish, or yellowish brown, wound with a small red hackle about the head; *wings*, brown wing-feathers of a wild pigeon; *tail*, tufted with two hairs.

A beautiful and effective fly for May and June.

No. 14. A dropper on a No. 8 hook. *Body* thin, of brown floss silk, wound with gold, pale red hackle wound about the head; *wings*, a cock's reddish brown wing-feather. Good the whole season, but better in July and August.

No. 15. A tail-fly on a No. 2 hook. *Body* of crimson, wound with gold, and a red hackle; *wings* of a cock's blackish grey wing-feather.

It is an English prejudice to consider night fishing ungentlemanly, because resembling poaching; but as in this country there are no game laws, we may enjoy our delightful sport by moonlight, without such scruples. Old Barker used three palmers at night: a light fly (white palmer) for darkness; a red palmer *in medio*; and a dark (black) palmer for lightness. The best flies for moonlight fishing are the white, and brown, and cream-colored moths. The white are made: *Body*, white ostrich herl, and a white cock's hackle over it; the *wings* from the feather of the white owl. The brown: *Body*, dark bear's hair and a brown cock's hackle over it;

white and small wing; and it is no great matter how fine you fish, for nothing will rise in this month but a grayling; and of them I never, at this season, saw any taken with a fly of above a foot long in my life; but of little ones, about the bigness of a smelt, in a warm day and a glowing sun, you may take enough with these two flies, and they are both taken the whole month through.

FEBRUARY.

1. Where the red-brown of the last month ends, another almost of the same color begins with this, saving that the dubbing of this must be of something of a blacker color, and both of them warpt on with red silk: the dubbing that should make this fly, and that is the truest color, is to be got off the black spot of a hog's ear; not that a black spot in any part of the hog will not

wings from the wing-feather of the brown owl. Cream-colored moth: *Body*, fine cream-colored fur, with pale yellow hackles; wings, feather of the yellow owl of the deepest cream-color. To these add a black fly: *Body*, black ostrich herl, thickly wound with large black hackle; *wings*, the darkest wild goose wing-feather. The stone-fly also kills well at night. What fish are taken at night will generally be found to be large; and, therefore, the tackle should, as it may, be stouter than by day.

I end this notice of flies with a note from Hawkins: "The inutility of laying down precise rules for the color of the flies to be used on particular days, or hours of the day, must be obvious. Walton himself has humorously observed: 'That whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a trout, the angler must observe his twelve several flies for twelve months of the year. I say, he that follows that rule shall be as sure to catch fish, as he that makes hay by the almanac, and no surer.' The directions contained in the following rhyme, respecting the color of flies as adapted to a certain time of day, are at least as useful as the others which have been published:

"'A brown red fly at morning grey,
A darker dun in clearer day;
When summer rains have swelled the flood,
The hackle red and worm are good;
At eve when twilight shades prevail,
Try the hackle white and snail;
Be mindful aye your fly to throw,
Light as falls the flaky snow.'"—*Am. Ed.*

afford the same color, but that the hair in that place is by many degrees softer, and more fit for the purpose: his wing must be as the other; and this kills all this month, and is called the lesser red-brown.

2. This month also a plain hackle, or palmer-fly, made with a rough black body, either of black spaniel's fur, or the whirl of an ostrich feather, and the red hackle of a capon over all, will kill, and, if the weather be right, make very good sport.

3. Also a lesser hackle, with a black body also, silver twist over that, and a red feather over all, will fill your pannier, if the month be open, and not bound up in ice and snow, with very good fish; but in case of a frost and snow, you are to angle only with the smallest gnats, browns and duns, you can make, and with those are only to expect graylings no bigger than sprats.

4. In this month, upon a whirling-round water, we have a great hackle, the body black, and wrapped with a red feather of a capon untrimmed; that is, the whole length of the hackle staring out; for we sometimes barb the hackle-feather short all over, sometimes barb it only a little, and sometimes barb it close underneath, leaving the whole length of the feather on the top or back of the fly, which makes it swim better, and, as occasion serves, kills very great fish.

5. We make use also, in this month, of another great hackle, the body black, and ribbed over with gold twist, and a red feather over all, which also does great execution.

6. Also a great dun, made with dun bear's hair, and the wings of the grey feather of a mallard near unto his tail; which is absolutely the best fly can be thrown upon a river this month, and with which an angler shall have admirable sport.

7. We have also this month the great blue dun, the dubbing of the bottom of bear's hair next to the roots, mixed with a little blue camlet, the wings of the dark grey feather of a mallard.

8. We have also this mouth a dark brown, the dubbing of the brown hair off the flank of a brended cow, and the wings of the grey drake's feather.

And note, that these several hackles, or palmer-flies, are some for one water and one sky, and some for another; and, according to the change of those, we alter their size and color; and

note also, that both in this, and all other months of the year, when you do not certainly know what fly is taken, or cannot see any fish to rise, you are then to put on a small hackle, if the water be clear, or a bigger, if something dark, until you have taken one; and then thrusting your finger through his gills, to pull out his gorge, which being opened with your knife, you will then discover what fly is taken, and may fit yourself accordingly.

For the making of a hackle, or palmer-fly, my father Walton has already given you sufficient direction.

MARCH.

For this month you are to use all the same hackles and flies with the other, but you are to make them less.

1. We have besides for this month a little dun, called a whirling dun, though it is not the whirling dun indeed, which is one of the best flies we have; and for this the dubbing must be of the bottom fur of a squirrel's tail, and the wing of the grey feather of a drake.

2. Also a bright brown, the dubbing either of the brown of a spaniel, or that of a cow's flank, with a grey wing.

3. Also a whitish dun, made of the roots of camel's hair, and the wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. There is also for this month a fly, called the thorn-tree fly; the dubbing an absolute black mixed with eight or ten hairs of Isabella-colored mohair,* the body as little as can be made, and

* Isabella, Spezie di colore che partécipa del bianco e di giallo. *Altieri's Dictionary.* A kind of whitish yellow, or as some say, a buff color a little soiled.

How it came by this name will appear from the following anecdote, for which I am obliged to a very ingenious and learned lady. The Archduke Albertus, who had married the Infanta Isabella, daughter of Philip II. of Spain, with whom he had the Low Countries in dowry, in the year 1602, having determined to lay siege to Ostend, then in the possession of the heretics, his pious princess, who attended him in that expedition, made a vow, that until it was taken, she would not change her clothes. Contrary to expectation, as the story says, it was three years before the place was reduced, in which time her highness's linen had acquired the above mentioned hue.—*Hawkins.*

the wings of a bright mallard's feather; an admirable fly, and in great repute amongst us for a killer.

5. There is, besides this, another blue dun, the dubbing of which it is made being thus to be got. Take a small-tooth comb, and with it comb the neck of a black greyhound, and the down that sticks in the teeth will be the finest blue that ever you saw. The wings of this fly can hardly be too white; and he is taken about the tenth of this month, and lasteth till the four-and twentieth.

6. From the tenth of this month also, till towards the end, is taken a little black gnat: the dubbing either of the fur of a black water-dog, or the down of a young black water-coot; the wings of the male of a mallard as white as may be, the body as little as you can possibly make it, and the wings as short as his body.

7. From the sixteenth of this month also to the end of it we use a bright brown; the dubbing for which is to be had out of a skinner's lime-pits, and of the hair of an abortive calf, which the lime will turn to be so bright as to shine like gold: for the wings of this fly, the feather of a brown hen is the best; which fly is also taken till the tenth of April.

APRIL.

All the same hackles and flies that were taken in March, will be taken in this month also, with this distinction only concerning the flies, that all the browns be lapped with red silk, and the duns with yellow.

1. To these a small bright brown, made of spaniel's fur, with a light grey wing, in a bright day and a clear water, is very well taken.

2. We have, too, a little dark brown, the dubbing of that color, and some violet camlet mixed with the wing of a grey feather of a mallard.

3. From the sixth of this month to the tenth we have also a fly called the violet fly, made of a dark violet stuff, with the wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. About the twelfth of this month comes in the fly called the whirling dun, which is taken every day about the mid-time of

day all this month through, and by fits from thence to the end of June; and is commonly made of the down of a fox-cub, which is of an ash color at the roots next the skin, and ribbed about with yellow silk, the wings of the pale grey feather of a mallard.

5. There is also a yellow dun, the dubbing of camel's hair, and yellow camlet or wool mixed, and a white grey wing.

6. There is also, this month, another little brown, besides that mentioned before, made with a very slender body, the dubbing of dark brown, and violet camlet mixed, and a grey wing; which, though the direction for the making be near the other, is yet another fly, and will take when the other will not, especially in a bright day and a clear water.

7. About the twentieth of this month comes in a fly called the horse-flesh fly; the dubbing of which is a blue mohair, with pink-colored and red tammy mixed, a light-colored wing, and a dark brown head. This fly is taken best in an evening, and kills from two hours before sunset till twilight, and is taken the month through.

MAY.

And now, Sir, that we are entering into the month of May, I think it requisite to beg not only your attention, but also your best patience; for I must now be a little tedious with you, and dwell upon this month longer than ordinary: which that you may the better endure, I must tell you, this month deserves and requires to be insisted on; forasmuch as it alone, and the next following, afford more pleasure to the fly-angler than all the rest. And here it is that you are to expect an account of the green-drake, and stone-fly, promised you so long ago, and some others that are peculiar to this month and part of the month following, and that, though not so great either in bulk or name, do yet stand in competition with the two before-named; and so, that it is yet undecided amongst the anglers, to which of the pretenders to the title of the May-fly it does properly and duly belong: neither dare I, where so many of the learned in this art of angling are got in dispute about the controversy, take upon me to determine; but I think I ought to have a vote amongst them, and, according to that privilege, shall give you my free opinion; and, peradven-

ture, when I have told you all, you may incline to think me in the right.

Viat. I have so great a deference to your judgment in these matters, that I must always be of your opinion: and the more you speak, the faster I grow to my attention; for I can never be weary of hearing you upon this subject.

Pisc. Why that's encouragement enough; and now prepare yourself for a tedious lecture. But I will first begin with the flies of less esteem, though almost anything will take a trout in May, that I may afterwards insist the longer upon those of greater note and reputation: know, therefore, that the first fly we take notice of in this month is called

1. The turkey-fly; the dubbing ravelled out of some blue stuff, and lapped about with yellow silk; the wings of a grey mallard's feather.

2. Next, a great hackle or palmer fly, with a yellow body ribbed with gold twist, and large wings of a mallard's feather dyed yellow, with a red capon's hackle over all.

3. Then a black fly; the dubbing of a black spaniel's fur, and the wings of a grey mallard's feather.

4. After that a light brown with a slender body; the dubbing twirled upon small red silk, and raised with the point of a needle, that the ribs or rows of silk may appear through; the wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

5. Next, a little dun; the dubbing of a bear's dun whirled upon yellow silk, the wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

6. Then a white gnat, with a pale wing, and a black head.

7. There is also this month a fly called the peacock-fly; the body made of a whirl of a peacock's feather, with a red head, and wings of a mallard's feather.

8. We have then another very killing fly, known by the name of the dun-cut,* the dubbing of which is a bear's dun, with a little blue and yellow mixed with it; a large dun wing, and two horns at the head, made of the hairs of a squirrel's tail.

* Not a fly exactly, though it has wings, but the little, roundish, reddish beetle, with black spots, otherwise called the lady-bird (*Cocinella*).—*Rennie.*

9. The next is the cow-lady, a little fly; the body of a peacock's feather, the wing of a red feather, or strips of the red hackle of a cock.

10. We have then the cow-dung fly; the dubbing light-brown and yellow mixed, the wing the dark grey feather of a mallard. And note, that besides these above-mentioned, all the same hackles and flies, the hackles only brighter and the flies smaller, that are taken in April, will also be taken this month, as also all browns and dums. And now I come to my stone-fly, and green-drake, which are the matadores for trout and grayling, and, in their season, kill more fish in our Derbyshire rivers, than all the rest, past and to come, in the whole year besides.

But first I am to tell you, that we have four several flies which contend for the title of the May-fly, namely,

The green-drake,
The stone-fly,
The black-fly, and
The little yellow May-fly.

And all these have their champions and advocates to dispute and plead their priority; though I do not understand why the two last-named should; the first two having so manifestly the advantage, both in their beauty, and the wonderful execution they do in their season.

11. Of these, the green-drake comes in about the twentieth of this month, or betwixt that and the latter end; for they are sometimes sooner and sometimes later, according to the quality of the year; but never well taken till towards the end of this month, and the beginning of June. The stone-fly comes much sooner, so early as the middle of April; but is never well taken till towards the middle of May, and continues to kill much longer than the green-drake stays with us, so long as to the end almost of June; and indeed, so long as there are any of them to be seen upon the water; and sometimes in an artificial fly, and late at night, or before sun-rise in a morning, longer.

Now both these flies, and, I believe, many others, though I think not all, are certainly and demonstratively bred in the very rivers where they are taken; our cadis or cod-bait, which lie under stones in the bottom of the water, most of them turning

into those two flies,* and being gathered in the husk or crust, near the time of their maturity, are very easily known and distinguished; and are of all other the most remarkable, both for their size, as being of all other the biggest, the shortest of them being a full inch long or more, and for the execution they do, the trout and grayling being much more greedy of them than of any others; and indeed the trout never feeds fat, nor comes into his perfect season, till these flies come in.

Of these, the green-drake never discloses from his husk, till he be first there grown to full maturity, body, wings, and all; and then he creeps out of his cell, but with his wings so crimped and ruffled, by being pressed together in that narrow room, that they are, for some hours, totally useless to him; by which means he is compelled either to creep upon the flags, sedges, and blades of grass, if his first rising from the bottom of the water be near the banks of the river, till the air and sun stiffen and smooth them: or if his first appearance above water happen to be in the middle, he then lies upon the surface of the water like a ship at hull; for his feet are totally useless to him there, and he cannot creep upon the water, as the stone-fly can, until his wings have got stiffness to fly with (if by some trout or grayling he be not taken in the interim, which ten to one he is), and then his wings stand high, and closed exact upon his back, like the butterfly, and his motion in flying is the same. His body is in some of a paler, in others of a darker yellow, for they are not all exactly of a color, ribbed with rows of green, long, slender, and growing sharp towards the tail; at the end of which he has three long small whisks of a very dark color, almost black, and his tail turns up towards his back like a mallard; from whence, questionless, he has his name of the green-drake. These, as I think I told you before, we commonly dape or dibble with; and having gathered great store of them into a long draw-box, with holes in the cover to give them air, where also they will continue fresh

* This is a mistake. The stone-fly (*Phrygania*) alone is from the cadis-worm. The green-drake (*Ephemera*) being from a grub that feeds, indeed, under water, not in an artificial case like the other, but in a hole dug in the bank, or under the shelter of loose weeds.—*Rennie*.

and vigorous a night or more, we take them out thence by the wings, and bait them thus upon the hook. We first take one, for we commonly fish with two of them at a time, and putting the point of the hook into the thickest part of his body under one of his wings, run it directly through, and out at the other side, leaving him spitted cross upon the hook, and then taking the other, put him on after the same manner, but with his head the contrary way; in which posture they will live upon the hook, and play with their wings, for a quarter of an hour or more: but you must have a care to keep their wings dry, both from the water, and also that your fingers be not wet when you take them out to bait them; for then your bait is spoiled.

Having now told you how to angle with this fly alive, I am now to tell you next how to make an artificial fly, that will so perfectly resemble him, as to be taken in a rough windy day when no flies can lie upon the water, nor are to be found about the banks and sides of the river, to a wonder, and with which you shall certainly kill the best trout and grayling in the river.

The artificial green-drake, then, is made upon a large hook; the dubbing, camel's hair, bright bear's hair, the soft down that is combed from a hog's bristles, and yellow camlet, well mixed together; the body long, and ribbed about with green silk, or rather yellow waxed with green wax; the whisks of the tail, of the long hairs of sables or fichet; and the wings of the white grey feather of a mallard, dyed yellow; which also is to be dyed thus.

Take the root of a barbary-tree, and shave it, and put to it woody viss, with as much alum as a walnut, and boil your feathers in it with rain-water; and they will be of a very fine yellow.

I have now done with the green-drake, excepting to tell you, that he is taken at all hours during his season, whilst there is any day upon the sky; and with a made fly I once took, ten days after he was absolutely gone, in a cloudy day, after a shower, and in a whistling wind, five and thirty very great trouts and graylings, betwixt five and eight of the clock in the evening; and had no less than five or six flies, with three good hairs a-piece, taken from me in despite of my heart, besides.

12. I should now come next to the stone-fly, but there is

another gentleman in my way, that must of necessity come in between; and that is the grey-drake, which in all shapes and dimensions is perfectly the same with the other, but quite almost of another color; being of a paler and more livid yellow and green, and ribbed with black quite down his body, with black shining wings; and so diaphanous and tender, cobweb like, that they are of no manner of use for dapping; but come in, and are taken after the green-drake, and in an artificial fly kill very well; which fly is thus made: the dubbing of the down of a hog's bristles and black spaniel's fur mixed, and ribbed down the body with black silk, the whisks of the hairs of the beard of a black cat, and the wings of the black grey feather of a mallard.

And now I come to the stone-fly, but am afraid I have already wearied your patience, which, if I have, I beseech you freely tell me so, and I will defer the remaining instruction for fly-angling till some other time.

Viat. No, truly, Sir; I can never be weary of hearing you: but if you think fit, because I am afraid I am too troublesome, to refresh yourself with a glass and a pipe, you may afterwards proceed; and I shall be exceedingly pleased to hear you.

Pisc. I thank you, Sir, for that motion; for, believe me, I am dry with talking. Here, boy, give us here a bottle and a glass: and, Sir, my service to you, and to all our friends in the south.

Viat. Your servant, Sir, and I'll pledge you as heartily; for the good powdered beef I eat at dinner, or something else, has made me thirsty.

CHAPTER VIII.

VIATOR. So, Sir, I am now ready for another lesson, so soon as you please to give it me.

PISC. And I, Sir, as ready to give you the best I can. Having told you the time of the stone-fly's coming in, and that he is bred of a cadis, in the very river where he is taken, I am next to tell you that,

13. This same stone-fly has not the patience to continue in his crust or husk, till his wings be full grown; but, so soon as ever they begin to put out, that he feels himself strong,—at which time we call him a Jack,—squeezes himself out of prison, and crawls to the top of some stone, where if he can find a chink that will receive him, or can creep betwixt two stones, the one lying hollow upon the other,—which, by the way, we also lay so purposely to find them,—he there lurks till his wings be full grown; and there is your only place to find him,—and from thence doubtless he derives his name:—though, for want of such convenience, he will make shift with the hollow of a bank, or any other place where the wind cannot come to fetch him off. His body is long, and pretty thick, and as broad at the tail almost as in the middle; his color a very fine brown, ribbed with yellow, and much yellower on the belly than the back: he has two or three whisks also at the tag of his tail, and two little horns upon his head: his wings, when full grown, are double, and flat down his back, of the same color but rather darker than his body, and longer than it: though he makes but little use of them, for you shall rarely see him flying, though often swimming and paddling, with several feet he has under his belly, upon the water, without stirring a wing: but the drake will mount steeple-high into the air, though he is to be found upon flags and grass too, and indeed everywhere high and low near the river: there being so

many of them in their season, as, were they not a very inoffensive insect, would look like a plague; and these drakes,—since I forgot to tell you before, I will tell you here,—are taken by the fish to that incredible degree, that upon a calm day you shall see the still deeps continually all over circles by the fishes rising, who will gorge themselves with those flies, till they purge again out of their gills; and the trouts are at that time so lusty and strong, that one of eight or ten inches long will then more struggle and tug, and more endanger your tackle, than one twice as big in winter: but pardon this digression.

This stone-fly, then, we dape or dibble with, as with the drake; but with this difference, that whereas the green-drake is common both to stream and still, and to all hours of the day, we seldom dape with this but in the streams—for in a whistling wind a made fly in the deep is better—and rarely but early and late, it not being so proper for the mid-time of the day; though a great grayling will then take it very well in a sharp stream, and here and there a trout too; but much better towards eight, nine, ten, or eleven of the clock at night, at which time also the best fish rise, and the later the better, provided you can see your fly; and when you cannot, a made fly will murder, which is to be made thus: The dubbing of bear's dun with a little brown and yellow camlet very well mixed; but so placed, that your fly may be more yellow on the belly and towards the tail underneath, than in any other part; and you are to place two or three hairs of a black cat's beard on the top of the hook in your arming, so as to be turned up when you warp on your dubbing, and to stand almost upright, and staring one from another; and note, that your fly is to be ribbed with yellow silk, and the wings long, and very large, of the dark grey feather of a mallard.

14. The next May-fly is the black-fly, made with a black body, of the whirl of an ostrich feather, ribbed with silver twist, and the black hackle of a cock over all; and is a killing fly, but not to be named with either of the other.

15. The last May-fly,—that is, of the four pretenders,—is a little yellow May-fly, in shape exactly the same with the green-drake, but a very little one, and of as bright a yellow as can be

seen ; which is made of a bright yellow camlet, and the wings of a white grey feather dyed yellow.

16. The last fly for this month,—and which continues all June, though it comes in in the middle of May—is the fly called the camlet-fly, in shape like a moth, with fine diapered or water wings, and with which, as I told you before, I sometimes used to dibble ; and grayling will rise mightily at it. But the artificial fly,—which is only in use amongst our anglers,—is made of a dark brown shining camlet, ribbed over with a very small light green silk, the wings of the double grey feather of a mallard ; and it is a killing fly for small fish : and so much for May.

JUNE.

From the first to the four-and-twentieth the green-drake and stone-fly are taken, as I told you before.

1. From the twelfth to the four-and-twentieth, late at night, is taken a fly called the owl-fly ; the dubbing of a white weasel's tail, and a white grey-wing.

2. We have then another dun, called the barm-fly, from its yeasty color ; the dubbing of the fur of a yellow dun cat, and a grey wing of a mallard's feather.

3. We have also a hackle with a purple body, whipped about with a red capon's feather.

4. As also a gold-twist hackle, with a purple body, whipped about with a red capon's feather.

5. To these, we have this month a flesh-fly ; the dubbing of a black spaniel's fur and blue wool mixed, and a grey wing.

6. Also another little flesh-fly ; the body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather, and the wings of the grey feather of a drake.

7. We have then the peacock-fly ; the body and wing both made of the feather of that bird.

8. There is also the flying-ant, or ant-fly ; the dubbing of brown and red camlet mixed, with a light grey wing.

9. We have likewise a brown gnat, with a very slender body of brown and violet camlet well mixed, and a light grey wing.

10. And another little black gnat ; the dubbing of black mohair, and a white grey wing.

11. As also a green grasshopper; the dubbing of green silk, and a red capon's feather over all.

12. And lastly, a little dun grasshopper; the body slender, made of a dun camlet, and a dun hackle at the top.

JULY.

First, all the small flies that were taken in June, are also taken in this month.

1. We have then the orange-fly; the dubbing of orange wool, and the wing of a black feather.

2. Also a little white dun; the body made of white mohair, and the wings blue, of a heron's feather.

3. We have likewise this month a wasp-fly; made either of a dark brown dubbing, or else the fur of a black cat's tail, ribbed about with yellow silk, and the wing of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. Another fly taken this month is a black hackle; the body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather, and a black hackle feather on the top.

5. We have also another, made of a peacock's whirl, without wings.

6. Another fly also is taken this month, called the shell-fly; the dubbing of yellow green Jersey wool and a little white hog's hair mixed; which I call the palm-fly, and do believe it is taken for a palm that drops off the willows into the water: for this fly I have seen trouts take little pieces of moss, as they have swam down the river; by which I conclude, that the best way to hit the right color is, to compare your dubbing with the moss, and mix the colors as near as you can.

7. There is also taken this month a black blue dun; the dubbing of the fur of a black rabbit mixed with a little yellow, the wings of the feather of a blue pigeon's wing.

AUGUST.

The same flies with July.

1. Then another ant-fly; the dubbing of the black brown hair

[illegible] red warped in for the tag of his tail, and a dark [illegible] killing fly.

[illegible] fly called the fern fly,* the dubbing of the fur of a [illegible] of the color of fern or bracken, with a darkish [illegible] of a mallard's feather; a killer too.

[illegible] we have a white hackle; the body of white [illegible] warped about with a white hackle feather; and this [illegible]redly taken for thistle down.

[illegible] also this month a harry-long-legs; the body made [illegible] and blue wool mixed, and a brown hackle feather [illegible]

[illegible] in this month all the same browns and duns are taken, [illegible]ere taken in May.

SEPTEMBER.

[illegible] month the same flies are taken that are taken in April. [illegible] which I shall only add a camel brown fly; the dubbing [illegible] of the fines of a wall, whipped about with red silk, [illegible] grey mallard's feather for the wing.

[illegible] other for which we have no name; but it is made [illegible] of a badger's skin, mixed with the yellow softest [illegible]f a sanded hog.

OCTOBER.

[illegible] same flies are taken this month, that were taken in March.

NOVEMBER.

[illegible] same flies that were taken in February, are taken this [illegible]also.

DECEMBER.

[illegible] men angle with the fly this month, no more than they do [illegible] but yet if the weather be warm,—as I have known [illegible] in my life to be, even in this cold country, where it

[illegible] not properly a fly but a beetle, called the fern, or garden [illegible] *Melolontha horticola*.—*Renni*[illegible]

is least expected,—then a brown that looks red in the hand, and yellowish betwixt your eye and the sun, will both raise and kill in a clear water, and free from snow-broth ; but at the best it is hardly worth a man's labor.

And now, Sir, I have done with fly-fishing, or angling at the top ; excepting once more to tell you, that of all these,—and I have named you a great many very killing flies,—none are fit to be compared with the drake and stone-fly, both for many and very great fish : and yet, there are some days that are by no means proper for the sport ; and in a calm you shall not have near so much sport, even with daping, as in a whistling gale of wind, for two reasons ; both because you are not so easily discovered by the fish, and also because there are then but few flies that can lie upon the water : for where they have so much choice, you may easily imagine they will not be so eager and forward to rise at a bait ; that both the shadow of your body, and that of your rod, nay, of your very line, in a hot calm day, will, in spite of your best caution, render suspected to them : but even then, in swift streams, or by sitting down patiently behind a willow bush, you shall do more execution than at almost any other time of the year with any other fly ; though one may sometimes hit of a day, when he shall come home very well satisfied with sport with several other flies : but with these two, the green-drake and the stone-fly, I do verily believe I could some days in my life, had I not been weary of slaughter, have loaden a lusty boy ; and have sometimes, I do honestly assure you, given over upon the mere account of satiety of sport : which will be no hard matter to believe, when I likewise assure you, that with this very fly, I have, in this very river that runs by us, in three or four hours taken thirty, five and thirty, and forty of the best trouts in the river. What shame and pity is it, then, that such a river should be destroyed by the basest sort of people, by those unlawful ways of fire and netting in the night, and of damming, groping, spearing, hanging, and hooking by day ! which are now grown so common, that, though we have very good laws to punish such offenders, every rascal does it, for aught I see, impunè.

To conclude : I cannot now in honesty but frankly tell you, that many of these flies I have named, at least so made as we

make them here, will peradventure do you no great service in your southern rivers; and will not conceal from you, but that I have sent flies to several friends in London, that, for aught I could ever hear, never did any great feats with them: and therefore, if you intend to profit by my instructions, you must come to angle with me here in the Peak. And so, if you please, let us walk up to supper; and, to-morrow, if the day be windy, as our days here commonly are, it is ten to one but we shall take a good dish of fish for dinner.

CHAPTER IX.

PISCATOR. A good day to you, Sir; I see you will always be stirring before me.

VIAT. Why, to tell you the truth, I am so allured with the sport I had yesterday, that I long to be at the river again; and when I heard the wind sing in my chamber-window, could forbear no longer, but leap out of bed, and had just made an end of dressing myself as you came in.

PISC. Well, I am both glad you are so ready for the day, and that the day is so fit for you: and look you, I have made you three or four flies this morning; this silver-twist hackle, this bear's dun, this light brown, and this dark brown, any of which I dare say will do; but you may try them all, and see which does best: only I must ask your pardon that I cannot wait upon you this morning, a little business being fallen out, that for two or three hours will deprive me of your company; but I'll come and call you home to dinner, and my man shall attend you.

VIAT. Oh, Sir, mind your affairs by all means: do but lend me a little of your skill to these fine flies; and, unless it have forsaken me since yesterday, I shall find luck of my own, I hope, to do something.

PISC. The best instruction I can give you is, that, seeing the wind curls the water, and blows the right way, you would now angle up the still deep to-day; for betwixt the rocks where the streams are, you would find it now too brisk; and besides, I would have you take fish in both waters.

VIAT. I'll obey your direction, and so a good morning to you. Come, young man, let you and I walk together. But hark you, Sir, I have not done with you yet; I expect another lesson for angling at the bottom, in the afternoon.

PISC. Well, Sir, I'll be ready for you.

CHAPTER X.

PISCATOR. Oh, Sir, are you returned? you have but just prevented me. I was coming to call you.

VIAT. I am glad, then, I have saved you the labor.

PISC. And how have you sped?

VIAT. You shall see that, Sir, presently: look you, Sir, here are three* brace of trouts, one of them the biggest, but one, that ever I killed with a fly in my life; and yet I lost a bigger than that, with my fly to boot: and here are three graylings, and one of them longer by some inches than that I took yesterday; and yet I thought that a good one too.

* *Spoke like a South-country-man.*

PISC. Why you have made a pretty good morning's work on't: and now, Sir, what think you of our river Dove?

VIAT. I think it to be the best trout-river in England; and am so far in love with it, that if it were mine, and that I could keep it to myself, I would not exchange that water for all the land it runs over, to be totally debarred from it.

PISC. That compliment to the river speaks you a true lover of the art of angling. And now, Sir, to make part of amends for sending you so uncivilly out alone this morning, I will myself dress you this dish of fish for your dinner; walk but into the parlor, you will find one book or other in the window to entertain you the while, and you shall have it presently.

VIAT. Well, Sir, I obey you.

PISC. Look you, Sir, have I not made haste?

VIAT. Believe me, Sir, that you have; and it looks so well, I long to be at it.

PISC. Fall to, then. Now, Sir, what say you? am I a tolerable cook or no?

Viat. So good a one, that I did never eat so good fish in my life. This fish is infinitely better than any I ever tasted of the kind in my life: 'tis quite another thing, than our trouts about London.

Pisc. You would say so, if that trout you eat of were in right season: but pray eat of the grayling, which, upon my word, at this time is by much the better fish.

Viat. In earnest, and so it is: and I have one request to make to you, which is, that as you have taught me to catch the trout and grayling, you will now teach me how to dress them as these are dressed, which questionless is of all other the best way.

Pisc. That I will, Sir, with all my heart, and am glad you like them so well as to make that request; and they are dressed thus:

Take your trout, wash, and dry him with a clean napkin; then open him, and having taken out his guts, and all the blood, wipe him very clean within, but wash him not, and give him three scotches with a knife to the bone, on one side only. After which take a clean kettle, and put in as much hard stale beer,—but it must not be dead—vinegar, and a little white wine and water, as will cover the fish you intend to boil; then throw into the liquor a good quantity of salt, the rind of a lemon, a handful of sliced horse-radish root, with a handsome little fagot of rosemary, thyme, and winter-savory. Then set your kettle upon a quick fire of wood, and let your liquor boil up to the height before you put in your fish; and then, if there be many, put them in one by one, that they may not so cool the liquor as to make it fall; and whilst your fish is boiling, beat up the butter for your sauce with a ladle-full or two of the liquor it is boiling in; and being boiled enough, immediately pour the liquor from the fish, and being laid in a dish, pour your butter upon it, and, strewing it plentifully over with shaved horse-radish and a little pounded ginger, garnish the sides of your dish and the fish itself with a sliced lemon or two, and serve it up.

A grayling is also to be dressed exactly after the same manner, saving that he is to be scaled, which a trout never is; and that must be done, either with one's nails, or very lightly and carefully with a knife, for fear of bruising the fish. And

note, that, these kinds of fish, a trout especially, if he is not eaten within four or five hours after he be taken, is worth nothing.

But come, Sir, I see you have dined; and therefore, if you please, we will walk down again to the little house, and there I will read you a lecture of angling at the bottom.

CHAPTER XI.

VIATOR. So, Sir, now we are here, and set, let me have my instructions for angling for trout and grayling at the bottom; which, though not so easy, so cleanly, nor, as 'tis said, so genteel a way of fishing as with a fly, is yet, if I mistake not, a good nolding way, and takes fish when nothing else will.

PISC. You are in the right, it does so: and a worm is so sure a bait at all times, that, excepting in a flood, I would I had laid a thousand pounds that I killed fish more or less with it, winter and summer, every day throughout the year; those days always excepted, that upon a more serious account always ought so to be. But not longer to delay you, I will begin, and tell you, that angling at the bottom is also commonly of two sorts,—and yet there is a third way of angling with a ground-bait, and to very great effect too, as shall be said hereafter,—namely, by hand, or with a cork or float.

That we call angling by hand is of three sorts.

The first with a line about half the length of the rod, a good weighty plumb, and three hairs next the hook, which we call a running line, and with one large brandling, or a dew-worm of a moderate size, or two small ones of the first, or any other sort proper for a trout, of which my father Walton has already given you the names, and saved me a labor; or indeed almost any worm whatever; for if a trout be in the humor to bite, it must be such a worm as I never yet saw, that he will refuse: and if you fish with two, you are then to bait your hook thus. You are first to run the point of your hook in at the very head of your first worm, and so down through his body till it be past the knot, and then let it out, and strip the worm above the arming, that you may not bruise it with your fingers, till you have put on the other, by running the point of the hook in below the knot, and upwards through his body towards his head, till it be but just

covered with the head ; which being done, you are then to slip the first worm down over the arming again, till the knots of both worms meet together.

The second way of angling by hand, and with a running line, is with a line something longer than the former, and with tackle made after this same manner. At the utmost extremity of your line, where the hook is always placed in all other ways of angling, you are to have a large pistol or carbine bullet, into which the end of your line is to be fastened with a peg or pin, even and close with the bullet ; and about half a foot above that, a branch of line, of two or three handfuls long, or more for a swift stream, with a hook at the end thereof, baited with some of the fore-named worms, and, another half a foot above that, another, armed and baited after the same manner (but with another sort of worm, without any lead at all) above ; by which means you will always certainly find the true bottom in all depths, which, with the plumbs upon your line above, you can never do, but that your bait must always drag whilst you are sounding, which in this way of angling must be continually, by which means you are like to have more trouble, and peradventure worse success. And both these ways of angling at the bottom are most proper for a dark and muddy water ; by reason that, in such a condition of the stream, a man may stand as near as he will, and neither his own shadow, nor the roundness of his tackle, will hinder his sport.

The third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, and by much the best of all other, is, with a line full as long, or a yard and a half longer than your rod, with no more than one hair next the hook, and for two or three lengths above it, and no more than one small pellet of shot for your plumb ; your hook little, your worms of the smallest brandlings very well scoured, and only one upon your hook at a time ; which is thus to be baited. The point of your hook is to be put in at the very tag of his tail, and run up his body quite over all the arming, and still stripped on an inch at least upon the hair, the head and remaining part hanging downward : and with this line and hook thus baited you are evermore to angle in the streams, always in a clear rather than a troubled water, and always up the river, still casting out

your worm before you with a light one-handed rod, like an artificial fly; where it will be taken, sometimes at the top, or within a very little of the superficies of the water, and almost always before that light plumb can sink it to the bottom, both by reason of the stream, and also that you must always keep your worm in motion by drawing still back towards you, as if you were angling with a fly; and believe me, whoever will try it, shall find this the best way of all other to angle with a worm, in a bright water especially: but then his rod must be very light and pliant, and very true and finely made; which with a skilful hand will do wonders, and in a clear stream is undoubtedly the best way of angling for a trout or grayling with a worm, by many degrees, that any man can make choice of, and of most ease and delight to the angler. To which let me add, that if the angler be of a constitution that will suffer him to wade, and will slip into the tail of a shallow stream, to the calf of the leg or the knee, and so keep off the bank, he shall almost take what fish he pleases.

The second way of angling at the bottom is with a cork or float; and that is also of two sorts, with a worm, or with a grub or cadis.

With a worm, you are to have your line within a foot or a foot and a half as long as your rod, in a dark water with two, or if you will with three, but in a clear water never with above one hair next the hook, and two or three for four or five lengths above it, and a worm of what size you please; your plumbs fitted to your cork, your cork to the condition of the river—that is, to the swiftness or slowness of it, and both when the water is very clear, as fine as you can: and then you are never to bait with above one of the lesser sort of brandlings; or if they are very little ones indeed, you may then bait with two, after the manner before directed.

When you angle for a trout, you are to do it as deep, that is, as near the bottom as you can, provided your bait do not drag; or if it do, a trout will sometimes take it in that posture: if for a grayling, you are then to fish further from the bottom, he being a fish that usually swims nearer to the middle of the water, and lies always loose; or however is more apt to rise than a trout,

and more inclined to rise than to descend even to a ground-bait.

With a grub or cadis, you are to angle with the same length of line; or if it be all out as long as your rod, 'tis not the worse; with never above one hair for two or three lengths next the hook, and with the smallest cork or float, and the least weight of plumb you can that will but sink, and that the swiftness of your stream will allow; which also you may help, and avoid the violence of the current, by angling in the returns of a stream, or the eddies betwixt two streams; which also are the most likely places wherein to kill a fish in a stream, either at the top or bottom.

Of grubs for a grayling, the ash-grub, which is plump, milk-white, bent round from head to tail, and exceeding tender, with a red head; or the dock-worm, or grub of a pale yellow, longer, lanker, and tougher than the other, with rows of feet all down his belly, and a red head also, are the best: I say, for a grayling; because, although a trout will take both these, the ash-grub especially, yet he does not do it so freely as the other, and I have usually taken ten graylings for one trout with that bait; though if a trout come, I have observed that he is commonly a very good one.

These baits we usually keep in bran, in which an ash-grub commonly grows tougher, and will better endure baiting; though he is yet so tender, that it will be necessary to warp in a piece of a stiff hair with your arming, leaving it standing out about a straw breadth at the head of your hook, so as to keep the grub either from slipping totally off when baited, or at least down to the point of the hook; by which means your arming will be left wholly naked and bare, which is neither so sightly, nor so like to be taken, though to help that, which will however very oft fall out, I always arm the hook I design for this bait with the whitest horse-hair I can choose, which itself will resemble, and shine like that bait, and consequently will do more good, or less harm than an arming of any other color. These grubs are to be baited thus: the hook is to be put under the head or chaps of the bait, and guided down the middle of the belly—without suffering it to peep out by the way, for then the ash-grub especially will issue out water and milk, till nothing but the skin shall remain, and

the bend of the hook will appear black through it,—till the point of your hook come so low, that the head of your bait may rest, and stick upon the hair that stands out to hold it; by which means it can neither slip of itself, neither will the force of the stream, nor quick pulling out, upon any mistake, strip it off.

Now, the cadis, or cod-bait, which is a sure killing bait, and for the most part by much surer than either of the other, may be put upon the hook two or three together, and is sometimes, to very great effect, joined to a worm, and sometimes to an artificial fly to cover the point of the hook; but is always to be angled with at the bottom, when by itself especially, with the finest tackle; and is, for all times of the year, the most holding bait of all other whatever, both for trout and grayling.

There are several other baits besides these few I have named you, which also do very great execution at the bottom: and some that are peculiar to certain countries and rivers, of which every angler may in his own place make his own observation; and some others that I do not think fit to put you in mind of, because I would not corrupt you, and would have you, as in all things else I observe you to be, a very honest gentleman, a fair angler. And so much for the second sort of angling for a trout at the bottom.

Viat. But, Sir, I beseech you give me leave to ask you one question: is there no art to be used to worms, to make them allure the fish, and in a manner compel them to bite at the bait?

Pisc. Not that I know of; or, did I know any such secret, I would not use it myself, and therefore would not teach it you. Though I will not deny to you, that in my younger days I have made trial of oil of osprey, oil of ivy, camphor, assafœtida, juice of nettles, and several other devices that I was taught by several anglers I met with, but could never find any advantage by them; and can scarce believe there is anything to be done that way; though I must tell you, I have seen some men who I thought went to work no more artificially than I, and have yet with the same kind of worms I had, in my own sight, taken five, and sometimes ten for one. But we'll let that business alone if you please; and because we have time enough, and that I would

deliver you from the trouble of any more lectures, I will, if you please, proceed to the last way of angling for a trout or grayling, which is in the middle ; after which I shall have no more to trouble you with.

VIAT. It is no trouble, Sir, but the greatest satisfaction that can be ; and I attend you.

CHAPTER XII.

Piscator. Angling in the middle, then, for trout or grayling, is of two sorts; with a penk or minnow for a trout, or with a worm, grub, or cadis, for a grayling.

For the first, it is with a minnow, half a foot, or a foot, within the superficies of the water; and, as to the rest that concerns this sort of angling, I shall wholly refer you to Mr. Walton's direction, who is undoubtedly the best angler with a minnow in England: only in plain truth I do not approve of those baits he keeps in salt, unless where the living ones are not possibly to be had; though I know he frequently kills with them, and peradventure more than with any other; nay, I have seen him refuse a living one for one of them; and much less of his artificial one,* for though we do it with a counterfeit fly, methinks it should hardly be expected that a man should deceive a fish with a counterfeit fish. Which, having said, I shall only add, and that out of my own experience, that I do believe a bull-head, with his gill-fins cut off, at some times of the year especially, to be a much better bait for a trout, than a minnow, and a loach much better than that: to prove which I shall only tell you, that I have much oftener taken trouts with a bull-head or a loach in their throats, for there a trout has questionless his first digestion, than a minnow; and that one day especially, having angled a good part of the day with a minnow, and that in as hopeful a day, and as fit a water, as could be wished for that purpose, without raising any one fish; I at last fell to it with the worm, and with that took fourteen in a very short space, amongst all which, there was not, to my remembrance, so much as one, that had not a loach or two, and some of them three, four, five, and six loaches, in his

* See chap. v. of Part I.

throat and stomach; from whence I concluded, that had I angled with that bait, I had made a notable day's work of it.

But after all, there is a better way of angling with a minnow, than perhaps is fit either to teach or to practise: to which I shall only add, that a grayling will certainly rise at, and sometimes take a minnow, though it will be hard to be believed by any one, who shall consider the littleness of that fish's mouth, very unfit to take so great a bait: but 'tis affirmed by many, that he will sometimes do it, and I myself know it to be true; for though I never took a grayling so, yet a man of mine once did, and within so few paces of me, that I am as certain of it as I can be of anything I did not see; and, which made it appear the more strange, the grayling was not above eleven inches long.

I must here also beg leave of your master, and mine, not to controvert, but to tell him, that I cannot consent to his way of throwing in his rod to an overgrown trout, and afterwards recovering his fish with his tackle. For though I am satisfied he has sometimes done it, because he says so, yet I have found it quite otherwise; and though I have taken with the angle, I may safely say, some thousands of trouts in my life, my top never snapped, though my line still continued fast to the remaining part of my rod, by some lengths of line curled round about my top, and there fastened with waxed silk, against such an accident: nor my hand never slacked, or slipped by any other chance, but I almost always infallibly lost my fish, whether great or little, though my hook came home again. And I have often wondered how a trout should so suddenly disengage himself from so great a hook, as that we bait with a minnow, and so deep bearded as those hooks commonly are, when I have seen by the forenamed accidents, or the slipping of a knot in the upper part of the line, by sudden and hard striking, that though the line has immediately been recovered, almost before it could be all drawn into the water, the fish cleared, and was gone in a moment. And yet, to justify what he says, I have sometimes known a trout, having carried away a whole line, found dead, three or four days after, with the hook fast sticking in him: but then it is to be supposed he had gorged it, which a trout will do, if you be not too quick with him, when he comes at a minnow, as sure and much sooner than

a pike; and I myself have also, once or twice in my life, taken the same fish with my own fly sticking in his chaps, that he had taken from me the day before, by the slipping of a hook in the arming: but I am very confident a trout will not be troubled two hours with any hook, that has so much as one handful of line left behind with it, or that is not struck through a bone, if it be in any part of his mouth only; nay, I do certainly know, that a trout, so soon as ever he feels himself pricked, if he carries away the hook, goes immediately to the bottom, and will there root like a hog upon the gravel, till he either rub out, or break the hook in the middle. And so much for this first sort of angling in the middle for a trout.

The second way of angling in the middle, is with a worm, grub, cadis, or any other ground-bait for a grayling; and that is with a cork, and a foot from the bottom, a grayling taking it much better there than at the bottom, as has been said before; and this always in a clear water, and with the finest tackle.

To which we may also, and with very good reason, add the third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, as a third way of fishing in the middle: which is common to both trout and grayling, and, as I said before, the best way of angling with a worm, of all other I ever tried whatever.

And now, Sir, I have said all I can at present think of concerning angling for a trout and grayling; and I doubt not, have tired you sufficiently: but I will give you no more trouble of this kind, whilst you stay; which, I hope, will be a good while longer.

Viat. That will not be above a day longer; but, if I live till May come twelvemonth, you are sure of me again, either with my master Walton, or without him; and in the meantime shall acquaint him how much you have made of me for his sake; and I hope he loves me well enough to thank you for it.

Pisc. I shall be glad, Sir, of your good company at the time you speak of; and shall be loath to part with you now: but when you tell me you must go, I will then wait upon you more miles on your way than I have tempted you out of it, and heartily wish you a good journey.

APPENDIX.

KEEP A GOOD TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD.

TO THE TUNE OF "THE MILKMAIDS," ETC.

[In Walton's "Angler," first printed in 1653, the six earliest lines of this ballad are printed with some slight variations; and they are coupled with eight other lines from the ballad which follows next in our collection, as if they were one and the same song: they are both given to Maudlin in Walton's work, and the fact we have stated forms a new illustration of it. Both ballads were written by Martin Parker, a well known name in our ephemeral literature in the reign of Charles I. and during the Protectorate: his initials are at the end of each, and he seldom put his name at full length. He was author of the celebrated "True Tale of Robin Hood," and of the more notorious song of "When the King enjoys his own again." Of the periods of his birth or burial, we have no knowledge. The broadside we have used is entitled, "Keep a good tongue in your head, for

Here's a very good woman in every respect,
But only her tongue breeds all her defect."

It was "Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the Horshoo in Smithfield," about 1640.—*Collier's Book of Roxburgh Ballads.*]

I marry'd a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate;
I tooke her for love,
As fancy did me move,
and not for her worldly state.
For qualities rare,
Few with her compare;
let me doe her no wrong:

a pike; and I myself have also, once or twice in my life, taken the same fish with my own fly sticking in his chaps, that he had taken from me the day before, by the slipping of a hook in the arming: but I am very confident a trout will not be troubled two hours with any hook, that has so much as one handful of line left behind with it, or that is not struck through a bone, if it be in any part of his mouth only; nay, I do certainly know, that a trout, so soon as ever he feels himself pricked, if he carries away the hook, goes immediately to the bottom, and will there root like a hog upon the gravel, till he either rub out, or break the hook in the middle. And so much for this first sort of angling in the middle for a trout.

The second way of angling in the middle, is with a worm, grub, cadis, or any other ground-bait for a grayling; and that is with a cork, and a foot from the bottom, a grayling taking it much better there than at the bottom, as has been said before; and this always in a clear water, and with the finest tackle.

To which we may also, and with very good reason, add the third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, as a third way of fishing in the middle: which is common to both trout and grayling, and, as I said before, the best way of angling with a worm, of all other I ever tried whatever.

And now, Sir, I have said all I can at present think of concerning angling for a trout and grayling; and I doubt not, have tired you sufficiently: but I will give you no more trouble of this kind, whilst you stay; which, I hope, will be a good while longer.

Viat. That will not be above a day longer; but, if I live till May come twelvemonth, you are sure of me again, either with my master Walton, or without him; and in the meantime shall acquaint him how much you have made of me for his sake; and I hope he loves me well enough to thank you for it.

Pisc. I shall be glad, Sir, of your good company at the time you speak of; and shall be loath to part with you now: but when you tell me you must go, I will then wait upon you more miles on your way than I have tempted you out of it, and heartily wish you a good journey.

APPENDIX.

KEEP A GOOD TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD.

TO THE TUNE OF "THE MILKMAIDS," ETC.

[In Walton's "Angler," first printed in 1653, the six earliest lines of this ballad are printed with some slight variations; and they are coupled with eight other lines from the ballad which follows next in our collection, as if they were one and the same song: they are both given to Maudlin in Walton's work, and the fact we have stated forms a new illustration of it. Both ballads were written by Martin Parker, a well known name in our ephemeral literature in the reign of Charles I. and during the Protectorate: his initials are at the end of each, and he seldom put his name at full length. He was author of the celebrated "True Tale of Robin Hood," and of the more notorious song of "When the King enjoys his own again." Of the periods of his birth or burial, we have no knowledge. The broadside we have used is entitled, "Keep a good tongue in your head, for

Here's a very good woman in every respect,
But only her tongue breeds all her defect."

It was "Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the Horshoo in Smithfield," about 1640.—*Collier's Book of Roxburgh Ballads.*]

I marry'd a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate;
I tooke her for love,
As fancy did me move,
and not for her worldly state.
For qualities rare,
Few with her compare;
let me doe her no wrong:

I must confesse,
Her chiefe amisse
Is only this,
As some wives is,
she cannot rule her tongue.

She hath as sweet a face
as any in seaven miles space;
Her eyes chrystalline,
Like diamonds doe shine,
she looks with a modest grace:
Her haire is like flax,
Her lips are red wax,
that seal'd the bond so strong
Twixt her and I,
That till I die
Ille justifie
Her constancy:
but she cannot rule her tongue.

Her cheeks are red as the rose
which June for her glory shows:
Her teeth on a row
Stand like a wall of snow
between her round chin and her nose.
Her shoulders are decent,
Her armes white and pleasant,
her fingers are small and long:
No fault, I find,
But in my minde,
Most womenkind
Must come behind:
O, that she could rule her tongue!

Her breasts like Pyreene hills,
which nature yearly fils
With liquor that by ods,
Doth passe the drink o' th' gods;
all nectar it far excels:
With this she doth feed
The twigs that proceed
from our affections strong.
She's fruitful as
The springing grasse,
No time lets passe,
And yet, alas!
she cannot rule her tongue.

Her body, which I have oft
embraced so smooth and soft,
Is slender and white
Proportioned aright;
tis straight as any shaft.
Her leg is compleat,
Her foot's fine and neat,
'tis neither too short nor too long:
In every part
Dame Nature's art
Gives her the start:
With all my heart
I wishe she could rule her tongue.

As she in feature excels
wel nye most women else,
Even so doth her wit,
If shee'l make use of it,
as daily experience tels:
I cannot deny it,
If she be at quiet
her speeches will do no wrong:
Shee'l laugh and smile,
New termes shee'l file,
Yet in a while
Shee'l change her stile,
and cannot rule her tongue.

With eloquence she will dispute;
few women can her confute:
She sings and she playes,
And she knowes all her keyes
on the viol de gambo, or lute.
Shee'l dance with a grace,
Her measures shee'l trace
as doth unto art belong:
She is a girle
Fit for an Earle,
Not for a churle:
She were worth a pearle,
if she could but rule her tongue.

Her needle she can use well;
in that she doth most excell:
She can spin and knit,
And every thing fit,
as all her neighbors can tell.

Her fingers apace,
At weaving bone-lace,
she useth all day long:
All arts that be
To women free,
Of each degree,
Performeth she.
O, that she could rule her tongue!

For huswifery she doth exceed;
she looks to her businesse with heed:
Shee's early and late
Emploi'd I dare say't,
to see all things well succeede.
She is very wary
To looke to her dary,
as doth to her charge belong:
Her servants all
Are at her call,
But shee'l so brawle,
That still I shall
wish that she could rule her tongue.

With all that hath bin said
no woman neede be dismaid,
Sith I have not beene
Incensed through spleene
in this spacious river to wade:
I none doe disparage,
To hinder their marriage,
but with both old and yong
Great heed to take,
When choice they make
For vertue's sake:
No venemous snake
stings like a woman's tongue.

THE MILKE-MAID'S LIFE.

TO A CURIOUS NEW TUNE, CALLED "THE MILKE-MAID'S DUMPS."

[This is the ballad referred to in our introduction to the preceding, as naving had eight lines quoted from it by Walton in his "Angler" (p. 152, edit. 1808). They form the conclusion of our sixth stanza, but Walton either printed from a different copy to that we have used, or he altered one of the lines. He does not state who was the author, but the initials at the end of the Roxburghe broadside show that it was by Martin Parker. Both this and the last ballad were written to the same tune, which in one case is called "the Milkmaid's, &c.," and in the other "the Milkmaid's Dumps:" a "dump" was a species of dance, as well as poem (Collier's Shakspere, vi., 478). The ensuing, like the foregoing, ballad was "Printed at London for T. Lambert;" and to the title of "The Milke-Maid's Life," is added the following couplet,

"A pretty new ditty composed and pend,
The praise of the Milking paile to defend."

The last stanza but one proves that the ballad was written before "the downfal of May-games," under the Puritans.—*Ibid.*]

You rural goddesses,
that woods and fields possesse,
Assist me with your skill,
That may direct my quill
more jocundly to expresse
The mirth and delight,
Both morning and night,
on mountaine or in dale,
Of them who chuse
This trade to use,
And through cold dewes
Do never refuse
to carry the milking payle.

The bravest lasses gay
live not so merry as they:
In honest civill sort
They make each other sport
as they trudge on their way.
Come faire or foul weather,
They're fearefull of neither;
their courages never quaile:
In wet and dry,
Though winds be hye
And darke's the sky,
They nere deny
to carry the milking paile.

Their hearts are free from care,
they never will dispaire,
What ever them befall;
They bravely beare out all,
and fortune's frowns out dare.
They pleasantly sing
To welcome the spring,
'gainst heaven they never rayle:
If grasse wel grow
Their thankes they show,
And frost or snow,
They merrily goe
along with the milking paile.

Base idlenesse they doe scorne:
they rise very early i' th' morn,
And walk into the field
Where pretty birds do yeeld
brave musick on every thorn:
The linet and thrush
Doe sing on each bush;
and the dulcid nightingale
Her note doth straine
In a jocund vaine,
To entertaine
That worthy traine,
which carry the milking paile.

Their labor doth health preserve;
no doctors rules they observe,
While others, too nice
In taking their advice,
look alwaies as though they wold starve.

Their meat is digested,
They nere are molested,
no sicknesse doth them assaile:
Their time is spent
In merryment;
While limbs are lent,
They are content
to carry the milking paile.

Those lasses nice and strange,
that keep shops in the Exchange,
Sit pricking of clouts,
And giving of flouts;
they seldome abroad doe range:
Then comes the green sicknesse
And changeth their likenesse,
all this for want of good sale
But 'tis not so,
As proofe doth show,
By them that goe
In frost and snow,
to carry the milking paile.

If they any sweethearts have,
that do affection crave,
Their privilidge is this,
Which many others misse,
they can give them welcome brave
With them they may walke,
And pleasantly talke,
with a bottle of wine or ale:
The gentle cow
Doth them allow,
As they know how.
God speed the plow,
and blesse the milking paile!

Upon the first of May,
with garlands fresh and gay,
With mirth and musick sweet,
For such a season meet,
they passe their time away:
They dance away sorrow,
And all the day thorow
their legs doe never fayle;

They nimblely
Their feet doe ply,
And bravely try
The victory,
in honour o' th' milking paile.

If any think that I
doe practise flattery,
In seeking thus to raise
The merry milkmaid's praise,
Ile to them thus reply.
It is their desert
Inviteth my art
to study this pleasant tale;
In their defence
Whose innocence,
And providence,
Gets honest pence
out of the milking paile.

(FROM HERRICK'S POEMS.)

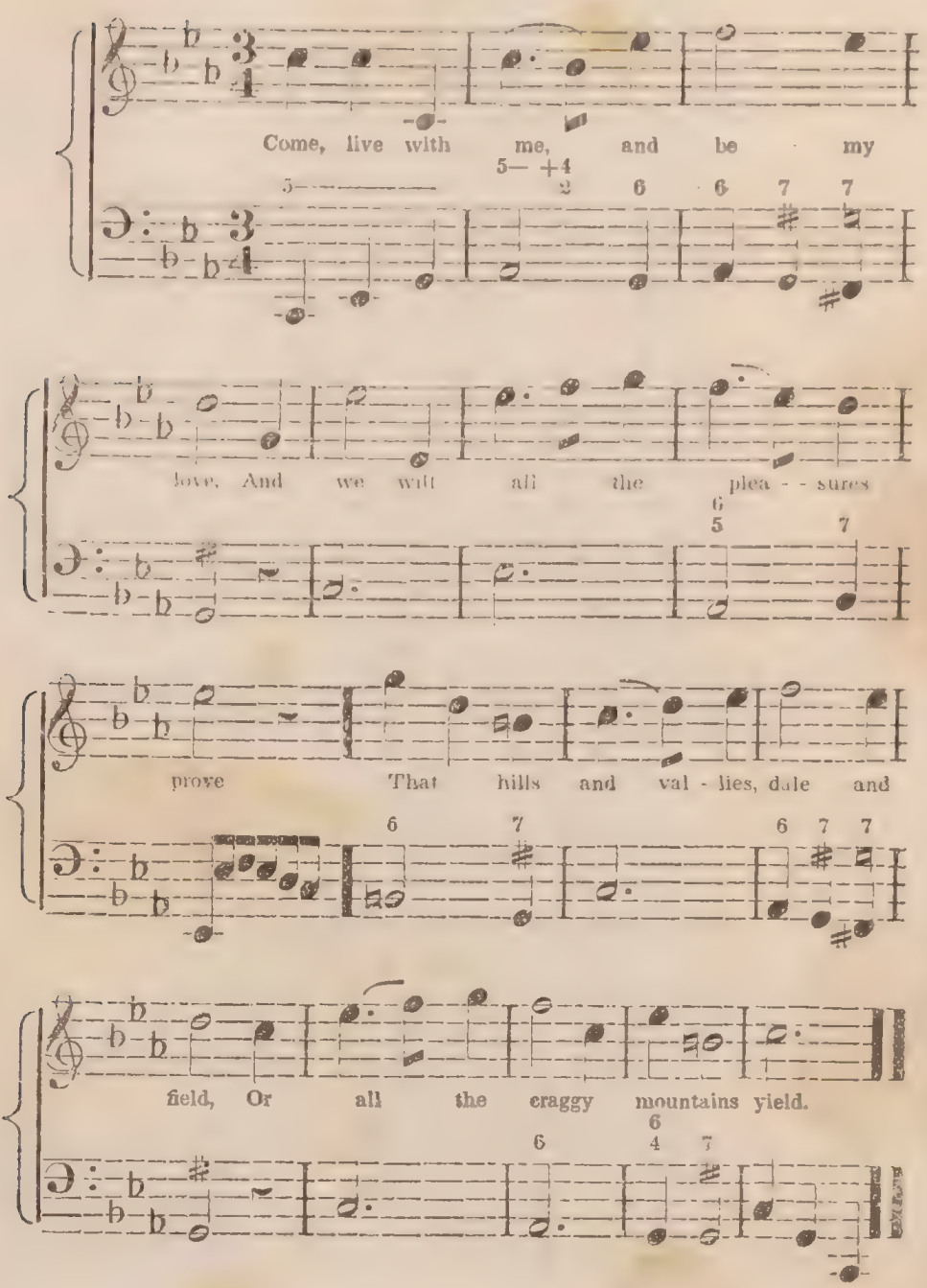
TO PHILLIS TO LOVE, AND LIVE WITH HIM.

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures Ile prepare for thee;
What sweets the country can afford,
Shall blesse thy bed, and blesse thy board.
The soft sweet mosse shall be thy bed,
With crawling woodbine overspread;
By which the silver-shedding streames
Shall gently melt thee into dreames,
Thy clothing next shall be a gowne
Made of the fleeces purest downe.
The tongues of kids shall be thy meate;
Their milke thy drinke; and thou shalt eate
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips buttered.

Thy feasting-tables shall be hills
With daisies spread, and daffadils;
Where thou shalt sit, and red-brest by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
Ile give thee chaines and carkanets
Of primroses and violets.
A Bag and bottle thou shalt have
That richly wrought, and this as brave;
So that as either shall expresse
The wearer's no meane shepheardesse.
At sheering times, and yearely wakes,
When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be, and be the wit,
Nay more, the feast and grace of it.
On holy-dayes, when virgins meet
To dance the heyes with nimble feet;
Thou shalt come forth, and then appeare
The Queen of Roses for that yeere;
And having danc't 'bove all the best,
Carry the garland from the rest.
In wicker-baskets maids shall bring
To thee, my dearest shephardling,
The blushing apple, bashful peare
And shame-fac't plum, all simp'ring there,
Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
The name of Phillis in the rind
Of every straight and smooth-skin tree;
Where kissing that, Ile twice kiss thee.
To thee a sheep-hook I will send,
Bespranckt with ribbands, to this end,
This, this alluring hook might be
Lesse for to catch a sheep then me.
Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,
Not made of ale, but spiced wine;
To make thy maids and selfe free mirth,
All sitting near the glittering hearth.
Thou shalt have ribbands, roses, rings,
Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings
Of winning colors, that shall move
Others to lust, but me to love.
These, nay, and more, thine own shall be,
If thou wilt love, and live with me.

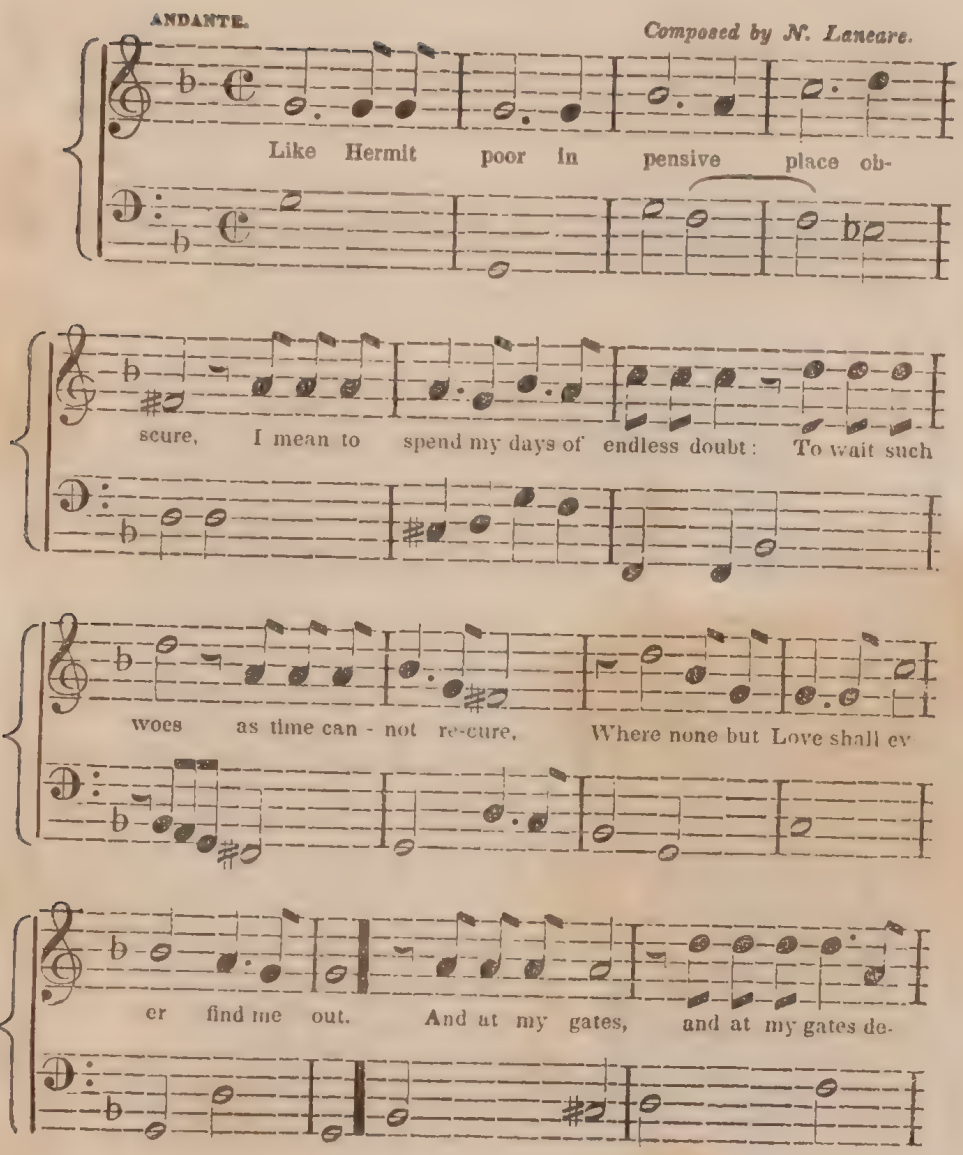
COME, LIVE WITH ME, AND BE MY LOVE.

THE OLD MELODY.

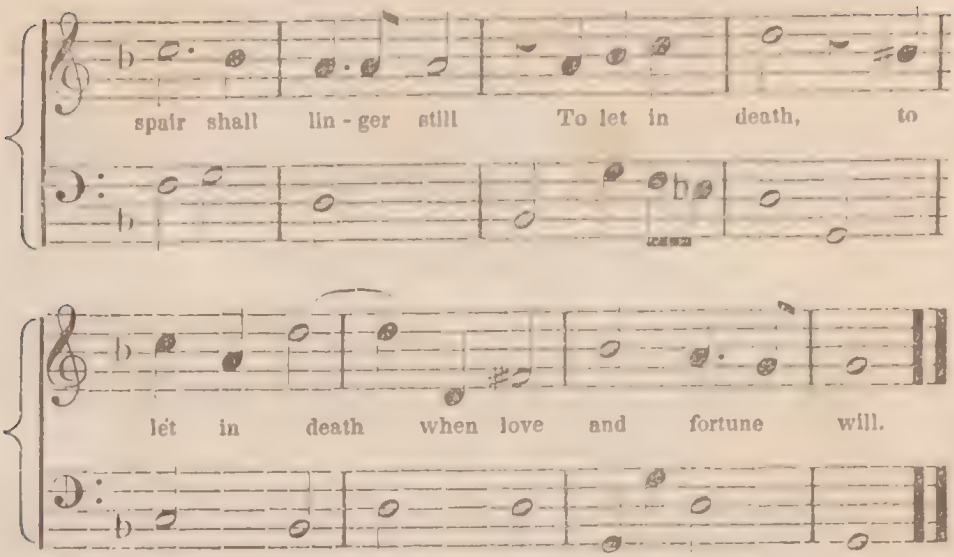


LIKE HERMIT POOR.

SONG.



LIKE HERMIT POOR.—Continued.



2.

A Gown of grey my body shall attire:
My Staff, of broken hope whereon I'll stay:
Of late repentance link'd with long desire
The Couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I'll lay:
And at my gates, &c.

3.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made:
My Drink, nought else but tears fall'n from mine eyes:
And for my Light in this obscure shade,
The flames may serve which from my heart arise:
And at my gates, &c.

ECLOGA PISCATORIA.

A METASTASIO, UT DICITUR.

CANDIDA vitæ
Gaudia nescit
Ah miser ! ille,
Qui requievit
Littore nunquam
Mollis arenæ
Pone reclinis;
Grata *Favoni*
Quum levis aura,
Vespere sero
Fluctibus orta,
Flamine leni
Pectore mulcens
Æquora crispat:
Nox ubi fuscis
Evolat alis,
Quot micat ardens
Ignibus æther
Unda relucet,
Fractaque *Phœbes*
Æquore glauco
Ludit imago
Lactea, splendet
Sub tremebundo
Lumine pontus.
Et tua, *Triton*,
Buccina torta
Nocte silenti
Littora complet,
(Blanda palustris
Fistula cede,
Pan, licet *Arcas*
Inflet avenam !)
Saxaque latè
Reddere discunt
Doridos ignes,
Leucothoesve,
Vel *Galatheæ*
Grata *Sicano*
Furta sub antro,
Quæ fovet ulnis
Acida Divum;
Dumque natanti
Lumine languens
Murmure leni,
Basia sugens
Comprimit arctè
Pectore pectus
Aurea nymphè;
Spretus amator
(Ardua moles)
Heu fremit atrox
Ore cruento,
Cunctaque latè
Voce tonanti
Semifer implet:
(*Scylla* relatrat
Ætna remugit)
Tum furibundis
Passibus errans,
Sanguinolentum
Luminis orbem

Sævè volutans,
Singula lustrat,
Cernere si quâ
Possit amantes,
Raptaque dextrâ
Pallida membra
Fulminis instar
Frangens heu! heu!
Vindice saxo.
Ergo age tandem
Spernere mitte
Gurgitis almi
Littora grata,
Gratior ipsa
Rustica *Phylli*,
Ipsa *Dione*,
Ipsa puelli
Arcitenentis
Aurea mater,
Aurea quæ nunc
Ore nitenti
Numina captat;
Blanda marinæ
Filia spumæ
Edita ponto est;
Nunc quoque pontum
(Æthere spreto)
Sæpe revisens,
Alite curru
Diva serenis
Labitur undis,
Collaque olorum
Floribus atque
Flectit habenâ;
Æolus Euro
Lora frementi
Contrahit arctè;
At tibi laxat,
Alme *Favoni*,
Purpureisque
Exsilis alis,
Moxque reportans
Conjugis horto
Sive rosarum
Vel hyacinthi
Fundis odores.
Grandia cete
Gaudia vasta
Saltibus edunt
Incompostis,
O *Venus* alma,
Teque salutant,
Et maris æquor
Impete læto
Sydera ad alta
Naribus efflant.
O mea vita,
Ocyus adsis,
Molle latusque
Littore fulta,
Prospice mecum
Colle propinque
Subsilientes
Lanigerarum
Ubera circum
Molliter agnas;
Pendula lino
Et tibi dextram
Armet arundo;
Hamus aduncus
Fluctuet unda:
Mox genus ecce
Omne natantum
(Squammea pubes
Ex latebrosis
Advena fundis)
Præpete pinnâ
Trans maris æquor
Ultro requiret
Humida nostræ
Lina puellæ;
Crine madentes
Et tibi fundent
Naiades udæ
Divite dextrâ
Mille colorum
Munera conchas,
Sanguine multo
Tincta coralla,
Gurgitis imi
Splendida dona,
Doridos almæ
Læve tributum

ARRANGEMENT

(ACCORDING TO THE METHOD OF CUVIER)

OF THE

AMERICAN SPECIES OF FISHES

ALLUDED TO IN THE PRECEDING PAGES.

BY JAMES E. DE KAY,

AUTHOR OF THE NEW YORK FAUNA.

(Kindly furnished for this Edition of Walton's Angler.)

SUB CLASS I.

BONY FISHES.

Skeleton bony, the osseous matter being deposited in fibres. Gill-membrane with rays. Maxillaries and intermaxillaries, one or both present.

SECTION I.

SPINE RAYED.

First rays of the dorsal fin or the whole of it spinous; first rays of the anal and ventral fins spinous.

FAMILY PERCIDÆ.—Scales hard and rough. Opercle and pre-opercle, one or both serrated or spinous: jaws, vomer, and palatines armed with teeth.

Genus PERCA.—Two dorsal fins. Tongue smooth; suborbital faintly serrated: opercle ending in a flat spine.

Obs.—This genus includes, according to some writers in the United States, but one species,—the *P. flavescens*, or common yellow perch. Cuvier has, however, described four others from various parts of the United States, which I believe to be quite distinct, although it must be acknowledged that they are closely allied to each other. The yellow perch is very widely distributed throughout the country.

Genus LABRAX.—Bands of teeth on the tongue; the dorsals distinct: opercle with two spines.

Obs.—This genus embraces about seven species, foremost among which is the noble *striped bass* or *rockfish* (*L. lineatus*), a salt water species, ascending fresh water streams to breed during the spring, and for shelter during winter. The other species are smaller, and are usually called *perches*.

Genus LUCIOPERCA.—This embraces the *L. Americana*, or *pike-perch*, *glass eye*, *yellow pike*, *blue pike*, *Ohio salmon* and *pickerel*; for all these names are given to the same fish. It occurs in the streams of the middle and western States, and in the great lakes; is well flavored, and affords much sport to the angler. It attains sometimes the length of three feet.

Genus CENTROPRISTES.—To this genus belongs the *C. nigricans*, or *sea bass*, sometimes called the *black bass*, *black fish* and *blue fish*. A very savory article of food.

The other Genera of this family are *centrarchus* and *pomotis*, embracing several species of *rock bass* and *pond fish*, which take the hook readily.

Family SCIENIDÆ.—Many of the characters of the preceding family, but without teeth on the vomer or palatines; scales on the base of the vertical fins; dorsal fins one or two; head not mailed; teeth various.

Genus LEIOSTOMUS (*L. obliquus*).—The *croh* or *Lafayette* fish, a marine species occasionally appearing in great numbers on the northern coast, but at irregular intervals; takes the hook freely, and affords good sport.

Genus OTOLITHUS (*O. regalis*).—The *weak fish* of the northern States, and improperly named *trout* at the south; takes the hook, and is highly esteemed; sometimes attains the weight of thirty pounds.

Genus UMBRINA (*U. nebulosa*).—*King fish*. The finest flavored of all our marine species. Its trivial name was given to it by the early English colonists. It bites firmly at the hook, and is most common during the heats of summer. The (*U. acharnus*) *whiting* is a closely allied southern species.

Genus POGONIAS.—This includes many species known under the popular names of *red* and *young drum*, *grunter*, *drum fish*, &c. The (*P. chromis*) *big drum* occasionally weighs from eighty to a hundred pounds.

Family SPARIDÆ.—The opercular bones without spines or denticulations: no teeth on the palate; scales large; jaws not protractile; branchial rays not exceeding six.

Genus SARGUS.—The highly prized *sheep's-head* (*S. ovis*) migrates northwardly during the summer; is a wary animal, and affords much amusement to the sportsman.

Genus PAGRUS.—The *porgee* (*P. argyrops*) takes the hook readily, and would be more esteemed were it less common.

Family SCOMBRIDÆ.—Opercles smooth; scales very small, smooth and entire; vertical fins without scales. This family embraces many

species, such as the *mackerel* (*Scomber vernalis*), highly useful in an economical view, but of little interest to the angler, except in the

Genus Temnodon.—The *T. saltator*, or blue fish of the northern and skipjack of the southern States; affords much sport to the angler, and is a very savory fish. It is known under the various popular names of *horse mackerel, green fish, snapping mackerel*, &c.

Genus Rhombus presents the *harvest fish* (*R. triacanthus*), which is one of our most delicate and esteemed fishes, but does not take the hook.

Family Labridæ.—Jaws with a double row of teeth; opercle and preopercle; without spines or denticulations, and with few or no scales on them.

Genus Tautoga (*T. Americana*).—The well known tautog, or black fish, a marine species industriously sought for by the angler and epicure.

SECTION II.

SOFT RAYED.

All the fin rays soft and cartilaginous, with the exception sometimes of the first in the dorsal and the first in the pectoral fins. These rays are articulated, and more or less branched.

Family Siluridæ.—Skin naked and covered with a mucous secretion; head depressed; a second adipose dorsal: intermaxillaries suspended under the ethmoid bone, and form the edge of the upper jaw; first ray of dorsal and pectoral spinous.

Obs. This family includes at present twenty-five or thirty American species, known under the various popular names of cat fish, bull heads, bull pouts, &c. They are mostly fluviatile and lacustrine, affording much sport, and sometimes reaching the weight of one hundred pounds.

Family Cyprinidæ.—Mouth slightly cleft; weak jaws most frequently without teeth: pharyngeals strongly dentated: one dorsal fin; branchial rays few.

Obs. This family embraces between eighty and ninety American fresh water species, known under the popular names of carp, chub, suckers, shiners, dace, minnows, &c. The common carp of Europe and the gold fish of China have been successfully introduced into our waters.

Family Esocidæ.—One dorsal fin usually opposite to the anal; edge of the upper jaw either formed solely by the intermaxillaries, or, if the labials enter at all into its composition, they are destitute of teeth; branchial rays vary from three to eighteen; mouth large, and with sharp teeth.

Genus Esox.—Our waters have six species of pike, of which the most famous is the *muskellonge*, or great pike of the lakes, which has been known to exceed four feet in length. The *pickerel* (*E. reticulatus*) is common in all our ponds and streams.

Family SALMONIDÆ.—Body scaly; first dorsal with soft rays, the second small and adipose; numerous cæcal appendages and an air bladder; great variations in the armature of their jaws; inhabiting fresh and salt water.

Genus SALMO (*S. salar*).—The *salmon* common to Europe and America. Richardson and others have described ten other species, chiefly from the northern rivers flowing into the Arctic Sea. The common, or true sea salmon, was formerly abundant as far south as the Hudson river, where they are even now occasionally taken. The angler must now go to the State of Maine with any probability of success. The *Mackinaw salmon* (*S. amethystus*) is a noble species, sometimes weighing one hundred and twenty pounds. The common *brook* or *spotted trout* (*S fontinalis*) occurs between the fortieth and forty-seventh parallels of latitude. In the streams and small lakes in the northern part of New York emptying into the river St. Lawrence is another species (*S. erythrogaster*), *red bellied trout*, resembling the brook trout in its spots, but more cylindrical and tapering, of a crimson hue beneath, and usually exceeding it in size. The common *salmon trout* of the lakes (*S. confinis*) has the port of a salmon, but without its flavor.

Genus OSMERUS (*O viridescens*).—Smelt.

Genus COREGONUS embraces seven or eight species inhabiting the lakes, and frequently called shad salmon: it includes the celebrated *white fish* (*C. albus*) and the exquisite *Otsego bass* (*C. Otsego*). We have no species of grayling in the United States. One (*Thymallus signifer*) is found in the northwestern or Arctic region.

Family CLUPEIDÆ.—No adipose fin: the upper jaw formed, as in trouts, at the middle by intermaxillaries, without pedicles, and on the sides by the maxillaries; scales easily detached.

This includes the herrings, shads, &c., which, although highly interesting in an œconomical point of view, afford little amusement to the angler. The *shad* (*A. præstabilis* of De Kay) has, until lately, been confounded with the shad of Europe.

Family GADIDÆ.—Jaws and vomer, with rows of rasp-like teeth; generally three dorsals; gills large, with seven rays. This family embraces numerous species designated under the names of *cod, hake, haddock, cusk, poliack, frost fish*, &c. The *haddock* (*M. æglefinus*) affords much sport, on our northern coast, to the fisherman.

Family PLANIDÆ.—Body flat, compressed vertically; upper surface colored, beneath white; dorsal single, extending the whole length of the back; both eyes on the same side of the head; branchial rays, six.

This family includes all the varied marine species, known as *flat fish, flounder, halibut, turbot, sole*, &c. The two latter names, I would remark, have nothing in common with the turbot and sole of Europe, which are not found on the coast.

Family ANGUILLIDÆ.—No ventral fins; body elongated and serpent-like in form; scales scarcely apparent, being imbedded in a soft, thick skin; no cæcal appendages.

This includes four or five species of eels. They offer little of interest to the angler, except to jack for them in the spring and summer by torchlight.

SUB CLASS II.

CARTILAGINOUS FISHES.

Skeleton cartilaginous; cranium divided by indistinct sutures; gills generally fixed; gill membrane without rays; intermaxillaries and maxillaries wanting or rudimentary.

The remaining families, including the *sturgeons*, *rays*, *sharks*, *saw fish*, skates, lampreys, &c., are foreign to the purpose of this work, and therefore need not be enumerated.

THE PEARCH.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL

OF THE

LAKE PISECO TROUT CLUB.

(KINDLY FURNISHED FOR THIS EDITION OF WALTON'S ANGLER.)

SOME six gentlemen, from divers parts, have formed themselves into a regularly organized fishing-club, and have been in the habit of visiting annually one of those beautiful sheets of water that abound in Hamilton County, in the northern part of the State of New York. At the first irruption of these sportsmen into the wilderness, the country through which they were obliged to pass presented a most savage aspect. They were compelled to climb Pelion upon Ossa before they reached, not the *promised land*, but the promised *water*. And they were well repaid for their efforts, not only as lovers of nature, in finding a lake of surpassing beauty, but as lovers of sport, in the abundance and superior excellence of the trout that lay treasured within it. When first visited, a rude hut made of logs, with crevices to admit air and light, formed the only accommodations for the party; the family bed was given up, and when a light was asked for to retire with, they were informed that there had not been a candle in the house for a twelvemonth: corn meal, with the fish caught, formed their only food. The next year stores were forwarded in advance. The beautiful sheet of water, near which the Club have pitched their tents, is about seven miles in length, and has an average breadth of one and a half miles, its borders presenting a great variety of picturesque and magnificent scenery in a perfect state of nature, rising in some parts in gentle hills, in others in mountains of the most magnificent proportions, swelling away in the blue haze to the horizon. On one of the beautiful headlands running out into the lake near its centre, they purchased one hundred acres of land, upon which they have erected a fishing-lodge, and named it Walton Hall, in honor of their patron saint, with convenient rooms for each member of the Club, and a large hall for the accommodation of rods, &c. It is here in these beautiful and unbroken solitudes, unstirred by the hum of the world, the

members of this Club, reposing from the ordinary cares and pleasures of life, for a fortnight in each year, breathe anew the primitive freshness of life; each have their boat and oarsman, they disperse after breakfast, skim over the lake, passing and re-passing while trolling, exchanging salutations, and seeking their favorite fishing haunts; they meet at the *Tree-tops*, a common point of union, for dining at a stated hour. At this beautiful spot, on the opposite side of the lake from the fishing-lodge, the Club have a shanty which serves to protect them in foul weather, and placed near the banks of a babbling brook which descends from the mountains in their rear; here the fish taken from the first boat that arrives are accurately weighed, credit given to the taker, and prepared for dinner. Each member is charged with his appropriate duties, one to superintend the culinary department, another to mingle the ingredients of the nectar'd bowl, and another to see that a cordon of *smudges* are formed to keep at a respectable distance, by smoke, the pestilent black fly; then, after dining themselves, they make room for their men, and discuss their regalias or trabucos. When the heat of the sun has somewhat abated, they again disperse to repeat the same scenes, and remain on the lake until nightfall summons them to their lodge. As the respective boats arrive, the fish taken during the day are accurately weighed, dressed, placed on the ice, reported to the secretary, and regularly entered upon the journals of the Club. By referring to their journal, we find the large quantity of fish taken during the last five years, with an account of the different species of trout found in the lake. They constitute the only kinds of fish, with the exception of golden shiners and small suckers, which at some seasons form their principal food.

The trout are divided into the *lake* and *speckled*. There is an apparent difference to be found in the lake trout, some appearing to be almost black, others white or silvery, but the club are uncertain whether or not the apparent difference may not arise from sex or something peculiar to the condition in which they are found, but would state that the black are decidedly the most active fish, and, when taken, after a resistance equal to the *speckled trout*, this last species that is found in the lake differs essentially from the same kind, or spotted trout, that is taken in the outlet of the lake, where they are captured in large numbers, as will be seen from further abstracts from their journal.

By an accurate comparison of two of these fish, one taken in the outlet and another in the lake, there was found a manifest difference. The speckled trout from the lake had but two rows of spots on the side, while that from the outlet had five, the tail of the laker was square, while that of the other was forked, and the ventral and pectoral fins deeply tinged with vermilion, thus making them the most beautiful fish to the eye; but when served up on the table the difference is much more manifest, their superior virtues are tried by the ordeal of fire, a bright carnation glow is spread over those taken from the lake, and they present an Apician morsel fit for the gods. This is not the case with their brethren from the outlet; they present a more pallid and haggard aspect, as if they had been driven as outcasts from the lake, and condemned to toil and struggle everlastingly against the boiling torrent that issues from that calm and peaceful paradise of the finny tribe.

There appear to have been taken upwards of forty hundred, or more than two tons, weight of these trout by the members of this Club within the last five years, as shown by the abstracts from the journal. From the 20th to the 29th June, 829 lbs., in 1842, and the largest fish reported were 2 of 12 lbs., 1 of 8½, 1 of 8, smaller ones not recorded. There was also captured by one of the boatmen on the lake, at anchor fishing, a monster trout weighing 26½ lbs.

1843.—In nine days fishing, 730 lbs.; largest fish reported, 1 of 9½, 2 of 9½, 1 of 7½, 2 of 7, 2 of 6½, 3 of 6, 1 of 5½, 3 of 5½, 1 of 5, 2 of 4½.

1844.—In seven days fishing, 715 lbs.; largest fish reported, 1 of 15, 1 of 8½, 1 of 8¼, 3 of 6, 1 of 5½, and 1 of 4. Of this amount 44 lbs. of brook-trout were taken by one of the members in the outlet during one afternoon and one forenoon's fishing.

This year the sports of the Club were enlivened by the capture of deer in the lake, under peculiar circumstances. Arrangements had been made with a hunter to drive one in if possible. As the Club were reveling in the fumes of a savory chowder, soon to *come* off, the signal agreed upon with the hunter, the firing of a rifle, was heard at the lower end of the lake: three boats from the Tree-tops dashed off in a gallant style to the theatre of action, but ere they had reached the spot, the noble buck had crossed the outlet, run up the opposite side of the lake, and, supposing he had escaped all his foes, again took the water opposite the Tree-tops; this was noted by one of the experienced boatmen, who was on the look-out, and immediately reported. Instant preparations were made for his capture, and it was agreed to remain concealed "amid the forest leaves" until he had so far committed himself to the water as to be unable to return before he could be overtaken. Then a swift oarsman was sent out alone to drive him in. As soon as he was perceived, the stag turned to escape and retrace his steps; then commenced an exciting race with the boatman. In this instance, as in many others, though the race was not always to the swift, yet the battle was to the strong, the noble animal was turned and driven towards the Tree-tops: then began the most exciting scene, the chowder was set aside, and all consideration of dinner postponed. The remaining boats leaped from their moorings; at the same time the sportsmen who went out in the first boats, having been foiled by the escape of the deer, were seen returning, their boats gallantly bearing down by the almost superhuman exertions of the oarsmen. The little flotilla formed a cordon round the unhappy animal, who seemed to think his hour had come, and that "this day a stag must die," rearing, and plunging, and turning in every direction for some opening to effect his escape, but his efforts were all in vain. As he was attempting to pass one of the boats, one of the Club ordered his boat to be wheeled, and catching up a gaff-hook planted it in his flank, with one hand drew the deer towards him, and with the other seized him by the antlers, and withdrawing the hook secured him by his horns with both. Then ensued a furious struggle for the mastery, in the desire to retain and in the effort to escape, the animal sometimes rearing himself two-thirds out of the water, at the same time striking out with his fore-feet at his adversary, and at one time it was supposed by the lookers

on in Venice that he must sink the boat. But, by the exertions of his captor, his antlers were jammed down on the gunwale of the boat, and a cord having been thrown to him, the ends were fastened, one at a time, to his horns, and he was thus let loose, and an attempt was made to drive the gallant courser to the shore; but, being unused to obey bit and bridoon, the driver was obliged to haul in his *horns*, again secure him, and by attaching another boat tow him to the shore, where he was secured to a tree within a few yards of the dining-table. Having happily accomplished their purposes, the chowder was again returned to the fire, and the appetite, keenly whetted by the exciting pursuit of the noble quarry, did ample justice to the feast. While on the subject of these wild sports, it may not be amiss to add another singular adventure that occurred to one of the members of the Club a few years previous. As he was fishing in the lake, he perceived a large buck crossing the water and immediately gave chase, sometimes gaining upon him, and then the animal redoubling his energies, would widen the distance between him and his pursuers; at one time he was so near that a gentleman in the bow seized him by the tail, when with one bound he cleared himself, and before the boatman could resume his oars he had left some distance between them; the pursuit was continued, and when the boatman was nearly exhausted, and the deer about to effect his escape, a fortunate suggestion occurred to the eager sportsman who was standing in the boat ready to pounce upon his victim. He took from his fishing apparatus a strong drop line with hook and sinker attached, and whirling over his head sent it with unerring aim over the back of the deer, and drawing it in the hook fortunately fixed itself in the flank of the animal, and this placed him under the perfect control of his captor, and at his will towed the boat about the lake until it became necessary to secure him.

But to proceed with the abstracts, there appear to have been taken in 1845, in eleven days, from 28th May to 9th June, 1019 lbs. This year but few large fish reported: 1 of 7½, 1 of 6, 1 of 5½, 2 of 5¼, and 3 of 5. Of this quantity, 50 lbs. of brook-trout were taken in one day by artificial flies by two of the party.

1846.—719 lbs. of trout were taken in nine days fishing, from the 28th of May to 7th June, and the number of large fish unusually great; 1 of 14½, 1 of 12½, 1 of 11, 1 of 8½, 1 of 7, 1 of 6, 2 of 5½, 1 of 5¼, 2 of 5, 1 of 4½, and 1 of 4; and there was captured, by a gentleman of another party, a magnificent trout weighing 20¼ lbs., after a contest of three hours; he measured, on being taken out of the water, three feet, less one-half inch, in length; and two feet, less one-half inch, in circumference.

The manner in which the lakers are taken is principally by trolling, though a few have occasionally been taken by the fly. The tackle is of the most delicate kind; a leader of six to nine feet, of single gut, with snell having five hooks arranged with two at the end placed back to back, two more one inch above, and a fifth, or slip hook, one inch above, which passes through and secures the upper and lower jaw of the minnow which serves for bait; one of the middle hooks is placed in the back of

the bait, and one of the lower hooks in the tail. These hooks are so small that the bend will scarcely allow the barrel of a quill to rest in them. The trolling is done by rod and reel, each fisherman using two at the same time; the reels are improved by having a bearing upon them instead of a catch, so that the rod may be laid down with the line extended without running out, unless struck by a fish or some obstruction. When a fish seizes the bait, the oarsman quits his oars, the other rod is handed to him, and he feeds up the line to prevent its falling to the bottom, or the fish from entanglement; the trout then, as soon as sufficiently drowned, is brought along side and secured by the gaff, which the members of the Club have adopted in preference to the landing-net, which they have abandoned. The speckled, or red trout of the lake, are taken in a similar manner, but give much more sport to the angler from their superior activity, dying game to the last. Those caught in the outlet are taken by flies, and there is only one instance known when the fly was refused for a minnow, and by a splendid red trout weighing upwards of three pounds. They abound here in vast numbers, but almost every pleasure in life has its drawback, and the drawback here is of a very serious nature to the sportsman. In addition to the moschito whose poison is to be found in every clime, there exists a small midge, or punky, so small as to be almost invisible, and only perceived by its effects, which comes not heralded, as the moschito by blowing its tiny horn. But the most serious annoyance is to be found in the black fly, which is about one-fifth the size of the house-fly, which, flying in myriads around you, await but the favorable moment to pounce upon their victim, alighting upon you at every assailable point, and drawing blood from you at every minute artery, as if pierced with a lancet. But the injury does not rest here; it creates such an intolerable itching, equal to the worst forms of erysipelas, that you are induced to scratch it to relieve yourself, thus adding fuel to the flames, and producing a running sore that sometimes lasts for weeks. They have a particular fondness for fresh subjects, but when once the patient is inoculated with the poison, the difficulty becomes less with every year's exposure, and the members of the Club having served a long apprenticeship are, if permitted to use the expression, almost acclimated; and every preventive has been adopted in vain to avoid this evil, even a veil has been found unavailable.

In reference to the red trout of the lake, they find that they differ from the same kind that are found in other parts of the State. The several members have been long accustomed to trout fishing in almost every part of State, where they are to be found, and all agree that they not only differ in the intensity of the red, which approaches a cherry color, but in the exquisite flavor of the fish when served up at the table.

*** In June of this year, the President of this club killed a *red-fleshed* Lake trout of 24 lbs. weight.

TROUT-FISHING

ON

LONG ISLAND.

(KINDLY FURNISHED FOR THIS EDITION OF WALTON'S ANGLER.)

LONG ISLAND has been, for many years, the Utopia of New York sportsmen, and still continues, although many of its attractions have been lost, owing to the extinction of several species of game which formerly abounded there, to be the favorite resort of all who can pitch up a heavy gun with accuracy upon a team of wild fowl, or cast a long line lightly for the speckled trout.

It is with this last branch of sport that I have now to do; and it is in this precisely that the Long Island sporting has the least deteriorated.

It is true that the noble heath-fowl, the pinnated grouse of North America, crows no more in her scrub oaks, and brush-lots; that his congener the ruffed grouse drums less frequently than of old; that the incessant and merciless warfare waged on them from sunken batteries, is fast banishing the wild fowl from her bays and inlets; but, thanks to the enforcement of good and judicious laws, trout-fishing still flourishes and is likely to flourish, so long as grass grows and water runs.

The natural formation of Long Island is not indeed such, that we should look to it, if strangers to its qualities in this respect, with any high degree of expectation as a mother of trout streams; and yet it is probably surpassed in this particular by no region in the world.

It is, as most of our readers of course well know, a long, narrow, and, for the most part, sandy strip of land, running nearly from east to west, the eastern end being the bolder and more rocky, between the Sound and the Atlantic Ocean.

It has no mountains, scarce indeed anything that can be called hills, if you except a line of low irregular elevations running nearly midway its whole length, of altitude little more than sufficing to shed its waters, this way and that, to the Sound and to the ocean.

With few large streams, no river worthy of the name, and scarcely

anything that, in the incorrect phraseology of the country, would be called a *creek*, it abounds in small clear crystal rivulets, which, rising in the elevations above mentioned, take their way, for the most part directly, and without receiving any tributary waters, into their respective seas.

It is in these rivulets, and in the ponds, which have been formed along their courses, either for the erection of grist and saw mills, or for the sake of the fish themselves, that the brook trout are found in abundance; and in a degree of perfection, which I, at least, have seen equalled in no other waters, either American or British.

In all the waters of the island, this noble and delicious fish is taken readily by a skilful fisherman, both on the north or Sound, and the south or Atlantic side; but it is with the latter district that I am the most familiar; and it is conceded, that its fish are superior in shape, color, flavor, and number, though perhaps not in size, to those of some of the northern waters.

It is to the south side that I shall, therefore, principally confine my remarks; although there is one pond on the northern side which must on no account be passed over, as the run of fish in it is larger probably than in any other on the island, perhaps on the continent.

To proceed, however, the ponds and streams of the south side present a general resemblance so strong that a brief description of one will suffice to make the stranger acquainted with the prevalent character of all.

The rivulet rising, we will suppose, at some four or five miles distance from the bays into which it falls at last, creeps along during the earlier two-thirds of its career, among thickets and tangled coverts, which it is by no means an easy task to penetrate, and among which, if it were desirable, it would be hardly possible to throw a fly, or wield so much even as an eight foot rod. In this part of their courses, however, though trout are to be found, they are so diminutive as to offer no reward or excitement to the angler.

After a while, following the waters down from their head, we come upon a clear bright pond, of various size, from one or two to many acres in extent, surrounded on three sides by the same sort of tangled swampy woodland, as that through which the brook has passed in its downward course, and on the fourth, or seaward side, by the dam which supports its waters.

This dam is, for the most part, planted with willows, in order to render it firmer against the wear and tear of floods and freshets; and, therefore, it is difficult to throw a line from the shore at this point, the others being from the nature of the soil and underwood entirely impracticable. In consequence of this, the angling in these ponds is carried on almost entirely from boats, which can readily be obtained everywhere, for a moderate compensation.

Pouring down clear and copious from the sluice or floodgate of the first pond, the brook rushes away, now through cleared fields, now among brakes and thickets, until it again expands into a second, and probably a larger sheet of water, the character of which is precisely the same with that above.

Thus, in proportion to the fall and volume of these streams, they form a series of ponds, more or less in number: the last of which almost invariably lies close to the upper side of the excellent road which runs along the south side of the island, dividing more or less accurately the uplands from the salt meadows.

Thence, changing its character altogether, the stream flows gently, in a deeper channel, ebbing and flowing with the tide, which, for the most part, runs quite up to the flood-gates of the last pond, through the level oozy salt marshes; and here it is, in my opinion, that the finest and most highly-flavored fish are to be taken.

This brief description thus concluded, I shall proceed, after a few words on what I consider the peculiarities of the Long Island trout, and the distinctions between it and the fish of British waters, to review the different streams and ponds, as we travel eastward; and shall conclude with a brief summary of the times, the seasons, the bait, and the tackle, which, from my own experience and the information of others, I deem the most likely to insure sport.

The principal distinctions that strike the careful observer between the trout of Long Island, or, indeed, I might say North America in general, and those of the British isles, is, first, the great uniformity of size on the part of the former, which rarely exceed two or three pounds in weight, and *never*, so far as I have been able to ascertain, five or six—and, secondly, the fact that in the United States trout are never taken in the large rivers, or, if ever, so rarely as to prove the rule by the wonder arising from the exception.

On Long Island, there are some half dozen instances on record, within three times as many years, of fish, varying in weight from four to six pounds, taken with the rod and line. Two of these instances occur to me, as connected with circumstances which may render the relation acceptable, as of anecdotes very unusual, and almost, but that they are proved beyond the possibility of doubt, incredible.

Both these instances occurred at Stump-pond, on the north side; one in the pond itself, the other in the mill-pool, at the outlet.

A gentleman from New York, thus runs the first story, who had never thrown a line, or taken a trout in his life, and who had come out lately equipped with a complete outfit of Conroy's best and strongest tackle, all spick-and-span new, and point device, on throwing his hook, baited with a common lob-worm, into the water, was greeted with an immediate bite, and bob of the float, which incontinently disappeared beneath the surface, carried away by the hard pull of a heavy fish. The novice, ignorant of all the soft and shrewd seductions of the angler's art, hauled in his prize, main force, and actually, without the aid of gaff or landing-net, brought to basket a five-pounder!

The fact is remarkable; the example decidedly unworthy of imitation!

The other instance to which I have referred, is, in all respects, except the size of the fish, the very opposite of the former; as, in it, the success of the fortunate fisherman is due as much to superior science in his craft, as *his*, in the former, is attributable to blind and unmerited good luck.

The hero of this anecdote is a gentleman, known by the *nom de guerre* of Commodore Limbrick, a character in which he has figured many a day in the columns of the Spirit of the Times, and who is universally allowed to be one of the best and most experienced, as well as the oldest fisherman of that city.

After having fished all the morning with various success in the pond, he ascertained, it seems, that in the pool below the mill there was a fish of extraordinary size, which had been observed repeatedly, and fished for constantly, at all hours of the day and evening, with every different variety of bait, to no purpose. Hearing this, he betook himself to the miller, and there having verified the information which he had received, and having satisfied himself that neither fly nor minnow, gentle nor red-worm, would attract the great trout, he procured, *horresco referens*, a *mouse* from the miller's trap, and proceeding to troll therewith, took at the first cast of that inordinate dainty, a fish that weighed four pounds and three quarters.

Another fish or two of the like dimensions have been taken in Liff. Snedecor's and in Carman's streams; and it is on record, that at Fireplace, many years since, a trout was taken of eleven pounds. A rough drawing of this fish is still to be seen on the wall of the tavern bar-room, but it has every appearance of being the sketch of a salmon; and I am informed by a thorough sportsman, who remembers the time and the occurrence, although he did not see the fish, that no doubt was entertained by experienced anglers who did see it, of its being in truth a salmon.

In the double-pond among the Musconetcong Hills, on the confines of New York and New Jersey, in the Greenwood Lake in the same region, and in some other ponds in Orange County, brook-trout have been occasionally taken of the same unusual size—one fish I saw myself on last New Year's Day, which, shame! to tell! had been caught through the ice, near Newburgh. This fish weighed an ounce or two above five pounds, and was well fed, and apparently in good condition—but, as I said before, all these must be taken as exceptions proving the rule, that trout in American waters rarely exceed two or three pounds in weight, and never compare in size with the fish taken in England, and still less with those of the Scottish and Irish waters, in all of which, the regular, red-spotted, yellow-finned, brook-trout are constantly taken, with the fly, of ten pounds weight and upward; and sometimes, in the lakes of Ireland and Cumberland, in the Blackwater, Coquet, and Stour rivers, attain to the enormous bulk of twenty-six and thirty pounds.

With regard to the second point of distinction, I have never heard of a trout being taken at all in the Hudson; never in the Delaware, even so far up as Milford, where the tributaries of that river abound in large and well fed fish; never in the lower waters of the Connecticut, or any Eastern river so far as the Penobscot, although the head waters of all these fine and limpid rivers teem with fish of high color and flavor. In Great Britain, on the contrary, it is to the larger, if not to the largest, rivers that the angler looks altogether for good sport and large fish: and it is there as rare a thing to take a fish a pound weight in a rivulet or brook, as it is here to catch a trout at all in a large river.

In Canada, and in the British Provinces to the eastward of Maine, it is true that sea trout, or salmon peel, are taken of large size in the St. Lawrence, and in the rivers falling into the bays of Gaspé and Chaleurs, but although occasionally confounded with the trout proper, this is in truth a totally different fish, and one, so far as I know, which is never taken in any of the waters of the United States.

In appearance, the brook trout of America and Great Britain are to my eye identical; both presenting, in well fed and well conditioned fish, the same smallness of head, depth of belly, and breadth of back; the same silvery lustre of the scales, the same bright crimson spots, and the same yellow fins. The flesh of the American fish, when in prime order, and taken in the best waters, is, I must confess, of a deeper red hue, and of a higher flavor, than that of any which it has been my fortune to taste at home—and I have often eaten the Thames trout, which, rarely taken below ten pounds in weight, are esteemed by epicures the very best of the species.

We travel now, be it observed, by railroad to our fishing stations, but for the convenience of reviewing the country, and scanning the waters, in regular succession as we pass eastward, I will suppose that, as in the pleasant days of old, we are rolling along in our light wagon, over the level roads, on a mild afternoon in the latter days of March, or the first of April.

We have started from Williamsburgh or Brooklyn, after an early dinner; passed through Jamaica; rolled over the plains towards Hempstead; and, passing through it without stoppage, have turned suddenly to the right towards the bays, beyond which lies the beach, with the incessant surge of the Atlantic moaning in the deep monotony of its calm, or thundering in the hoarse fury of its storm, against its pebbly barrier.

Now we are in the land of trout streams, baymen, and wild fowl.

The rippling dash of falling waters catches our ear, at every half mile as we roll along, and every here and there, the raised bank on our left hand with its line of stunted willows bent landward by the strong sea-breeze, the sluice-gate, and the little bridge, with the clear stream rushing seaward under it, tell us that we are passing a trout pond.

On the right hand, the salt meadows stretch away, a wide, waste, desolate expanse, to the bays which glitter afar off under the declining sun, whence you can hear at times the sullen roar of a heavy gun, telling of decimated flocks of brant and broadbill.

Now we pass by a larger pond than any we have yet seen, with a mill at its outlet, and in a mile further, pull up at the door of Jem Smith's tavern.

And there we will halt to-night, although it be a better station for fowling than for fishing, for we are sure of neat though homely accommodation, and of a kindly welcome; and here it is that the first essay is to be made of Long Island waters.

On this stream there are two ponds, both of which were formerly private property and closed against all persons except those who were furnished with a permit; they are now open to all persons indiscriminately, and I believe without restriction as to the number that may be taken by

each individual, or by a party. The consequence of this is that these ponds have deteriorated very rapidly, and that although they are well stocked with small fish of fair flavor and quality, trout are rarely taken of such a size as to remunerate the exertions of a good fisherman. Half a pound may be taken as a *good* average of the fish killed here. In the creek below, where the tide makes, there are of course fish, but I never have heard of much work being done in it: and in truth, except that this is the first southern pond of any note, I would hardly advise the angler to pause here.

About a mile and a half further eastward is a large pond, and a fine house, both recently constructed at a great expense by Judge Jones—the former exclusively designed as a fish-pond. The place has, however, passed out of his hands, and the house is now kept as a hotel by one of the Snedecors. The pond has hitherto been private, but is now open, though with a limitation. It is well stocked with fish of a fair size. When I was last there, a fortnight since, a gentleman had taken eight fish, weighing as many pounds, with the fly that morning. The largest did not exceed a pound and a half, but they were handsome, clean, well fed fish, and, as the day was anything but propitious, easterly wind, and very raw and cold, I considered it fair sport. He had not been fishing above a couple of hours. I understand, however, that there are many pike in this pond, and in the stream that supplies it; and I much fear that this must ultimately prove destructive to all the fish in the water, although those resident on the spot assert that the pike never grows in that region to above half a pound, and rarely to that weight, and that little if any detriment is observed to arise from his presence.

This, however, I cannot believe, for the growth of the pike is usually almost as rapid as his voracity is excessive; and I am aware of many instances, both in the United States and in England, where ponds and streams, excellently stocked with trout, have been utterly devastated and rendered worthless by the introduction of this shark of the fresh waters.

The house is well kept, as is almost invariably the case on Long Island; and I have no doubt that the angler may pass some days here with pleasure.

Some miles beyond this, still keeping the southside road, we come to Babylon, where there is an excellent house under the management of Mr. Conklin, of whom all accommodation may be obtained, both as regards fowl-shooting in the bays and trout fishing in the neighborhood. There are several ponds and streams more or less well stocked in this vicinity, but none of any particular note, either for the size or flavor of the fish.

Such, however, is not the case with the next station at which we arrive, Liff. Snedecor's; in whose pond the fish run to a larger size than in any water we have yet noted. The trout here, both in the pond and in the stream below, are noted for their great beauty both of form and color; and although there is some debate among connoisseurs as to the comparative flavor of Snedecor's fish, and those taken at Carman's, eighteen miles further east, the judgment of the best sportsmen inclines to the former.

The pond is of the same character with those which I have described heretofore, and can be fished only from boats. It is open to all anglers, but the number of fish to be basketed by each person in one day is limited to a dozen. In the stream there is no limit, nor indeed can there be, as the tide-waters cannot be preserved, or the free right of fishing them prohibited. The trout here are not only very numerous and of the first quality of excellence—their flesh being redder than that of the salmon—but very large; the average probably exceeds a pound, and fish of two and two and a half pounds' weight are taken so frequently as to be no rarity.

The outlet of this pond, after running a few hundred yards, opens upon the salt meadows, where there is no obstacle whatever to throwing a long line. It is broader and longer than any stream we have hitherto encountered, and is incomparably the best, containing fish even larger than those of the pond above, and in my opinion of a finer flavor. I believe it, indeed, to be an indisputable fact, that trout, which have access to salt water, are invariably more highly colored and flavored than those which are confined to fresh streams by natural or artificial obstacles.

There is no distinction, of which I am aware, in favor of pond or stream, for the use of the fly, the fish taking it readily in either, although as a general rule they will rise to it earlier in the fresh, than in the tide water.

At some distance down this stream there is a range of willows on the bank, nearly opposite to a place owned by Mrs. Ludlow, and under the trees are some holes famous for being the resorts of the largest fish, which affect here the deepest water and the principal channel. Here, as in the pond, fish of two and a half pounds are no rarity, and, in fact, such are taken here more frequently than above. I should say that one would rarely hook a trout in this stream under one and a half pounds; and the true angler well knows that a well conditioned fresh-run fish, from this size to a pound larger, on the finest and most delicate tackle, will give him nothing of which to complain in the way of exercise or excitement.

At a short distance from Snedecor's is another stream, known as Green's Creek, which contains a peculiar and distinct variety of trout, which is called in that district the silver trout. I have not seen this fish, but learn from good sportsmen that it is of a much lighter and more pearly hue than the common trout, the bright and silvery lustre of the scales prevailing over the back and shoulders. It is crimson spotted, but the fins are less strongly yellow, and it is perhaps a slenderer fish in form. The flesh is said to be firm and well flavored. The silver trout is rarely taken much over or much under a pound in weight, and rises to the fly or takes the bait indiscriminately. This stream has, I know not wherefore, of late years lost much of its celebrity, and is rarely visited by the best sportsmen.

At Patchogue, yet a few miles further, there is a very large pond, which was formerly perhaps the most famous on the island, both for the abundance and the size of the fish which it contained. They have, however, become latterly so scarce, that few persons from a distance

think it worth their while to pause there, but proceed at once to Sam Carman's, at Fireplace, eighteen miles eastward from Liff. Snedecor's; these two being in fact the *par excellence* fishing grounds of the Island, and the difference between the two rather a matter of individual prejudice and fancy, than of any real or well grounded opinion.

The character of the fishing at Fireplace is nearly similar to that at Islip; the stream flowing from the pond is larger, and contains much larger fish, the most beautiful, both in shape and brightness of color, of any on the island. In this stream two pounds is a very common size; perhaps, fish are as frequently taken of this weight as under it, and upwards to four pounds. Their flesh is very highly colored, and their flavor, as I have observed before, second to none. Indeed, it is but a few years since Carman's fish were estimated by old sportsmen the *only* fish worth eating; of late, however, fashion—which rules in gastronomic tastes as otherwise—has veered a little in favor of the Islip trout, and it remains at present a debatable point between the two. The course of Carman's stream lies chiefly through open salt meadows, and the banks are entirely destitute of covert, so that very careful and delicate fishing is necessary in order to fill a basket. Even with ground bait it is desirable to keep completely out of sight, walking as far from the bank as possible, and to avoid jarring the water, so wary and shy are the larger fish. It is also advisable to fish down wind. Trolling is very successful in this water, the same precautions being taken, and the bait-fish being dropped as lightly on the surface as if it were a fly, so as to create neither splash nor sound. The pond above is likewise deservedly celebrated, the fish *averaging* at least a pound in weight, and equal in all respects to any pond trout in this or any other region. The fly-fishing here in season is probably the best on Long Island, although of late, here as everywhere else, trout are becoming comparatively few in number; so that it has been found necessary to impose a limit on sportsmen.

Not many years ago, a celebrated English shot and angler, who has since left this country, and who, I believe, was among the first, if not the very first, to use the fly on Long Island waters, took between forty and fifty good fish in this pond before dinner, and in the afternoon basketed above a dozen of yet larger size in the stream below.

This feat, the like of which will not, I fear, be soon heard of again, was performed with a fly, the body of which was composed of hare's-ear fur, and the hackle of a woodcock's wings—a very killing fly, be it observed, for all waters, especially early in the season.

On the same stream with Carman's pond, and at but a short distance above it, is another called Middle Island Pond, with a saw and flour mill at the outlet, which contains a great number of fish, of very large and very uniform size, running from one and a half to two pounds weight. It is remarkable, however, that the trout in the lower pond being esteemed the best, those in the upper should be the worst of any taken on the south side of the Island. Such, notwithstanding, is the case; they are long, shallow, ill-fed fish, dingy-colored, and woody-flavored. They are not, however, black-mouthed, as are the fish of a pond which I shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

I remember that a fact of the same sort is recorded of two lakes, I think in the *north* of Ireland, connected by a short stream running through a bog meadow. In the upper of these lakes the fish, as here, are worthless—in the lower superlative; and they are never known to intermingle. How this should be, cannot well be explained; for granting that the excellence of the fish arises from the soil and food, and that the inferior fish improves on coming into the superior water, still there must be a transition state.

With this pond I shall close my notice of the south side waters, merely adding that at Moritches, and yet further east, there are many streams and lakelets abounding in fish, though inferior to those of the waters I have enumerated, both in size and quality; and these are, I believe, all open without limit to all persons who desire to fish them.

It may be worth while here to mention, for the benefit of strangers, that the houses kept by Snedecor and Carman are by no means country taverns, at which nothing can be obtained, as is often the case in the interior, but hard salt ham and tough hens just slaughtered. Being frequented by gentlemen entirely, they are admirable hotels in every respect.

I will now turn, for a moment, to the north side, on which there are also many streams containing trout, but none, with a single exception, which can show size or numbers against the southern waters. That exception is Stump Pond, near Smithtown, now rented to a company of gentlemen, and of course shut to the public in general. The fish in this large sheet of water are very numerous and very large, but are for the most part ill-shaped, ill-conditioned, and inferior in flavor—long, lank fish, with very large black mouths. I have been informed that in latter years the fish in this water have been gradually improving, but of this I cannot speak from personal experience; it is, however, notorious, that occasionally trout of very fine quality, both in appearance and flavor, have been caught here; which is somewhat remarkable, inasmuch as the same feeding grounds rarely produce two different qualities of fish.

I shall take leave of the waters of Long Island for the present, having briefly but fairly enumerated them with their merits and defects; and before taking leave of the reader also, shall proceed to state a few facts and opinions relative to the best methods of taking this king of fish on these waters, and to the differences I have observed in the habits and feeding of the trout here and in England.

In the first place, I would remark that the season of trout fishing on the Island commences, as defined by law and sanctioned by all true brothers of the angle on the first of March; and if the month be genial and the spring gentle, the earlier after that date the angler is abroad, the better his chance of success; the waters being so continually whipped, that ere long many of the best fish are taken, and the others pricked and teazed by bad fishermen till they become so shy that they can hardly be tempted to rise to fish or fly.

With regard to weather, a darkish day with a moderately brisk breeze, sufficient to make a strong ripple on the water, is the most favorable. It is somewhat singular, that in spite of the generally received opinion that

southerly or south-westerly weather is the *only* weather for trout fishing, few old Long Island anglers are to be found who cannot state that they have taken as many, some say *more*, fish during the prevalence of easterly winds, as in any weather. A friend of mine, on whose authority I can perfectly rely, and to whom I gladly record my indebtedness for many facts stated in this paper, assures me that he has never known trout to take the fly more freely than during a northeasterly snow storm. Still, I must consider these as exceptions to the general rule; and I at least would select, if I had my choice, "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky"—always barring thunder—and no objection to a slight sprinkling of warm rain.

There is another peculiarity to observe in the Long Island waters—and, so far as I know, in them only—that trout bite decidedly better and more freely, when the water is very fine and clear, than when it is in flood and turbid. Indeed, if there be a good ripple on the surface, the water can hardly be too transparent.

It has been suggested to me, that this may be accounted for by the fact that in flood the waters are so well filled with natural bait, that the fish become gorged and lazy. I cannot say, however, that this is perfectly satisfactory to me; as the same must be the case, more or less, in all waters; whereas it is unquestionably the case, wherever I have fished, except on Long Island, that trout are more easily taken in turbid than in fine water.

As connected with the foregoing remarks I will here add, that, as a general rule, the minnow, with spinning or trolling tackle, is found to be more killing than ground bait in the ponds, and *vice versâ*, in the tide streams—probably from the mere fact that the minnow is the rarer in the one water, the red-worm in the other, and that each in its rarity becomes the greater dainty.

For myself, I would not give sixpence to kill the finest trout that ever ran a line off a reel, with a ground-bait, and even spinning a minnow I hold ignoble sport, as compared with throwing the fly; and, so far as I have myself observed, and have heard from others, the same flies which are the most killing in England, as a general rule, take the most and best fish here—I mean the different shades of hackle, from dun and bright red, to partridge, woodcock, and dark grey or black.

The darker flies I consider to be the most killing early in the season; and, very late, I have seen extremely bright flies, with bodies of gaudy silk and tinsel, do considerable execution.

It is worthy of remark, though it is quite unaccountable to me why it should be so, that the English imported flies fail altogether, from being tied on hooks many times *too small;* the trout in all American waters, so far as I have seen, rising more readily, and being more easily taken with a very large fly, which no English fish would look at. This is the more remarkable, because, as I have observed, the trout in the English rivers run to six or eight times the size of the average fish of this country; yet these monsters are taken with a hook which would be properly rejected as too small by every experienced angler in the United States.

Beyond this, there is little difference in the mode of taking trout here

or there, with this sole exception, that—from being comparatively less harassed—the fish here are much bolder, and can be taken with much heavier tackle, and with much less skill, than in any British waters. This distinction is, however, growing smaller every day, especially on Long Island; where, from the same causes, the fish are becoming shier and more difficult every year, and where, in consequence, finer tackle and greater skill are constantly coming into requisition. Perhaps, even at this moment, there is a broader difference in this respect between the trout of Long Island and those of the interior of Pennsylvania, where I have taken very large fish in very great numbers with ridiculously coarse tackle, than there is between the fish of the United States, and of the British islands.

And here I will bring this over-long paper to a close. No one can be more fully aware of its deficiencies than I am myself; the only apology I can offer is, that it has been thrown off in haste, at moments snatched from severer labors; and the only hope in which I do offer it, is that it may contain some hint which may prove not wholly unworthy of better brothers of the angle than myself, and that it may be regarded as a tribute of my affection to what has been well termed the *gentle art*.

FRANK FORESTER.

The Cedars, April 15, 1847.

A

WALTONIAN LIBRARY;

OR,

A LIST OF SUCH WORKS

AS RELATE TO

FISH, FISHING, WALTON AND COTTON.

BY

THE AMERICAN EDITOR

OF

THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

THOSE MARKED * HAVE BEEN CONSULTED IN THE PREPARATION OF THE AMERICAN EDITION OF THE COMPLETE ANGLER. THOSE MARKED † ARE IN THE EDITOR'S COLLECTION.

LIST OF BOOKS

ON

FISH AND FISHING.

FOUNDED ON

SIR HENRY ELLIS'S CATALOGUE,

AS REPRINTED BY PICKERING,

BUT VERY GREATLY ENLARGED AND CAREFULLY CORRECTED,

MAKING THE MOST COMPLETE LIST EVER PUBLISHED.

*Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Journal of. 8vo., Phil., 1817, *et seq.*

†Accomplist Lady's Delight in preserving, physick, beautifying and cookery, with new and excellent experiments, and secrets in the Art of Angling; being directions for the whole art (taken entirely from Walton and Barker). 1st edit., 1675; 2d edit., 1677; 3d edit., 1684; 6th edit., 1686.

See New and Excellent Experiments.

†Account (An) of the Fishpool, consisting of a vessel so called, lately invented and built for the importation of fish alive and in good health from parts however distant, and Mr. Joseph Gillman, mathematician. London: Printed and sold at the Black Fryars. Black Fryars: 1718. 60 pp. By Sir Richard Steele.

†Adam (Victor) Voyage d'un Chasseur en Afrique; ou Revue Générale des Chasses et des Pêches de ce Pays. 40 gravures. Gr. 8vo. Paris: 1843.

*Agassiz. Histoire Naturelle des Poissons d'eau douce de l'Europe Centrale. 1re Liv., fol. 27 planches coloriés. 1839: 2e Liv., Contenant l'Embryologie des Salmons. 8vo. 14 planches doubles.

Albany Institute. Transactions of. 8vo. Albany, N. Y.: 1828–9.

†Albin's (Ebenezer) History of Esculent Fish; with North's Essay on Fish and Fish Ponds. 18 coloured plates. 4to. Lond.: 1794.

My copy has the title: A Treatise on Fish and Fish Ponds, by the Hon. Roger North: illustrated with eighteen beautifully coloured specimens, by Ebenezer Albin. Long 4to. London: published by I. Goodwin. No date. 92 pp.

†*Aldrovandi (Ulyssis) De Piscibus.

Restituit in lucem Marc. Antonias Bernia. Fol. Bononiæ: 1638.

LOST BOOKS.

Ἁλιευτικα, an Epic Poem by Pancrates the Arcadian; quoted from, as Θαλάσσια Ἔργα by Athenæus.

————, an Epic Poem by Posidonius, a Corinthian.

————, a book in Prose by Seleucus of Tarsus.

Ἁλιευτικὸς, by Numinius of Heraclea, a disciple of Dieuchis the physician.

Ἀσπαλιευτικά, an Epic Poem in four books, by Seleucus of Emesa.

Ἁλιεὺς, an Epic by Alexander the Ætolian, a tragic writer, who, according to Suidas, was one of the tragic Pleiad.

Ἁλιευτικὸς, a book in prose by Leonidas of Byzantium (probably about A. D. 90).

*†Alexander (W.) F. S. A., and L. S.; A Journey to Beresford Hall, the Seat of Charles Cotton, Esq. 4to London: J. Russel Smith. 1841.

Alphabet of Scientific Angling. See Rennie.

*American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Memoirs of. 4to. Boston: 1785, *et seq.*

*† American Angler's Guide; being a Compilation from the Works of popular English Authors, from Walton to the present time; together with the Opinions and Practices of the best American Anglers,—with engravings on wood. By an American. 18mo., 1845; †2d edit., 18mo., 1846, 224 pp.

*American Monthly Magazine and Critical Review; edited by H. Bigelow and O. L. Holley. 4 vols., 8vo. New York: 1817–18.

American Philosophical Society, Transactions of. 4to. Philadelphia: 1785, *et seq.*

Ancilhon sur la pêche d'Anciens.

†Amusemens de la Campagne; ou, Nouvelles ruses innocentes, qui enseignent la Manière de Prendre aux Pièges toutes Sortes d'Oiseaux et de Bêtes à quatre pieds; avec les plus beaux secrets de la Pêche dans les Rivières et Etangs: et un Traité general de toutes les Chasses. Le tout divisé en cinq Livres. Par le Sieur L. Liger. 2 vol., 12mo. Paris: Claude Prudhomme, 1734.

†Amusemens de la Chasse et Pêche. 2 vol., 12mo. Amsterdam: 1745, 5me ed.

Both of the above works are, with slight changes, the same as "Traité de toute sorte de Chasse et Pêche." 2 vols., 12mo. Amsterdam: Estienne Roger, 1714.

ANGLER, THE; a Poem in Ten Cantos. See Lathy.

ANGLER, THE; a Didactic Poem. See Clifford.

*ANGLER AND SWIMMER.

Outside title of a little affair; 28 pages, 12mo.: by Hudson and Co., London, about 1830. The angling part is called "The Angling Companion, or Perfect Instructor in that useful and pleasing Occupation, &c.;" to which is annexed abstracts of the several acts of Parliament relative to fish, &c., as private property. This, like some other titles below, is scarcely worth notice, except for the purpose of preventing other collectors from searching for them, as I have done, under the supposition that they might be worth having.

*†ANGLERS (THE), EIGHT DIALOGUES IN VERSE.

> Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes
> Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.

12mo. London: Printed for E. Dilly, at the Rose and the Crown, in the Poultry, near the Mansion House, 1758.

Ellis says: "A manuscript note in a copy of the work, formerly belonging to Mr. White of Crickhowell, ascribes it to Dr. Scott of Ipswich." Dr. Thomas Scott, of Ipswich, was a dissenting minister, the author—among other works—of a translation of Job into English verse, with notes. He died at Hapton, Norfolk (to which place he removed from Ipswich), in 1775. It contains ironical notes in imitation of Dr. King's Art of Cookery.

It is a very clever production, and contains many passages of beauty; e. g.

> "Walton could teach his meek enchanting vein;
> The Shepherd mingles with the fishing strain:
> Nature and Genius animate his lines,
> And our whole Science in his precepts shines."

Heartily can I say with him—

> "I love the man who angles, and who rhymes."

An angler without a poetical temperament is, however skilful, but a mere mechanic.

This is the book Lathy stole. My copy belonged to Henry Kett, Trin. Coll., Oxford, the gift of D. V. Mavor, Woodstock, January 8, 1811. Henry Kett was eminent as a scholar and divine (author of the History of the Interpretation of Prophecy, &c). We may then rank him among anglers. He was drowned, while bathing, in 1825. He was perpetual curate of Hykeham, Lincolnshire.

†ANGLING ASSISTANT; or, a New and Complete Treatise on the Art of Angling, &c. 12mo. W. Mason: about 1816. 32 pp.

†ANGLER'S COMPANION; being a Complete Practical Guide to An-

gling, &c., of all rivers, Fish, &c. To which is added Nobbe's Art of Trolling. 12mo. London: Hughes.

Small Affair.

†Angler's Companion: a Complete and Superior Treatise on the Art of Angling. 12mo. London: Bailey.

Another trifle of 28 pp.

Angler's Companion; or, Perfect Instructor.

Same as Angler and Swimmer.

Angler's Delight. See Gilbert.

†Angler's (The) Guide; containing Practical Directions, &c. 24mo. London: Dean & Co.; about 1832.

A very pretty little thing, well written. 64 pp.

*†Angler in Ireland; or, an Englishman's Ramble through Connaught and Munster, during the summer of 1833. 2 vols., royal 12mo. London: Bentley, 1834.

†*Angler's Magazine; or, a necessary and delightful Storehouse, wherein everything proper to be known relating to his Art is digested in such a Manner as to assist his Knowledge and Practice upon bare Inspection; Being the Compleatest Manual ever published upon the Subject; largely treating of all things relating to Fish and Fishing, and whereby the angler may acquire experience without the help of a Master.

By a Lover of that Innocent and Healthful Diversion.

In flowery meads, Oh let me live,
Where chrystal streams sweet solace give,
To whose harmonious bubbling sound,
My dancing Float and Heart rebound.
Rejoicing in my peaceful sports,
From Law Suits free and Pomp of Courts.

12mo. London: Printed for N. Owen, at Homer's Head, near Temple Bar, 1754. (It has the initials C. S. at the end of the Preface.)

It is arranged in the form of a dictionary.

*†Angler's (The) Manual; or, Concise Lessons of Experience, which the proficient in the delightful Recreation of Angling will not despise, and the Learner will find the advantage of practising; containing useful instruction on every approved method of angling, and particularly on the management of the hand and rod in each method, embellished with twelve plates designed and etched by S. Howitt. Oblong 8vo. Liverpool: Printed by G. F. Harris, for Samuel Bagster, London. 28 pp.

The etchings are good, but the letter-press of no great account. This book has become scarce. It goes by Howitt's name.

*†Angler's (The) Manual; or, Fly-Fisher's Oracle, with a brief Compendium on Bottom-Fishing, by John Turton, of Sheffield, Yorkshire. London: R. Groombridge, and George Ridge, Sheffield. 1836. 12mo., 86 pp.

A plainly written, but excellently well digested treatise, by a practical angler and a true lover of his art. He tells us that he was instructed by his grandfather, an excellent fly-fisher of fifty years' experience, and

that he learned so well as to be a good fly-fisher at fourteen years of age.

ANGLER'S POCKET BOOK, to which is prefixed Nobbe's Treatise on the Art of Trolling. 8vo., Norwood, 2d edit.; 8vo., London, 3d edit.; 8vo., London, 1805; 12mo., London, 1804.

*ANGLER'S (THE) PROGRESS; a Poem, written by Mr. H. Boaz, July 4th, 1789, a broad-side; developing the pleasures the angler receives from the dawn of the propensity in infancy till the period of his becoming a complete angler. 2d edit., 8vo., London, 1820; †J. H. Burn, 3d edit., London, 1820; †4th edit., 8vo., Newcastle, printed for Emerson Charnley (The Fisher's Garland, for), 1820.

A pleasing little poem of less than a hundred irregular lines.
The broad-side is very rare. Burn's edition is prettily got up, with twelve wood-cuts, the same as those in Lathy's Angler.

*†ANGLER'S SURE GUIDE, or Angling improved and methodically digested, shewing:

I. When and how to gather and provide the best materials for fishing-Tackle.
II. The most proper baits to delude and take all sort of Fresh-water Fish.
III. How to make, order and use such Tackle and Baits.
IV. The names, nature, &c. and medicinal virtues of those Fish.
V. Their Haunts, spawning times, and season.
VI. The worst and best Seasons and Times to angle for them.
VII. The best and aptest ways of taking them by angling, &c.
VIII. The various and choicest ways of duping 'em.
IX. How to make, store, order, & preserve Fish-ponds, Stews, & Fish.
X. Wherein the Angler is punishable by law, if he invade another's right by angling.
XI. How the Angler may lawfully defend himself if wrongfully disturbed in his angling.
XII. Some Precedents of license to angle in another's Fishing.

Together with many other useful and pleasant varieties, suitable to the Recreation of Angling.
Adorned with copper cuts.
By R. H., Esq., near 40 Years Practitioner in this art.
London: Printed by P. H., for G. Conyers, at the Ring; and T. Ballard, at the Rising Sun; Little Britain, 1706. 8vo., pp. 296.

ANGLER'S (THE) VADE MECUM, containing an account of Water Flies, &c. See Carroll.

*†ANGLER'S (THE) VADE MECUM; or, A COMPENDIOUS and *Full Discourse* OF ANGLING, discovering the aptest methods and ways, exactest rules and properest baits, and choicest experiments for the catching of all manner of Fresh-Water Fish. Together with a brief discourse on Fish Ponds, and not only the easiest but most palatable ways of dressing of all sorts of fish, whether belonging to Rivers or Ponds; and the Laws concerning Angling and the Preservation of such Fish. 1st edit., London, printed for William Battersley, and are to be sold at his shop at

Thames Inn Gate, near St. Andrew's Church, in Holborn, and William Brown, Black Horse Alley. 1681. Sm. 8vo., pp. 176. Appendix, pp. 3.

In the preface to this edition he says, "The Author hath forborne to annex his name; not that he is ashamed to own it, but wishes the Reader to regard things, more than empty names, which, if all would do, many would not so long labor under the veil of ignorance as they do." November 17, 1680.

†2d edit., illustrated with sculptures, and very much enlarged. London: printed for T. Basset, at the George, near St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet street. 1689, pp. 326. Large paper and type. The author here annexes his name.

†3d edit., 1700. Same title as the first. My copy of the first, however, has unfortunately a supplied title, which may have been copied from this.

M. White, of Crickhowell, says, "The author of this work is said to be of a noted family."

Chetham writes fairly, usefully, and evidently from much experience.

†Angling; a Poem. 2d edit. (of the Innocent Epicure.) 12mo. London, 1741. See Innocent Epicure.

Angling Improved to Spiritual Uses. See Boyle.

Angling in all its Branches. See Taylor.

Angling in a series of Letters. See Lascelles.

†Angling (The) Excursions of Gregory Greendrake, Esq., in the Counties of Wicklow, Meath, Westmeath, Longford, and Cavan; with additions by Geoffrey Greydrake, Esq. Dedicated to all honest brothers of the Angle. 4th edit. Dublin and London: 1832. 12mo., pp. 313.

*†Angling Reminiscences, by Thomas Stoddart, Esq., author of "The Death Wake," "The Scottish Angler," &c., Edinburgh. The Edinburgh Printing and Publishing Company: 1837. See Stoddart.

Angling Sports. See Moses Brown.

Arderon's (William) Easy Method of Catching Fish. Philosophical Transactions Abridged, Vol. IX., 189. There are two other Treatises in the same volume, On Keeping fish in glass jars, a second on the Baustickle or Prickleback, and on fish in general.

*†Aristotelis Opera Omnia. Edit. Bekker. 4to., 5 vols. Berol.: 1831.

*†Aristotelis de Animalibus Historiæ. Edit. Schneider. 8vo., 4 vol. Lipsiæ: 1811.

†Art of Angling: a Concise but Comprehensive Treatise. Sussex Press, Lewes. Printed and published by J. Bante, 1809. 12mo., pp. 38. A coarsely printed trifle.

Art of Angling. See Barker.

Art of Angling. See Brookes.

†Art of Angling. Printed for Hodgson, London, n. d. (about 1822.) 24mo., pp. 78.

A neat, unpretending treatise for beginners, well put together, concise and correct.

†Art of Angling. London: 1809. 12mo. Another trifle.

*†Art of Angling, from p. 244 to 312 of the Laboratory in the School of Arts.

Art of Angling and Fishing.

This title is from an old sale catalogue, but nothing more is known of the book by the compiler of this list.

Art of Angling. Printed by Smeeton. 18mo.

Principally taken from Markham and Venables.

†Arte Piscatoria (De), Concerning Angling for a Trout or Grayling.

This is a very curious MS., by Robert Noble, who appears to have been a clergyman. It begins thus:

3 waies. 1. At the Top; 2. At the bottom; 3. In the middle. At the top with a fly. At the bottom with a ground-bait. In the middle with a minnow or ground-bait.

At the top is of 2 sorts, with
1 a quick fly,
2 an artificial fly.

At the bottom is of 2 sorts,
1 by hand,
2 or with a float.

For the middle is of 2 sorts,
1 with a minnow for a trout,
or
2 with a ground-bait for a grayling or omber, vulgo oummdr.

1. Of fly-fishing at the top,
1 with a natural fly,
2 with an artificial or made fly.

1. First y^n^ of the natural Fly which are to be used in May and June only; namely, the Green-drake, the Stone-fly, and the Chamlet-fly, to which I may add the grasshopper, the most excellent of any.

After this, follows: "2. With an artificial or made fly you are to angle with a line (or tawm)," &c.

Then follows a list of flies for each month, the same and in *nearly* the same words as Cotton's, in his second part of the Angler, and the treatise breaks off. From this it is clear, that either Cotton copied from this treatise, or the treatise is a synopsis from Cotton. There is no date to the treatise itself; but it is bound up with an essay on another subject *following* it, dated 1669, seven years before Cotton published his. The paper following it, so far as can be judged, seems to be later, though in the same hand-writing. There is also in the same book a baptismal record of Rob. Noble's children, the first date of which is 1669, the last 1701; with other papers. These throw uncertainty upon the date of the treatise; but, if it be older than Cotton's work, it accounts for the rapidity with which Cotton prepared

his essay; the details on fly-fishing being thus laid to his hand. There are variations, slight indeed, but marked, from Cotton's book, which make the treatise to my eye appear more like an original than a copy. The MS. was purchased from William Garret, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and is named in his catalogue for August, 1845.

*†Ausonii (Decii) Burgdalensis, Opera, Jacobus Tollius, M.D., recensuit, et integris Scaligeri, Mariaug., Accurcii, Freheri, Scriverii; Selectis Vineti, Barthii, Acidalii, Gronovii, Grævii, aliorumque Notis. 8vo. Amstelodami: 1671.

The best, but a very rare edition.
The *Mosella* is also published in Wernsdorf's †*Poetæ Latini Minores.*

*†Artedi (Petri) Synonymia Piscium, Græca et Latina, Emendata, aucta atque Illustrata, sive Historia Piscium Naturalis et Literaria ab Aristotelis usque Ævo ad Seculum XIII. deducta duce Synonymia Piscium Petri Artedi.

Accedit Disputatio de Veterum Scriptorum Hippopotamo, Cum tabulis in Ære Expressis III. Auctore Joh. Gottl. Schneider. Eloquent. et Philolog. Professore. Lipsiæ: 1789.

*†Bainbridge, Geo. C. Fly-Fisher's Guide, illustrated by colored plates, representing upwards of forty of the most useful flies, accurately copied from nature.

"And lightly on the dimpling eddies fling
The hypocritic fly's unruffled wing."
The Angler's Dial, i.

Liverpool, for the Author; London, Longman & Co., 1816, 8vo., pp. 150; 2d edit., London, 8vo., 1828; 3d edit., London, 1834.

Barlow's (Francis) Several Ways of Hunting, Hawking, and Fishing, invented by himself, and etched by W. Hollar. Oblong 4to. 1671.

*Barker's (Thomas of Bracemeale, Salop) Art of Angling, wherein are discovered many rare secrets very necessary to be known by all that delight in that recreation. 12mo. London: 1651. †Reprinted by Burn, London, 1820. Another edition in 4to., London, 1653, without the author's name, subjoined to the Countryman's Recreations, 4to., London, 1654. Large 8vo., 1817, reprinted by Inchbold and Gawtress, Leeds.

*Barker's Delight; or, the Art of Angling, by Thomas Barker. Second edition, with considerable additions and Commendatory Verses prefixed, 1657; †Reprinted by Burn, 1820. This book is inserted in the Young Sportsman's Miscellany. 12mo. 1826.

In an Epistle to the Reader, prefixed to the first edition, and in the dedication of the second to Lord Montague, Barker speaks of himself as having practised angling for half a century: adding, "if any noble or gentle angler have a mind to discourse of these ways and experiments, I live in Henry VIIth's Gifts, the next door to the Gatehouse in Westminster, where I shall be ready to satisfy them, and maintain my art; my name is Barker."

The second edition so called, 12mo., London, 1657, with commendatory

verses prefixed. This is the first edition that has the title of Barker's Delight. The second edition (likewise so called), London, 1659, is in fact the same, with only a new title-page.

*†Baudrillart. Traité General des Eaux et Forêts, Chasses et Pêches. 4me. Partie Dictionnaire des Pêches, contenant L'Histoire Naturelle des Poissons et des autres animaux aquatiques qui font l'objet de la Pêche des Europeens; L'Explication des termes de Pêche et de Navigation; La Description des Lignes, Hameçons, Filets et Instrumens, &c. Les Dispositions Reglementaires tant sur la Pêche Fluviale que sur la Pêche Maritime. 4to. Paris: 1833. Avec un atlas composé de 40 Planches fol.

Berisch Anweisung zur Zahmen und Wilden Fischerei. Leipzig, Leo., 1794.

*Berners, Barnes, or Bernes (Lady Juliana). I. This present boke shewyth the manere of hawkynge and huntynge: and also of druysyinge of Cote Armours. It shewyth also a good matere belongynge to horses; wyth other comendable treatyses. And ferdermore of the blaysynge of Armys: as here after it may appere. Small folio.

Juliana Berners, or Barnes, to whom the above treatises were ascribed, is supposed to have been sister to Richard, Lord Berners, of Essex, and Prioress of Sopwell, near St. Albans. She is said to have flourished about the year 1460, and is celebrated for her learning and accomplishments.

Besides being the first printed treatise on the subject in the English language, this work affords us rude representations of the different kinds of tackle in use, and contains directions and remarks which have been copied in some recent Treatises on Angling.

On the first page wood-cut of birds, and on the reverse a group of men with a hawk underneath the title above.

Sig. a. 5 leaves, the first blank making 6; b. 6 leaves; c. 6 leaves. (Hawkynge ends on c. 5, and Hunting commences on c. 6.)

D. 6 leaves, e. 6 leaves (Coat Armour commences on e. 6), f. 4 leaves, g. 4 leaves (on reverse of g. 4. Here begynnyth the treatise of fisshynge with an angle), h. 6 leaves, i. 4 leaves. Here begynnyth the blasynge of arms. A. 6 leaves, b. 6 leaves, c. leaves, d. 7 leaves.

Here in this boke afore ben shewed the treatyses perteynynge to hawkynge and huntynge, with others diuyers playsaunt materes belongyngê unto noblesse: and also a ryght noble treatise of Cot Armours; as in this present boke it may appere. And here we end the last treatyse whyche specyfyeth of blaysynge of armys. Emprynted at Westmestre, by Wynkyn the Worde, the yere of theyn carnacon of our Lorde M.CCCC.IXXXVI.

On the last leaf (d. 8) is the device of Wynkyn de Worde, and on the reverse that of Caxton. This leaf is wanting in the copy of the British Museum.

Copies upon vellum are in the Collections of the Earl of Pembroke and the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, and upon paper in the British Museum; in the late Mr. Douce's Collection, now in the Bodleian;

and in the late Mr. Dent's library. Probably the finest extant upon paper was Mr. Hanrott's, which is now in the Collection of the Hon. George John Vernon.

This edition was reprinted in fac-simile, by Mr. Haslewood, London, 1810; and the Treatyse of Fisshing wyth an Angle, from this edition, was reprinted by W. Pickering, in crown 8vo., with Baskerville Types. London: 1827.

The first edition was printed at St. Albans, 1486, containing the Treatises of Hawking, Hunting, and Coat Armour; and reprinted by Markham, under the title of The Gentleman's Academie, or the Book of St. Albans: containing three most exact and excellent Bookes: the first of Hawking, the second of all the proper termes of Hunting, and the last of Armorie, all compiled by Juliana Barnes, in the yere from the incarnation of Christ, 1486. And now reduced into a better method by G. M. London. Printed for Humfrey Lownes, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-Yard. 1595. 4to.

II. Here begynnyth a treatyse of fisshyinge with an angle. Small 4to.

The title over the wood-cut of a man angling, on the reverse of D. IIII., Here endeth the boke of Fysshynge wyth other dyuers maters, Imprynted at London by Wynkyn de Worde, dwellynge in Flete strete, at the sygne of the Sonne.

Small 4to., with wood-cuts, A. to D. iiij. This edition appears to have been published as a distinct treatise: the concluding paragraph of the former edition is omitted, stating "and for by cause that this present treatyse sholde not come to the hondys of eche ydle persone, whyche wolde desire it yf it were emprynted allone by itself, and put in a lytyll Plauntlet; therefore I haue compylyd it in a greter volume of dyuerse bokys concernynge to gentyll and noble men. To the entent that the foresyd ydle persones whyche scholde haue but lytyll mesure in the sayd dysporte of fysshyng, sholde not by this meane vtterly dystroye it."

The only copy known, which was formerly Mr. Haworth's, is in the Collection of George Wilkinson, Esq. (This was most probably part of the impression of the several treatises in 1532. See note in Mr. Haworth's sale catalogue, and the Bib. Pref. to Wiley & Putnam's edition of Walton.)

III. The boke of hawkynge, and huntynge, and fysshynge. Small 4to.

Wood-cut group of men with hawk, as in W. de Worde's edition, 1496.

Reverse of c. 7 ||, Thus endeth the boke of hawkynge; c. 8, Here begynneth the boke of huntynge; on reverse of F. 1, four lines of the ballad:

Therefore assaye them euerych one, &c.

¶. Thus endeth the treatyse of hūtynge, and other thȳges.

And here begynneth a treatise of fysshyinge w^t^ an angle. Wood-cut underneath.

F. 2 Commences Salomon, &c., and ends on reverse of Hiv.

Here endeth the boke of hawkynge, hũtynge, and fyshynge, and with many other dyuers maters. Imprỹted in Flete Strete, at ye sygne of ye Sonne, by Wỹkyn de Worde, with his colophon. 46 leaves.

The catchword throughout the volume is "Huntynge;" this edition reads "Of Saynt Thomas tyde of Caunterbure."

A copy of this edition, now in the possession of Mr. George Daniel, of Islington, is supposed to be unique.

IV. The booke of hauking, hunting, and fysshing, with all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to ke kept. Small 4to.

Over a rude engraving on wood, at the end of this portion, there is no colophon.

Here beginneth the book of Hunting, whereunto is added the measures of blowing. Over a wood-cut, no colophon.

Here beginneth a tretyse of fisshynge with an Angle. Over a wood-cut of a man angling.

Imprynted at London in Flete-Street, at the sygne of the Rose Garlande, by Wylliam Coplande.

B. L. 4to., p. 96.

Described in the Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, page 12.

V. The booke of haukyng, huntyng, and fisshyng, wyth all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kepte. Small 4to.

Wood-cut of men and hawks same as in Wynkyn de Worde, edition of 1496, fo.

Imprinted at London in Saynt Martyn's paryshe in ye vinetre upon the thre crane wharfe, by Wyllyam Coplande. A. to E. iiii.

Here begynneth the booke of Hunting, whereunto is added the measures of blowyng.

Rude cut with the Hares.

Imprint as above. F. i. to I. iiii.

Here begynneth a tretyse of Fisshynge with an Angle. K. i. to M. iiii.

Heere endeth the booke of Hauking, Hunting, and Fysshyinge, with other diuers matters.

Imprynt as above.

Formerly in Mr. Haslewood's Collection. A. to M., each 4 leaves.

VI. The booke of hauking, hunting, and fiysshyng, wyth all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kept. Small 4to.

(Most probably the same cut as in the preceding edition, but the title is wanting.)

Imprynted at London in the vyentre upon the thre craned wharfe, by Wyllyam Copland.

Here begynneth the booke of Hunting, whereunto is added the measures of blowyng.

Imprinted at London in the ventre upon the thre crane wharfe, by me, William Copland.

Here beginneth a treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle. Wood-cut.

Imprinted at London in the Ventre upon the three Crane wharfe, by Wyllyam Copland. 4to. A. to M., each 4 leaves. Now in the possession of Mr. Pickering.

VII. The Booke of hauking, hunting, and fysshynge, with all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kept. Small 4to.

Wood-cut of men and hawks.

Imprynted at London in paules Churche yerde, by Robert Toye.

Here begynneth the booke of Hunting, whereunto is added the measures of blowynge.

Rude wood-cut.

Imprynted at London, in Flete Street, at the sygne of the Rose Garland, by Wyllyam Copland, for Robert Toye.

Here beginneth a tretyse of Fysshyng wyth an Angle.

Imprinted at London, in Flete Strete, at the sygne of the Rose Garland, by Wyllyam Copland.

In the collection of Earl Spenser.

VIII. The booke of hauking, huntyng, and fysshyng, with all the properties and medicines that are necessary to be kept. Small 4to.

Wood-cut of men and hawks as in Wynkyn de Worde's edition.

Imprynted at London in Paules church yerde by Abraham Vele.

Here begynneth the booke of Hunting, whereunto is added the measures of blowying.

Rude wood-cut with the hares.

Imprynted at London, in Flete strete at the signe of the Rose Garland, by Wyllyam Copland, for Robert Toye.

Here beginneth a tretyse of Fysshyinge with an Angle.

Same cut as in Copland's edition.

Imprinted at London in Paules Church yerde, at the sign of the Lambe, by Abraham Vele. 4to.

A. to M. in 4's, containing 48 leaves.

h. i. reads: "Of Saynt Benet the XI. July."

In Mr. Pickering's possession, formerly Mr. Milner's. Another copy, imperfect, is in the British Museum. There are probably two other editions by Copland, yet undescribed—one in Lothbury over against St. Margaret's Church, the other, W. Copland for R. Tottell.

IX. The boke of hawkynge, huntynge, and fysshyinge, with all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kepte. Small 4to.

The treatise of Hawking ends on reverse of E. iiij., of Hunting on F. ij., and of Fishing on reverse m. iiij.

Each treatise has a distinct colophon, the last is "Here endeth the boke of Hawkyng, Huntyng, and Fyshyng, with other dyuers matters. Imprynted at London in Paul's Chyrchyerde, by me, Hery Tab. Finis." A. to M., in 4s.

The only copy known is in Coyne's books in the Bodleian Library.

X. The boke of hawkyng, huntyng, and fysshynge, with all the properties and medecynes that are necessarye to be kept. Small 4to.

On title wood-cut group of 8 birds.

On the reverse of E. 4, Imprynted at London, in Forster laen, by me, John Waley. Finis.

On F. 1, Here begynneth the boke of huntyng, and ends on the reverse J. ii. Imprinted at London in Forster Laen, by John Waley.

On K. 1. Commences, Here begynneth a treatyse of fysshyinge with an Angle. Ends on M. 4, Here endeth the boke of Haukyng, Huntyng, and fysshyng, with other dyuers mathers. Imprinted at London in Forster laen, by John Waley. Finis.

A. to M. in 4's, except I., which has two leaves only. In all 46 leaves.

h. i. reads: "Of Saynte Thomas tyde of Canterbure."

N. B. This copy may or may not be imperfect, in most copies the measures of blowing are printed on I. iii., and I. iv., with the imprint of the 2d part. But in this edition the imprint is at the end of the ballad, therefore it appears perfect, it is not mentioned on the title. In the possession of Mr. Pickering.

XI. The boke of haukyng, huntyng, and fysshynge, with all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kept. Small 4to.

On title wood-cut of the Hawk within 6 scroll blocks and 2 flowers.

Imprynted at London in Flete street, by Wyllyam Powell.

Here begynneth the booke of huntyng. Whereunto is added the measures of blowynge.

Wood-cut with two dogs and a stag, and an ornament composed of four blocks, two on each side.

ımprynted at London, in Flete strete, at the sygne of the George, next to Saynt Dunstone's churche, by Wyllyam Powell.

Here begynneth a tretyse of fysshynge with An Angle.

Wood-cut as in Copland, with a border added in the outer and inner margin.

Imprynted at London in Flete strete, at the sygne of George, next to Saynt Dunstanes Church, by Wyllyam Powell.

h. i. reads, "Of Saint Benet the XI. of July."

In Mr. Pickering's possession, formerly "Thomas Baker." Col. Jo. Socius ejectus. A. to M. in 4, containing 48 leaves.

*†Best's (Thomas) Concise Treatise on the Art of Angling. 12mo. London: 1787. †2d Edition 12mo., London, 1789; 3d edit., 1794; †4th edit., 1798; 5th edit., 1808; †9th edit., 1810; 10th edit., 1814. (N. B. This edition contains Nobbe's Treatise on Trolling.) 11th edit., 18mo., London; advertised 1827. †Royal 18mo., London, 1832. It was also published by Tegg, edited by Jackson, 32mo.

Binnell's (Robert) Description of the River Thames, &c., with the city of London Jurisdiction and conservancy thereof, proved both in point and usage, by prescription charters, acts of parliament, decrees, &c., &c. To which is added a brief description of those Fish, with their seasons, spawning times, &c., that are caught in the Thames, or sold in London. With some few observations on the nature, element, cloathing, numbers, passage, weirs, and sensation, &c., peculiar to Fish in general, and also of the water carriage, &c., &c. 8vo. London: 1758.

†Blagrave's (J. Gent.) Epitome of the Art of Husbandry. 12mo., London, 1669. Contains brief experimental Directions for the right use of the Angle, reprinted; 8vo., London, 1675; †8vo., London, 1685.

Ellis gives 1670 for the first edition, which is very probably a mistake for 1675, the date of the second.

*†Blaine's Encyclopedia of Rural Sports, or a complete account, historical, practical, and descriptive, of hunting, shooting, &c., &c., of the present day. 8vo., 1840.

*Bloch (Marc. Eliez.) Ichthyologie, on Histoire Naturelle générale et particulière des Poissons traduit de l'Allemande par Laveaux. Berlin, Quien., 1785–97; 12 vols., gr. fol. ornés de 432 pl. col.; Berlin, 4to., fig. col.; Paris, fait partie de Cours Complet d'Histoire Naturelle, contenant les trois règnes de la Nature, par MM. Buffon, Castril, Bloch, &c. 1799–1802. 80 vols. 18mo., 773 fig.

†Blome's Gentleman's Recreations, Treating on the Art of Horsemanship, Hunting, Fowling, Fishing, and Agriculture. Folio, Lond., 1686. Fol., Lond., 1710.

A magnificent work but of little practical value. It has become very rare.

†Boaz (H.) The Angler's Progress. Written July 4th, 1789 (a broadside); 2d edition, 8vo., Lond., 1820; 3d edit., 1820; 4th edit., Newcastle, 1820.

Bonge de Natura et Piscatione Salmonum.

This work has as yet eluded my search.

Book of Sports British and Foreign. 4to., 50 plates after Landseer, Cooper, Herring, &c. 1843.

Book of Fishing with a Hook and Line, by L. M. 1590. See Mascall.

†Book of Rural Sports, illustrated, 76 plates. 2 vols. 12mo. 1839 and 1845.

Bose, das Ganze der Fischerei. Mit einem Kupfer. Leipzig, March, 1812.

Boult's Sportsman's Companion, 3 vols., including Angling.

*Bowlker (Richard of Ludlow) The Art of Angling, improved in all its parts, especially Fly Fishing. 12mo. Worcester (supposed 1746). The second edition was by his son, with the title thus: Bowlker (Charles of Ludlow), The Art of Angling, or Compleat Fly Fisher, &c., &c., to which are added directions for making artificial Flies. Illustrated with many new Improvements in the Art of Angling. 8vo. 1774. Birmingham.† Baskerville, 3d edit., 1780; †4th edit., 1786; †5th edit., 1788; †6th edit., 1792. Baskerville's name is not on the title of that printed with his types. There have been several editions at Birmingham without date; also editions at Ludlow, †1806, 1814, 1826, 1829, 1833.

Bowlker's work is very valuable, and perfectly original. Mr. White, of Crickhowell, says that "the Bowlkers were a dexterous family of Trout Anglers who lived in Ludlow."

*Boyle's (Hon. Robert) Angling improved to spiritual uses, forms a part of a volume entitled Occasional Researches upon several subjects. 8vo., London, 1665; 2d edit., 1669. †A new edition, with preface and life by Leyland. 12mo., London, 1808.

Brief Treatise of Fishing; with the Art of Angling. 4to., London, 1614. (This forms a part of the Jewell for Gentrie, by T. S., and is in fact but a reprint of the work ascribed to Juliana Barnes.)

*†Brookes (Dr. R.) The Art of Angling, Rock and Sea Fishing, with a Natural History of River, Pond, and Sea Fish. 8vo., London, 1740. The prints chiefly borrowed from Willoughby, and the Treatise of Angling from Chetham. 2d edit., 8vo., London, 1743. †Improved with additions, and formed into a dictionary, 8vo., London, 1766; 2d edit., 17—; 3d edit., London, 1770; †4th edit., 1774; †5th edit., 1781; †6th edit., 1785; 7th edit., 1789; "a new edit.," 1793; †1799, †1801, 1807, and Dublin, 1811.

Brookes (Dr.) The Natural History of Fishes and Serpents, to which is added an Appendix, containing the whole Art of Float and Fly Fishing. 8vo., London, 1790.

†Brousse (M. Avocat, Chef du Bureau des affaires contentieuses), Code de la Pêche Fluviale. 12mo. Paris, Bechet, 1829.

*†Browne's (Moses) Piscatory Eclogues were first published without his name in 1729. †A second edition was published, with his poems on various subjects, in octavo, 1739. (The author states that these poems were written in his twenty-third year.) †A third in an extended form by itself, accompanied with notes, in 1773. In 1750, Moses Browne edited Walton and Cotton's Angler with a preface and notes, and some valuable additions; this was republished in 1759, and 1772, in the former year drawing him into a controversy with Sir John Hawkins, who happened to be then publishing an improved edition of the same work.

For some account of Moses Browne, see the Bibliographical Preface to Wiley & Putnam's American edition of Walton's Angler.

†Browne's Angling Sports. 8vo., plates, 1773. This is the title of the third edition of the preceding work.

Brown's (Dr. Patrick) Catalogue of the Fish of Ireland. Inserted in Exshaw's Gentleman's and London Magazine, August, 1774.

*†Carrol (W.) The Angler's Vade Mecum, containing an account of the Water Flies, their seasons, the kind of weather that brings them most on the water, the whole represented in twelve colored plates; to which is added a description of the different baits used in angling, and where found. 8vo., Edinb., 1818.

†Charfy (Guiniad) The Fisherman; or Art of Angling made easy. 8vo., Lond., n. d., 2d edit., 8vo.

†Charleton (T. W. Royal Navy) The Art of Fishing, a Poem. 8vo., North Shields, 1819.

†Chasse (La) et Pêche en Angleterre et sur le continent. Traduit de divers ouvrages Anglais. 8vo., Bruxelles, 1842.

†Creek's Angler's Instructor. 1840. A trifling affair.

Chlez, Fischergeheimnisse. Leipzig. Central-Comptoir. 1824.

†Chetham's (James of Smedley) Angler's Vade Mecum; or a compendious yet full discourse of Angling. 8vo., Lond., 1681; †2d edit.,

8vo., Lond., 1689; †3d edit., 8vo., Lond., 1700. See Angler's Vade Mecum.

Mr. White, of Crickhowell, observes: "The author of this work is said to be of a noted family."

CHITTY. See Fly Fisher's Text Book.

†CLIFFORD (CHARLES) THE ANGLER, a Didactic Poem. 12mo., London, 1804.

COCKAYNE'S RULES FOR ANGLING; or, Young Instruments. 1670.

The above is a title given in Pickering's Ellis, but according to Sale Catalogue of the Rev. Mr. Cotton's Collection, he had the original and *unpublished* manuscript in the autograph of the author, who was a relation and friend of Charles Cotton.

†COLE (RALPH, GENT). The Young Angler's Pocket Companion. 12mo. Lond.: 1795,† 1813.

COLQUHOUN. See Moor and Loch.

†COMPLEAT SPORTSMAN; in Three Parts. In the Savoy: 1718.

This is altered from Fairfax, which see. See also Giles Jacob.

COMPLETE FAMILY PIECE, and Country Gentleman and Farmer's Best Guide. 2d edit., 8vo. Lond.: 1737—Part II., Chap. II., p. 329 to 350. "Containing Cautions, Rules and Directions to be taken and observed in Fishing; with the manner of making and preserving Rods, Lines, Floats, Artificial Flies, &c. &c., and for chusing and preserving several sorts of curious baits."

COMPLEAT FISHER; or, the true art of Angling. By I. S. See True Art of Angling. Revised and corrected by Wright. 12mo. London: 1740.

In Mr. Milner's Sale Catalogue is a title "I. S. The True Art of Angling, containing the mystery of a Compleat Angler. cuts. 1696."

COMPLETE FISHERMAN; or, Universal Angler—to which is added, The Whole Art of Fly Fishing. Printed for Fielding and Walton; without date.

COTTON'S (CHARLES) COMPLEAT ANGLER; being Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear stream. Lond.: 1676; forming a second part to Walton. Vide Walton.

†*COTTON (REV. H. S.), late Ordinary of Newgate.

The Sale Catalogue of his very interesting and singularly curious collection of Books on Angling. Dec., 1838. Marked with prices and names. This catalogue is valuable for its information. Mr. Cotton was a descendant of Charles, and his editions of the Complete Angler, &c., were most valuable.

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION. 2 vols., 12mo. Lond.: 1753.

Named in the title by a Country Gentleman, from his own experience, and printed for the author. It is, however, nothing more than a reprint of Markham's work, without acknowledgment. The Treatise on Angling occurs Vol. II., p. 61—106. Second edit., 8vo. Dublin: 1755—reprinted in one volume.

*Cox's (Nicholas) Gentleman's Recreation. In four parts—viz., Hunting, Hawking, Fowling, Fishing and Agriculture. 8vo. Lond.: 1674; †2d edit., 8vo., Lond., 1677; 3d edit., 8vo., Lond., 1686; †4th edit., 8vo., Lond., 1697; 5th edit., 8vo., Lond., 1706; †6th edit., 8vo., Lond., 1721.

Cuvier et Valenciennes, Histoire Naturelle des Poissons. 8vo. Paris: 1828, *et seq.* 16 vol., 1842.

* Daniel's (Rev. W. B.) Rural Sports. 2 vols., 4to., Lond., 1801–2; 3 vols., royal 8vo., Lond., 1801; 3 vols., imperial 4to., Lond., 1806; †3 vols., royal 8vo., 1812—large paper, in 4to.

The edition of 1805 has considerable additions, which have extended the work to three volumes. It likewise contains additional plates, and proofs of all the larger subjects, which were originally taken for separate sale.

*Supplement to the Rural Sports. Royal 8vo., 4to., and imperial 4to.† Lond.: 1813.

The Supplement contains Anecdotes of Fish and Fishing, an Account of the Rivers of Great Britain, &c.

*Davy's (Sir Humphrey, Bart.) Salmonia; or, Days of Fly-Fishing, in a Series of Conversations, with some Accounts of the Habits of Fishes belonging to the genus Salmo. 8vo., London, †1828; †2d edit., with engraved views, 8vo., Lond., 1829; †3d edit., 8vo., Lond., 1832.

*** A review of this work appeared in the Quarterly, attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and another by Professor Wilson in Blackwood's Magazine.

*†De Kay, (James E.) M. D. Zoology; or, New York Fauna—comprising detailed descriptions of all the Animals hitherto observed within the State of New York, with brief notices of those occasionally found near its borders, and appropriate illustrations. Part IV. Fishes. 4to. 1842: with 4th vol. of plates.

*D[ennys] (J[I]ohn Esq.) Secrets of Angling; teaching the Choicest Tooles, Baytes, and Seasons for taking of any Fish in pond or riuer—practised and familiarly opened in three Bookes, by J. D., Esquire. 12mo., London, 1613; second edit., augmented with many approved experiments by W. Lauson—London, printed by Roger Jackson, 1652;† London Reprint 1811.

This poetical treatise is entered in the stationers' books as by John Dennys; but Walton ascribed it to John Davors,—and by others, without sufficient authority, it is ascribed to Davies and Donne. It contains commendatory verses by Jo. Davies, and is dedicated by the stationer R. I. to Mr. John Harborne of Tackley, in the County of Oxford.

In the title of this book is a wood-cut representing two men, one with a sphere at the end of his angle, and on a label,

Hold, hooke and line,
Then all is mine—

the other with a fish,

Well fayre the pleasure
That brings such treasure.

Reprinted in the Censura Literaria, with a short advertisement and an index. 8vo., Lond., 1811 (a hundred copies taken off separately).

Beloe says—"Perhaps there does not exist in the circle of English Literature a rarer book than this." Sir John Hawkins confessed he could never get a sight of it. Anecd. of Literature.

Vol. II., p. 64. For an account of this work, see Bibl. Pref. to Wiley & Putnam's edition of Walton's Angler.

†Deveux (Th:) Le Vieux Pêcheur. 18mo. Paris: Houdaille, 1837.

*†Dictionnaire de toutes les Espèces de Pêches; Encyclopédie Methodique. Paris: L'An Quatrième de la Republique Française une et indivisible. 4to. Avec un Atlas de 132 planches, 18 doubles. 4to.

Dictionarium Rusticum Urbanicum et Botanicum; or, Dictionary of all kinds of Country Affairs. 8vo., Lond., 1704; †2d edit., 1717; †3d edit., 2 vols., 8vo., Lond., 1726.

†Dictionary of Sports, by Harry Harewood. London: 1835.

This is a revised and improved edition of the Sportsman's Dictionary, which see.

†Dissertation sur la Pêche, sur la Population et l'âge du Poisson.

A tract in 18mo., pp. 36, on the advantages from laws for the care of fish. Without date.

*†Donovan's (E. O.) Natural History of British Fishes: including Scientific and General Descriptions of the most Interesting Species, and an Extensive Collection of accurately finished Plates, taken entirely from original Drawings, purposely made from the specimens in a recent state, and for the most part when living. 5 vols., royal 8vo. Lond.: 1802–8.

*†Donovan (E. O.), Sale Catalogue of his many Angling books, with interesting memoranda. Lond., April, 1827.

Dubravii (Jani) de Piscinis et Piscium qui in illis aluntur Naturis. Libri v. Narimb.: 1696.

*†Dubravius's Newe Booke of good Husbandry, very pleasant and of great profite both for Gentlemen and Yeomen, containing the order and manner of making fish pondes, with the breeding, preseruing, and multiplyinge of the Carpe, Tench, Pike, and Troute, and also divers kinds of other Fresh Fishe, translated from the Latine. 4to. London: 1599.

Very rare. See Bibl. Preface to Wiley & Putnam's Walton.

Duhamel du Monceau (Henri Louis) Traité Genéral des Pêches Maritimes, des Rivières, et des Etangs. 3 vols. fol. 1782. Gr. nom. de Planches. Cet ouvrage fait partie de la Collection des Arts et Metiers.

†Egan's (Pierce) Book of Sports. 8vo. London: 1832. No. IX.,

137 to 142, a portion of the Conference between an Angler, a Hunter, and a Falconer (from Walton), No. XVIII., p. 272. The Jolly Anglers (a collection of some Angling songs, and completion of the Conference).

EHLER, die Lustfischerei oder deutlicher Unterricht, Fische zu fangen sowohl mit angeln, als auch mit Netzen, Reusen, &c. Nebst Abbildung und Beschreibung der Geräth schaften, &c. Leipzig, Joachim, 1813.

EHLER, der erfahrene Fischer, oder erprobte Mittel und Rathschläge für Fischer und Fischerei—besitzer. Mit einem Kpfr. Leipzig, Central Comptoir, 1823.

EHLER, Fisher Geheimnisse und Fischer-Künste. Leipzig, Central Comptoir, 1824.

†EHRENKREUZ (BARON VON) Das Ganze der Angel fischerei und ihrer Geheimnisse. 12mo. Quedlinburg und Leipzig: 1847.

ELLIS'S (SIR HENRY) Catalogue of Books on Angling, with Brief notes of several of their authors, printed in the British Bibliographer, and a few copies taken off separately. 8vo. 1811. This was reprinted also in Daniel's Supplement; and, much improved, at the end of Piscatorial Reminiscences by Pickering. In this latter form it has been the basis of the present catalogue.

ENCYCLOPEDIE METHODIQUE. Vide Dictionnaire.

EPHEMERA. See Hand-Book.

ESSAY on the Right of Angling in the River Thames. No date. (Reading by Snart.)

†ESSAY on the Right of Angling in the River Thames, and in all other public Navigable Rivers. 8vo. Reading: n. d. A letter to a proprietor of a Fishery in the River Thames, in which an attempt is made to shew in whom the Right of Fishing in public streams now resides. 2d edit., 8vo. Reading: 1787.

*EVANS (W., of Uxbridge), The Art of Angling; or, Complete Fly-Fisher. 8vo. Uxbridge Lake, 1820; †8vo., London, Richardson.
(This book is taken almost verbatim from Bowlker's Treatise.)

*†EXTRACTS (MS.), relative to Fish and Fishing, comprising all that has been written on those subjects in the works of our Ancient and Modern Poets, and also in Magazines, Newspapers, and Periodicals.
Three very curious manuscript volumes, about 1800, 4to.

FAIRFAX'S COMPLETE SPORTSMAN; or Universal Angler. 12mo. 1795.
See Compleat Sportsman.

† FAVOLA PESCATORIA di Antonio Ongaro, nuova edizione, dedicata Alla Madama Elisabetta Griffith Lady Rich. London: 1737. A Dramatic Poem in five Acts.

*†FISHER'S (P.) ANGLER'S SOUVENIR, with illustrations by Beckwith and Topham. 12mo. London: 1835.

FIELD-BOOK; or, Sports and Pastimes of the United Kingdoms, com-

piled from best authorities, by Capt. Gleig. Several hundred wood-cuts of Birds, Fish, and Animals. Thick 8vo. Lond.: 1833.

Field-Sports in France. See O'Connor.

†Field-Sports of the North of Europe, by L. Lloyd. 2 vols. 8vo. Lond.: 1830.

Very little on Fishing.

Fischbuch, Vollständiges, oder Anweisung Fische zu behandeln, über Fischtriche, Kunst-und Lust-Fischerei und wichtige Mittheilungen uber Karpfen und Krebse. 12mo. Quedlinburg, Basse, 1824.

Fischbüchlein, oder die Kunst, Forellen, Hechte, Asch, Barben und Barsche zu fangen. Mit 8 Abbildungen, Munchen, Jaquet.

Fischer, V. der neue deutsche Angelfischer, Anweisung zur Fischerei mit der Angel in Flüssen und Land-Seen. Wien, Schaumburg, 1813.

Fischfang (Der) ohne Netze, oder Anleitung zu der Angelfischerei. Leipzig, Enobloch, 1821.

Fisherman's Assistant in the Thames. 8vo. 1697.

(See Thomas Martin, of Palsgrave, Catalogue. 8vo. Lynn: 1772.)

Probably the same work as Laws and Ordinances of the City of London, relating to fishing, 1697, *post*, which see.

Fisherman (The); or, Complete Guide for Anglers. London: 1814.

Fishing and Hunting. 12mo. Lond.: Printed by Bailey.

†Fishing with Angle or Net, Public right of. With observations, by Piscator.

Fisher Boy (The); a Poem, by H. C. 12mo. Plates. 1709.

Fletcher's (Rev. Phineas, Rector of Hilgay, Norfolk) Sicelides, a Piscatory, as it hath been acted in King's College. 4to. Cambridge: 1631.

*†Fletcher's (Revd. P.) Purple Island, or the Isle of Man; together with Piscatorie Eclogs and other Poeticall Miscellanies. 4to. Cambridge: 1633.

*†Fletcher's (Rev. P.) Piscatory Eclogues, Poetical Miscellanies and copious Notes, by Lord Woodhouselee. 8vo. Edinb.: 1771.

*†Fly-Fisher's (The Illustrated) Text-Book, by Theophilus South, Gent. 8vo. Lond., Ackerman, 1841. With twenty-three engravings by Cooper, Morton, Fielding, &c.† Bohn, 1845, with additional engravings.

The true name of the author is Edward Chitty, Esqr., Barrister. It is one of the best books on the art.

*Ford's (D D.) Piscatio; or Angling, a poem written originally in Latin, and inscribed to Arch. Sheldon. 8vo., Oxon., 1733. Again published with original poems by the same author, by George Sylvester, Gent. 8vo., Lond., 1733. The original is in Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta, &c. 8vo., Oxon., 1609, 1692. Pp. 129, †1714.

Foreign Field-Sports, Fisheries, Sporting Anecdotes, &c., 110 colored plates. 4to. London: 1814.

*Franck's (Richard) Northern Memoirs, calculated for the meridian of Scotland. Wherein most or all of the cities, citadels, seaports, castles, forts, fortresses, rivers, and rivulets, are compendiously described. Together with choice collections of various discoveries, remarkable observations, theological notions, political axioms, national intrigues, polemick inferences, contemplations, speculations, and several curious and industrious inspections, lineally drawn from antiquaries, and other noted and intelligible persons of honor and eminency. To which is added the Contemplative and Practical Angler, by way of diversion. With a narrative of that experimented in England, and perfected in more remote and solitary parts of Scotland. By way of Dialogue. Writ in the year 1658, but not till now made publick. 8vo., London, 1694. †New edition with preface and notes by Sir Walter Scott. 8vo., Edinb., 1821.

N. B. Only 250 copies of this edition printed; one of the most curious parts of this work, p. 272, relates to Burbolt, a fish rarely found, even in the Trent, &c.

Franck was a captain in the royal army, under Prince Rupert, and was at the battle of Brentford, Nov. 12. 1642, where they were conquerors, and drove the rebels into the sea.—*White.* This account by White is erroneous. Franck was an enthusiastic sectary, and fought in the parliamentary army. See account of this work in the bibliographic preface to Wiley & Putnam's Walton's Angler.

Gardiner. A Booke of Angling, or Fishing. Wherein is shewed, by conference with Scriptures, the agreement betweene the Fisherman, Fishes, and Fishing of both natures Temporall and Spirituall. By Samuel Gardiner, Doctor of Divinitie. Math. iv., 19. "I will make you fishers of men." 18mo., London, printed by Thomas Parfoot, 1606. Dedicated to Sir Henrie Gaudie, Sir Miles Corbet, Sir Hamond Le Strange, Sir Henry Spellman, knights, my verie kind friends.

In the collection of the Rev. Mr. Cotton, who considered, with good reason, his copy to be unique.

*†Gentleman Farmer, containing North's Discourse of Fish and Fish Ponds. Lond., 1726.

*Gentleman Angler, containing short plain instructions, whereby the most ignorant beginner may in a little time become a perfect artist in angling for salmon, &c., &c. 8vo., London, 1726; †2d edit.. 8vo., 1736; 3d edit., 8vo., Lond., Hitch, without date; 8vo., Lond., 1753; †12mo., Lond., Kearsley, 1786.

†This work was again printed as a novel publication in 1786, viz. as above, by a Gentleman who has made it his diversion upwards of fourteen years.

(In the first and other editions, twenty-eight years' experience.)

Gentleman's Recreations for 1836. 12mo., Sherwood.

*†ΓΕΩΠΟΝΙΚΑ. Geoponicorum sive de Re Rustica, libri xx. 8vo., 4 vols. Ed. Io. Nic. Niclas, Lipsiæ, 1781. Ed. optima.

†Translated from the Greek by Rev. T. Owen. 8vo., 2 vols., Lond., 1805.

Gentleman's Recreation, containing direct rules for that noble and delightful art of Angling. Whereunto is annexed all such statutes or penal laws relating to that curious art. 8vo., printed by J. D. for N. C., 1676. (This title is taken from the sale catalogue of Mr. Donovan's books.)

Gentleman's Recreations in Horsemanship, Hunting, Fowling, and Agriculture. Fol., Lond. 1686. See Cox.

*†Gesneri (Conradi) Historiæ Animalium. 3 vols. fol. Francofurti. 1554.

*†Gesneri (Conradi) De Piscibus et Aquatilibus omnibus libelli III. hom. I. scholia et emendationes in Halieuticon. P. Ovidii Nasonis. II. Aquatilium Animantium Enumeratio juxta Plinium, emendata et explicata serie literarum. III. Eorundem Nomenclator Germanicus longe copiosissimus; et alia quaedam ad Piscium historiam pertinentia duo. Tigurini. Sine anno.

Gilbert's (William, Gent.) Angler's Delight, containing the whole art of neat and clean Angling, wherein is taught the readiest way to take all sorts of Fish from the Pike to the Minnow, together with their proper baits, haunts, and time of fishing for them, whether in mere, pond, or river; with the manner of making all sorts of good tackle fit for any water whatsoever. Dedicated to Sir Richard Fisher. 12mo. Lond.: 1676.

In this book, the Angler's Delight, at p. 11, we read of Barbel frequenting London Bridge; p. 31, the fresh title of the second part. N. B. The method of Fishing, &c., occurs p. 38. "Then go to Mother Gilbert's, at the Flower de Luce, at Clapton, near Hackney, and whilst you are drinking a pot of ale, bid the maid make you two or three pennyworth of ground-bait, and some paste (which they do very neatly and well), p. 40. There is an excellent stand in the second meddow, on the left hand beyond the ferry, under a willow tree; in the midst of the meddow by the water side."

Mr. Haslewood, noticing the edition of 1676, says, "there was probably an earlier edition, from the date of the license for the press, that being" with allowance, October 20, 1674, Roger L'Estrange.

The second edition was reprinted in fac-simile about 1780, by a bookseller in Holborn.

Gilbert's (Will.) Young Angler's Companion, and Method of Fishing in Hackney River. 1682.

Greendrake. See Angling Excursions.

Griffith's (Roger, Water Bailiff) Essay to prove that the Jurisdiction and Conservancy of the River Thames, &c., is committed to the Lord Mayor and City of London, both in point of Right and Usage. To which is added a description of those Fish which are caught in the River Thames. 8vo. London: 1746. See Binnell.

*†Gronovii (L. T.) Museum Ichthyologicum, with Plates. Imp. folio. Leyden: 1754.

G[ryndall's] W[illiam] Hawking, Hunting, Fouling, and Fishing,

with the true measures of Blowing, now newly collected by W. G. Faukener. 4to. Lond., Islip, 1596. Hawking, Hunting, and Fishing, with the true measures of Blowing. Newly corrected and amended. 4to. Lond. Edw. Alde, 1596.

This book has a square wood-cut in the lower part of the title, of a man with several hooks near him. A copy of the wood-cut occurs in one of Byford's volumes of scraps, in the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts in the British Museum. In Alde's edition "Fowling" is omitted.

*†Halieuticon quod dicitur Ovidii. A fragment in hexameters, published in the *Poetæ Latini Minores*, as edited by *Columna*, ex recensione Wernsdorfiana. Lemaire, Paris, 1824.

†Hand-Book of Angling, teaching Fly-Fishing, Trolling, Bottom-Fishing, and Salmon-Fishing, with the Natural History of River Fish, and the best modes of catching them, by Ephemera, of Bell's Life in London, with wood engravings. Fl. cp. 8vo. London, Longman, 1847.

Hanover Magazine, No. 23. March 21, 1763, contains the translation of a letter giving an account of a method how to breed fish to advantage. 8vo. Lond.: 1778.

*†Hansard's (George Agar) Trout and Salmon-Fishing in Wales. 8vo. Lond.: 1834.

Hassel's Sports of the Thames

Hamilton's British Fishes.

†Harewood's Dictionary of Sports, including Angling. 12mo. 1835. See Sportsman's Dictionary.

Hawker's (Lt. Col. P.) Instructions to young Sportsmen in all that relates to Guns and Shooting. 8vo. London, 1824. (P. 162 to 183 relates to Trout Fishing, &c., &c.)

*†Haworth (Richard, of Chancery Lane, the Leviathan Collector of Angling Books). The Sale Catalogue of his singularly rich library. London, March, 1826. Valuable notes. Mr. Gosden's copy, with prices of the angling books marked.

†Heraldry of Fish. Notices of the Principal Families bearing Fish in their arms. 8vo. Lond., Van Voorst, 1842.

†Herring, Natural History of, by J. S. Dodd. Small 8vo. 1752.

*†Higg's (William Symonds Higgs, F. A. S.) Sale Catalogue of his Library, among which is a list of rare books on Angling. London: April, 1826.

(Mr. Gosden's copy, with prices, names, and very curious MS. Notes, by Mr. G.)

*†Hints on Angling, with suggestions for Angling Excursions in France and Belgium, &c., by Palmer Hackle, Esq. 8vo. Lond., 1815.

Hints to Anglers; or, the Art of Angling Epitomised in verse, with explanatory notes by T. H. S. (alter), an old Piscator, containing directions for making ground Baits, pastes, &c. 8vo. Lond.: 1808.

Hitchcock's (E.) Report on the Geology, Botany, and Zoology of Massachusetts. 8vo. Amherst: 1835. Catalogue of Fishes.

*†Hofland's (T. C.) British Angler's Manual, or the Art of Angling in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; with some account of the Principal Rivers, Lakes, and Trout Streams, in the United Kingdom; with instructions for Fly-Fishing, Trolling, &c. Numerous plates from originals, by the author. 8vo. London: 1839.

An elegant, elaborate, and useful work.

Howitt. Vide Angler's Manual.

*How to choose and how to dress Fish, by Piscator. Longman, Brown & Co., London, 1843.

*†Howlett's (Robert), "near forty Years a practitioner in this art," School for Recreation; or, a Guide to the more Ingenuous Exercises. (P. 158 to 182 on Fishing.) 8vo., Lond., 1701; 8vo., Lond., 1710; 8vo., Lond., 1720; 8vo., Lond., 1732. Vide Angler's Sure Guide.

Husbandman (The Perfect); or, the Art of Husbandry, by C. H. B. C. and C. M. 4to. Lond., 1658. Page 346 to 355 of Fish-Ponds and Fish.

Husbandman's Jewell, with the Art of Angling, including Fish and Fish-Ponds.

†IXOYOHPA; or, The Royal Trade of Fishing, discovering the immense profits the Hollanders have made thereof, with the vast emolument and profit that will redound to his Sacred Majesty, and his three kingdoms, by the improvement of it. Now seasonably published for the benefit of the nation. 4to. London: 1662.

†Illustrated Book of Rural Sports. 12mo. Lond., Bohn, 1845.

Contains little on angling.

*Innocent Epicure; or, the Art of Angling. A Poem. 12mo., London, 1697, 1713, †1741, 12mo., with the Title of Angling, a Poem, only.

The Preface is by N. Tate to the first edition, to whom it is sometimes attributed, but the initials of the Compiler head the introductory Epistle J. S. to C. S., supposed to be the same with the author of the True art of Angling.

Johnson's (T. B.) Sportsman's Cyclopedia; being an Elucidation of the Science and Practice of the Field, the Turf, and the Rod; or, in other words, the Scientific Operations of the Chase, the Course, and of all those Diversions and Amusements which have uniformly marked the Character of the Inhabitants of these Islands; and which are so ardently cherished, and so extensively followed by the present generation; comprehending the Natural History of all those Animals which constitute the objects of pursuit, accompanied with illustrative Anecdotes. 8vo. Lond.: 1831.

Jacob's (Giles) Game Law; or, Persons qualified to kill Game, keep Dogs, Nets, &c.; and of Hawking, Hunting, Fishing, and Fowling. 7th edit. 8vo. Lond.: 1740.

*†Jacob (Giles), The Complete Sportsman, in three parts, relating to Game, Dogs, Shooting, and Hunting, &c. Part III. of Fish and Fishing. The most successful methods of Angling, Baits, Tackle, Seasons, &c. 12mo. Savoy: Printed for J. Tonson, 1718.

Jacob's (Giles) Country Gentleman's Vade Mecum. Contains a few pages on Fish, Angling, and Fish-Ponds, p. 25 to 31. London: 1717.

*†Jardine's (Sir William) Naturalists' Library.

*†Jesse's (Edward, Esq., Deputy Surveyor of his Majesty's Parks) Gleanings in Natural History, with Local Recollections, to which are added Maxims and Hints for an Angler. 8vo., Lond., 1832. 12mo., Philadelphia, 1833. Second series, 8vo., Lond., 1834. Third series, 1835.

*†Jesse's (Edward, Esq.) Angler's Rambles. 8vo. 1336. A delightful book.

†Jesse's Thames Fishing, by the Author of Gleanings in Natural History. See Fraser's Magazine, No. XLIX., Jan., 1834.

Jewell for Gentrie; being an exact Dictionary or true Method to make any man understand all the Arts, Secrets, and Worthy Knowledges belonging to Hawking, Hunting, Fowling, and Fishing, together with all the true measures for winding the Horne. Now newly published, and beautified with all the rarest experiments that are known and practised at this day. Printed at London, for John Helme, in St. Dunstan's Church Yard in Fleet Street, 1814. 4to. Vide Brief Treatise of Fishing.

Jokisch, Handbuck der Fischerei, 2 Bände, Mit einem Kupfer. Schuman, Zwickau, 1802, 1804.

†Jolly Angler; or, Water-side Companion. 8vo. Lond., Wilson, 1833.

†Kentish Angler; or, the Young Fisherman's Instructor, shewing the nature and properties of Fish which are Angled for in Kent. 12mo. Canterb.: 1804.

†Kidd's Instructions for the Art of Angling. 18mo. 1820.

Kirby's Angler's Museum. This name is given sometimes to Shirley's Angler's Museum (which see) from the portrait of John Kirby being prefixed. It is probable also that he contributed to it.

Kirby, On the Instinct of Animals.

Kirtland's (J. P.) Report on the Zoology of Ohio. 8vo. Columbus: 1828.

Klein, Historiæ Piscium Naturalis promovendæ Missus Primus de lapillis eorumque numero in graniis Piscium. Plates, 4to., 1744.

†Kirkbride's Northern Angler. London; 1840.

*†Kresz' Ainé (C.) Le Pêcheur. Français Traité de la Pêche à la ligne en Eau douce. 2me ed., 12mo. Paris: 1830.

Kresz's (the Younger) Treatise on Angling, as practised in

France; with plates of Artificial Flies. Published in the Sporting Magazine, Vol. XXIII. 8vo. Lond., 1829, p. 137 to 142; also p. 219 to 224. And in Vol. XXIV., p. 2 to 30, and page 84 to 88.

†Lambert's (M. Amateur) Nouveau Manuel Simplifié du Pêcheur-Practicien, ou les Secrets, les Mystères et les Ruses de l'art de la Pêche. Suivi de l'art de faire les Filets par M. Charles B. . . . orné de figures. 18mo. Paris: Roret, n. d.

Lambert's (James) Country Man's Treasure; to which is added the Art of Hawking, Hunting, Angling, &c. 8vo. London: 1676, 1683.

Lascelle's (Robert, Esq.) Angling, Shooting, and Coursing. 8vo., 1815; second edition, 8vo., Lond., 1818.

*†Lascelle's (Robert, Esq.) Letters on Angling. 8vo., n. d.

*†Lathy (T. P. Esq.) The Angler; A Poem in ten cantos—comprising proper instructions in the Art of Flies, Bait, Pastes, &c.; with upwards of twenty beautiful cuts. 8vo. Lond.: 1820.

This poem is only a rifacimento of the Angler's Eight Dialogues in Verse, without acknowledgment. Some copies are dated 1819, with the following title—"The Angler, a Poem in ten cantos, by Piscator." Vide Gentleman's Magazine, 1819, Part II., p. 405.

Twenty copies were printed on thick paper, and one on vellum.

I have one in 4to., 1819.

Gosden says, in a Ms. note to Simonds Higgs's sale catalogue, "I published this pirated book by Lathy, and for the manuscript I gave him thirty pounds; my own copy I had printed on vellum, which cost me ten pounds for the vellum only."

Laws and Ordinances of the City of London relating to Fishing. 1698.

Lloyd. See Field Sports.

†London Angler's Book. See Waltonian Chronicle. 8vo. Lond. 1834.

†London (Lord Mayor's) Rules and Ordinances for fishing in the Thames. 1785.

†London Fishing Laid Open; or, the Arts of the Fishermen and Fishmongers laid open. 4to. London: 1759.

Lyceum of Natural History, New York, Annals of. 8vo. New York: 1824, *et seq.*

†Mackintosh (Alexander of Driffield, Yorkshire). The Driffield Angler, in ten parts; or, Complete English Angler. 18mo. Gainsborough.

Several editions.

(An association called the Driffield Anglers was formed of noblemen and gentlemen in 1833, to preserve the streams in the vicinity from poachers and depredations.)

†Manuel Nouveau de Pêcheur. See Toussaint.

Markham's (Gervase) cheap and good Husbandry., 4to., London,

1615, contains a short chapter on fish and fish ponds, 1616, 1631, 1648; 13th edition, 1676.

Markham's (Gervase) Young Sportsman's Delight, and Instructor in Angling, Fowling, Hawking, Hunting. 32mo. Sold at the Golden Ring, in Little Britain—price 6d. Lond.: 1752. Reprinted by Gosden, 1825.

(Advertised 1744 by a second title as) A Compleat and Experienced Angler, in two parts; or, The Angler's Vade Mecum, 12mo.,—printed for Conyers.

Among the additions by Gervase Markham to Maison Rustique; or, the Country Farmer. Compiled in the French Tongue, by Chas. Stevens and John Liebault; also translated by Richard Surflet: folio, Lond., 1616. Book IV., Chap. xi. xvii., relate to the Poole, Fish Pond, and Ditch for Fish. In the modern editions of La Maison Rustique will be found much useful matter relating to Angling and Fishing, as now practised in France.

*Markham (Gervase) Country Contentments; or, the Husbandman's Recreations. 1st edit., 4to., Lond., 1611; 2d edit., 1613; 3d edit., 1615; 4th edit., 1631; †5th edit., 1633; 6th edit., 1635; 7th edit., 1638–39; 8th edit., 1641; 9th edit., 1649; 10th edit., 1656; 11th edit., 1668; 12th, 1675.

The first edition does not contain the Treatise on Angling. The Treatise is headed "The whole Art of Angling; as it was written in a small treatise in rime, and now for the better understanding of the reader, put into prose, and adorned and enlarged." The rimes from which the Art of Angling was taken, were probably those by John Dennys, in his Secrets of Angling, 1613. It is word for word the same as the Treatise published under the title of "The Pleasures of Princes." Vide Postea. For an account of Markham, see Bibl. Preface to Wiley & Putnam's edition of Walton's Angler. "Way to get Wealth" is another title given to the above collection of tracts by Markham.

Marshall (Charles, Vicar of Brixworth, Northamptonshire). A Plain and Easy Introduction to the Knowledge and Practice of Gardening, with hints on Fish and Fish Ponds. 12mo., Lond., 1796; 2d edit., 12mo., Lond., 1798; 3d edit., Lond., ——; 4th edit., 8vo., Lond., 1805; 5th edit., 8vo., Lond., 1813.

Martin's (J). Angler's Companion and Guide to the Whitehouse Fishery; to which is added, A Trip to Broxbourn, or a Trolling Excursion. 12mo. London: Cowrie & Strange—no date.

Mascall's (Leonard) Booke of Fishing with Hook and Line, and all other instruments thereunto belonging; also of sundrie Engines and Traps to take Polcats, Buzzards, Rats, Mice, &c. &c., with very curious wood-cuts of the pike and proche hook, instruments, &c. &c. 4to. London: 1590—printed by John Wolf; Lond., 1596; Lond., 1600; Lond., 1606.

This Treatise contains a few improvements on Juliana Barnes, with remarks on the preservation of fish in ponds.

For an account of Mascall, see Bibl. Preface to Wiley & Putnam's edition of Walton.

†Mason's Angler's Assistant. London.

Mayer's British Sportsman.

†Memoir (An Authentic Historical) of the Schuylkill Fishing Company of the State of Schuylhill, from its establishment on that Romantic Stream near Philadelphia, in the year 1732, to the present time. By a Member.

> "If you look to its *antiquity*, it is most ancient;
> If to its *dignity*, it is most honorable—
> If to its jurisdiction, it is most extensive."

8vo., pp. 127. Philadelphia: Judah Dobson, 1830.

*** An amusing account of a very ancient Fishing Club, "founded by a few of the original settlers in Pennsylvania, many of them emigrants with Penn to the New World, residents in and near the young and thinly inhabited city of Philadelphia." In the catalogue are names of very high distinction; and the Association still exists.

†Maxims and Hints for an Angler, and Miseries of Fishing. Illustrated by Drawings on Stone; to which are added, Maxims and Hints for a Chess Player. Crown 8vo. London: 1833—Murray.

This volume is attributed to Richard Penn, Esq., the grandson of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania.

†Medwin (Thomas, Esq., late of the Guards). The Angler in Wales; or, Days and Nights of Sportsmen. 2 vols., 8vo. London: 1834.

Much pretence, but little worth.

Meissner's (J. B.) Kleine Lustfischerei, oder die Kunst zu Angeln. Leipzig: Mittler, 1799.

*†Milner's (John) Library Catalogue. 1829.

(Mr. Gosden's marked copy; with prices, names, and Ms. notes.)

*Mitchill's (Dr. S. L.) Report, in Part, on the Fishes of New York. 12mo., pp. 28. New York: 1841.

‡Moor (The) and the Loch; with an Essay on Loch Fishing—by John Colquhoun. Murray. 1845; 2d edit.

Moore's (Sir J.) England's Interest; or, the Gentleman and Farmer's Friend. 12mo. Lond., 1703; 12mo., Lond., 1721; p. 99 to 257, contains the Sure Angler's Guide.

†Morgan's Compleat Sportsman, including Angling. 12mo., n. d. (From Fairfax, q. v.)

Mosella. See Ausonius.

Moule. See Heraldry.

Names of Fish and their Seasons. 4to. [A Broadside.]

Needham (T. H). The Complete Sportsman. 8vo. Lond.: 1817. (Page 300, 312. Angling, and Laws relating to Fish.)

†Neil's Complete Angler; or, the Whole Art of Fishing. 8vo., 1804; †10th edit., 8vo.; †20th edit., 1830.

Nelson's (William) Laws of England concerning the Game of Hunting, Hawking and Fowling. 12mo., 1727, 1732, 1751, 1753, 1762.

New and Excellent Experiments and Secrets in the Art of Angling; being directions for the whole Art. 12mo., 1st edit., 1675; 2d edit., Lond., 1677; 1684. Vide Accomplisht Lady's Delight.

†*Newcastle Angling Garlands, by the Waltonian Club, instituted there April, 1822. Mitchell (W. A.) on the Pleasure and Utility of Angling, a paper read to the Club, 1824. Angler's Progress; a Poem, by H. Boax, Newcastle: printed by Charnley, 1820. Fisher's Garland for 1821. Tyne Side, 1822. Coquet Side for 1822. Tyne Fisher's Farewell to his favorite Stream, on the approach of Winter, 1824. Auld Fisher's Farewell to the Coquet, 1825. The Coquet Forever, 1826. The Fisher's Call, 1827. The Fisher's Call, 1828. The Old Fisher's Challenge, 1829. The Old Angler's Triumph, 1830. The Tyne Fisher's Call, 1841. The Fisher's Invitation to his Friend in Newcastle, 1832. The Angler's Delight, 1833. The Morning Invitation, 1834. The Angler's Greeting, 1835. The Angler's Invitation, 1836. The Fisher's Call, 1837. Summer Rambles; or, the Fisher's Delight, 1838. The Auld Fisher's Invitation to Supper, 1839. A Day by the side of the fast-flowing Tyne, 1840. The Auld Fisher's Last Wish, 1841. Auld and Young, 1842. The Angler's Adieu for the Season, 1842. The Auld Fisher's Invitation to his Friend, 1844. The Fisher's Courtship, 1844. The Garland for 1824 and 1831, by W. G. T.; for 1827, by W. G.; 1828–9, by J. D.; the rest by R. R.

*†Nobbe's (Rev. Robert, M. A., of Northampton) Complete Troller; or, the Art of Trolling, 8vo., Lond., 1682; 2d edit. same date, reprinted in fac-simile about 1770 or 1790; 3d edit. prefixed to the Angler's Pocket Book, 8vo., Norw., no date; 4th edit. appended to another edition of the Angler's Pocket Book, 8vo. Lond., 1805; †Nobbe's Art of Trolling, new edit. 8vo., Lond., 1814.

From the circumstance of the Author of this work signing himself M. A. at the end of his verses on the Antiquitie and Invention of Fishing, and from the Commendatory verses by Cambridge men in the first edition of this work printed in 1682, I suspect him to have been the Robert Nobbes mentioned in Bishop Kennett's Manuscript Collections, as holding the vicarages of Aplethorp and Wood Newton in Northamptonshire, in 1675. I believe he succeeded Dr. Robert South.—*Sir H. E.*

There have been several revised editions since 1814.

*†North's (Hon. Roger) Discourse of Fish and Fishing. Done by a Person of Honour. 8vo., Lond., printed for Curl, 1713, 1714, 1715. Large 4to., Lond., 1770, with the Author's name in the title page.

(This work is also found in appendage to the †Gentleman Farmer, 8vo., 1726. See also Albin's Esculent Fish.)

Nemesiani (M. Aurelii Olympii, Carthaginensis) Halieutica, a

Latin Poem in hexameter verse, now lost. The fragment of Ausonius, *Ponticon*, published with the *Mosella* and Halieuticon, attributed to Ovid in the Poetæ Latini Minores (Wernsdorf), is supposed to be part of this Poem.

*†North Country Angler; or, the Art of Angling, as practised in the Northern Counties of England. 8vo., Lond., 1786; 2d edit., 1787; †3d edit., 8vo., Leeds, 1800; 4th edit., 12mo., Lond., Richardson, 1801; *5th edit., 8vo., 1817.

Northern Angler, by Kirkbride. 12mo. 1845.

†O'Connor's Introduction to Field Sports in France, Hunting, Shooting, and Fishing. 12mo. Lond., Murray, 1846.

O'Gorman's Practice of Angling in Ireland. 2 vols. Longman, London, 1845, post 8vo.

†Oliver's Rambles in Northumberland, &c. Lond., 1835, 12mo.

*†Oliver's (Stephen the Younger, of Aldwark) Scenes and Recollections of Fly-Fishing in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. 8vo. Lond., 1834, 12mo.

Ongaro. See Favola Piscatoria.

†ΟΠΠΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΛΙΕΥΤΙΚΩΝ, *βιβλια πεντε.* Florentiæ, CDXV. Editio Princeps. 12mo.

*†———————————— ΚΥΝΗΓΕΤΙΚΩΝ *βιβλια τεσσαρα.* Cum interpretatione librorum de Piscibus Laurentii Lippii. 8vo. Venetiis in Ædibus Aldi et Andriæ Soleri, M.D.VII.

Oppiani De Venatione Libri iv., et de Piscatione libri v. Cum Paraphrasi Græca Librorum de Aucupio. Græce et Latine Curavit Joh. Gottlob Schneider. Argent, MDCCLXXVI. 8vo. *Editio Optima.*

*†Oppien. Les Halieutiques, traduits par J. M. Limes, avec Remarques, &c. A Paris, 1817, 8vo.

The notes are very valuable.

*†Oppian's Halieuticks of the nature of Fishes and Fishing of the Ancients, in five books. Translated from the Greek (into English verse), with an Account of Oppian's Life and Writings, and a Catalogue of his Fishes. 8vo. Oxford: 1722.

This is a creditable performance. The Translators were Mr. Diaper and Mr. Jones, both of Baliol College. Watt.

Ovid. See Halieuticon.

†Parthenii (Nicolaii) Soc. Jesu. Piscatoriæ et Nautica. 12mo. Neapoli: MDCLXXXV.

The Piscatories are in XIII. Eclogues. It is beautifully printed with plates.

Peacham (Henry). The Complete Gentleman. 4to. Lond.: 1634, 1661.

There is a chapter concerning Fishing in the second and third editions of this work, but not in the first edition, 1622.

†Pêche a la Ligne; Extraite des Amusemens de la Campagne. 12mo. Paris, Andot, 1826.

Pêcheur Francais par Kresz. Paris: 1830. See Kresz.

Pêcheur, Le Practitien. See Lambert.

Pêcheur (Le Vieux). See Deyeux.

Perch Family. Sir Wm. Jardine's Nat. Hls.

Perpetual Memorandum, and Universal Pocket-Book for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Men of Business, together with the Complete Art of Angling with the different Baits, &c., in every month of the Year. 8vo.

The advertisement of this little Treatise, which consists of only thirty-three pages, is dated Penrith, 1791.

*†Pesson-Maissonneuve, Manuel du Pêcheur ou Traité General de toutes Sortes de Pêches. 3me. ed. Renne, corrigée et augmentée. Grand nombre de figures. Sm. duo. Paris: 1836.

*†Phillips (Henry) Esq. (the Singer). The True Enjoyment of Angling. 8vo., port. Lond., Pickering, 1843.

It consists of observations under the several months, with songs and music.

Piscator's Practical Angler. Longman, London, 1846, 8vo.

*†Plinii (Sec. C.) Opera Omnia. 8vo., 11 vol. Ed. Lemaire, 1827–32. Editio Optima.

*†Pline, Histoire Naturelle des Animaux. Trad. Nouvelle avec la texte (et Notes) par P. C. B. Geroult. 8vo., 2 vol. Paris: 1802.

*†Piscatorial Reminiscences and Gleanings, by an Old Angler and Bibliopolist. Fscap 8vo. London, Pickering, 1835.

Plan for the Improvement of the Fishery in the River Thames. 8vo. Lond.: 1787.

Pleasures of Princes; or, Good Men's Recreations, containing a Discourse of the General Art of Fishing with the Angle, or otherwise, of all hidden secrets belonging thereunto, together with the choyce, ordering, breeding, and dyeting of the fighting cocke, being a work never in that nature handled by any former Author. 4to., Lond., 1614; 4to., Lond., printed by T. S. for John Browne, 1615; 4to., Lond., 1635, Norton.

This work forms a part of the second booke of G. Markham's English Husbandman, but not with a copy of 1613, and also printed in Markham's Country Contentments.

Pohl, das Neueste der Fischerei. Leipzig, 1820, Kollmann.

†Pollard (Richard, Esq., of Clapton). The New and Complete Angler; or, Universal Fisherman. 8vo. London: 1802.

*†Ponticon. See Nemesian.

*†Practical Angler, by Piscator. 8vo., plates. London: 1842.

*†Practical Observations on Angling in the River Trent; by a Gentleman resident in the neighborhood, who has made the amusement

his study for upwards of twenty Years. [Chas. Snart, Attorney, Newark.] 8vo., Newark, 1801; 12mo., London, Robinson, 1812.

Public Right of Fishing by Anglers. By Piscator.

Pulman. The Book of the Axe (Devonshire), containing a copious Piscatorial and Topographical description of that charming stream. 12mo. Axminster.

*Pulman (G. P. R.). The Vade Mecum; or, Fly-fishing for trout. †2d ed., Lond., 1846.

Pulman. Rustic Sketches; being Poems on Angling, humorous and descriptive, in the dialect of East Devon, with notes and a glossary. 12mo. Axminster.

†Rafinesque (C. S., Prof. of Nat. Hist. and Botany in Transylvania University), Ichthyologia Ohiensis: or, Natural History of the Fishes inhabiting the River Ohio and its tributary streams. 8vo. Lexington, Kentucky, 1820.

Rawling's Sermon preached at Mercer's Chapel, "Fishermen Fishers of men." Lond.: 1609.

*†Rei Rusticæ, Scriptorum Veterum Latinorum. 8vo., 4 vol. Ed. Schneider. Lipsiæ: 1794. Editio Optima.

Reider, das Ganze der Fischerei, als Angel-Netsfischerei und Teichwirthschaft, sammt der Naturgeschichte der Deutschen Fischarten. Nürnberg, Zeh., 1824.

*†Rennie's (James, M. A., Professor of Zoology, King's College) Alphabet of Scientific Angling, for the use of Beginners (with a portrait of Christopher North). 12mo. London: 1833.

*Richardson's (J.) Fauna Boreali-Americana; or, the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America. Part 3, Fish. 4to., Lond., 1836.

Riemann, praktischer Abriss des Fischerwesens. Leipzig, Fleischer, 1804.

*†Ronald's (Alfred) Fly-Fisher's Entomology, illustrated by coloured Representations of the natural and artificial Insect, with Observations and Instructions relative to Trout and Grayling Fishing. Cr. Oct. Lond.: 1836.

Royal Fishing Revived. 4to. 1670.

Royal Trade of Fishing. 4to. Lond.: 1662. See IXΘΥΘΗΡΑ.

Rules and Orders for Fishing in the Thames, and in the waters of the Medway. 8vo. 1785. Vide Binnell and Griffith.

Salter (Robert, Esq.). The Modern Angler, being a Practical Treatise on the Art of Fishing, &c., in a series of Letters to a Friend. Oswestry, 1811, 2d edit.

The letters were addressed to the Revd. Morgan Pryse.

*†Salter (T. F., Gent., of Clapton). The Angler's Guide, being a New, Plain, and Complete Practical Treatise on Angling for Sea, River, and Pond Fish, deduced from many experience and observation. 8vo., London, 1814; 2d edit., 8vo., Lond., 1815; 3d edit., 8vo., Lond., 1815;

4th edit., 8vo., Lond., 1816; 5th edit., 8vo., Lond., —; †6th edit., 12mo., Lond., 1825; 7th edit., 12mo., Lond., 1830; 8th edit., 12mo., Lond., 1833; 12mo., Lond.,† 1841.

(The Troller's Guide was added to the 12mo. and later editions.)

Salter's Young Angler's Guide; abridged from the above work. 18mo. 2d edit., 12mo., Lond.; 3d edit., 12mo., Lond., 1829; †4th edit., no date.

*†Salter's Troller's Guide. being a complete Practical Treatise on the art of Trolling or fishing for Pike and Jack, with twenty-eight plates. 12mo., Lond., 1820; 2d edit., 1830. See Hints to Anglers, 3d edit., Maynard, Lond., 1841.

*†Sannazarii (Jacobi) Opera Omnia, Latine Scripta. 12mo. Venetiis, Bibl. Aldina, M.D.LXX.

Sannazarius (Ja.) Ocers. A Pastoral, translated from the Latin of Sannazarius, with some account of Sannazarius and his Piscatory Eclogues. 4to. Camb.: 1724.

Sannazarius's Piscatory Eclogues, by Rooke. 8vo. Lond.: 1726.

*†Saunders (James, Esq., of Newton Awbery upon Trent). The Compleat Fisherman; or, Universal Angler, being a large and particular account of all the several ways of Fishing now practised in Europe. 12mo., Lond., 1724; 2d edit., Lond., 1728; 4to. edit., Fielding & Walker, London, n. d.

(The first author that mentions silk worm gut.)

Schaeffer Piscium Bavarico Ratisbonensis. 4to. 1744.

Schilling, E., die wilde Fischerei. Leipzig, Baumgartner, 1831.

*†Shipley (Wm.) and Fitzgibbon's Treatise on the art of Fly-Fishing, Trolling, &c., by Fitzgibbon. 8vo. London: 1838.

School for reform (or Recreation); or, Guide to the most Ingenious Exercises. 8vo. Lond.: 1701.

Schultes's (Henry) Essay on Aquatic Rights, intended as an illustration of the law relative to Fishing, &c. 8vo. London: 1701.

†Scott's British Field-Sports. in which are Hunting, *Fishing*, &c. 8vo., 1818, 1820.

*†Scrope's Days and Nights of Salmon-Fishing. Roy. 8vo. Lond.: 1843. With fine plates.

A very beautiful and valuable work.

Schuylkill Fishing Company. See Memoirs.

Secrets of Angling; a Poem, by J. D., Esq., added to, by Wm. Lawson. Lond., 1662; Lond., 1811. See Dennys.

Secrets of Angling, by C. G., a brother of the Angle. 12mo. Lond.: 1705.

Skillinglaw (Rev. Thomas). A New System of Angling. 2 vols. 18mo. Intended to have been published by subscription, but never appeared.

*†Shirley's (Thomas, of Richmond, Surrey) Angler's Museum; or,

the whole Art of Float and Fly-Fishing, with portrait of Kirby the celebrated Angler. 12mo., Lond., 1784; 2d edit., 12mo.; †3d edit., 12mo. See Kirby.

†Skylark (The), or a Collection of Songs, with a concise account of Fish, and best baits, &c. Lond., T. Evans, 1772.

*†Smith's (Dr.) Account of the Fishes in Massachusetts, and Observations on Angling. 8vo. Boston: 1833.

*†Smith (Thomas), Every man his own Fisherman. 24mo. Lond., published about 1770 or 1776.

Snart. *See* Practical Observations, &c.

†Smith's Art of Angling. 1814.

Songs of the Chase. 8vo. Lond.: 1811.

In this book are twenty-four songs on the subject of Angling.

South. See Fly-Fisher's Text-Book.

Sporting Magazine, 2d Series, contains much interesting information to Anglers.

Sporting Manual, a Complete Treatise on Fishing, Fowling, and Hunting, as applicable to this Country, &c., by William H. Schreiner. 12mo. Philadelphia, 1841.

†Sports (Martin's) Book of, for Boys. P. 138 to 172, on Angling. Lond.: no date.

†Sportsman's Dictionary; or, the Country Gentleman's Companion in all Rural Recreations. 2 vols. 8vo.; 1st edit. 1735; 2d, 1778; 3d, 4to., 1785; 4to., 1792; †4to., 1800; †8vo., by Pye, 1807.

*†Sportsman in Ireland, with his tour in Scotland. 2 vols. 12mo., 1840.

Steinbach. Unterricht von der Nutzbarkeit der Fischerei. 8vo. London, 1710. Nürnberg, Ebner.

Steele's (Sir Richard) Account of the Fish Pool. 8vo. London, 1718.

Stevenson (M.), The Twelve Months; or, a pleasant and profitable Discourse of every action, whether of Labor or Recreation, proper to each particular month, branched into directions relating to Husbandry, as Plowing, Sowing, Gardening, Planting, &c., &c.; also, the ordering of Cattle and Bees: of Recreations, as Hunting, Hawking, Fishing, Coursing, &c. Likewise is added necessary advice touching Physic, &c. 4to. Lond.: 1661.

†Stoddart's (Thomas Tod) Art of Angling, as Practised in Scotland. 12mo. Edinb.: 1835.

Stoddart's Angling Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland, containing the Natural History of Trout and Salmon, with directions for practising the Art of Rod-Fishing in all its varieties. To which is added a description of Angling Stations, &c. Advertised for April, 1847.

Stoddart's (Thomas Tod) Angling Reminiscences. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1837.

This is a very lively and instructive book, not without faults (among which is some profanity, a vice most inconsistent with following the pious sweet-spoken Walton, who would have had no swearer in his gentle company), but deserves to be a favorite with all Anglers. The Author describes the amusements and conversations of the members of an imaginary Angling Club, at C——k, and the characters are evidently drawn from life.

Mr. Stoddart is a true poet, and his rhyme is better than his prose. Two of his Angling Songs are among the best, if not the best, ever written. Christopher North speaks affectionately of Tom Stoddart.

*†Storer's (D. H.) Report on the Ichthyology of Massachusetts. 8vo. Boston: 1839.

Sylvester's Poems, containing also Piscatio; or, Art of Angling. 8vo. Oxford: 1733. Vide Ford.

Tabella Cibaria. The Bill of Fare; a Latin Poem, implicitly translated, and fully explained in copious and interesting notes, relating to the pleasures of Gastronomy and the Mysterious Art of Cookery. 4to. Lond.: 1820.

This learned work contains some curious Notes upon Fish, and was written by the Abbé M'Quin.

*†Taverner's (John) Certaine Experiments concerning Fish and Fruite, practised by him, published for the benefit of others. 4to. Printed by W. Ponsonby, 1600. Very rare.

(On the family of John Taverner, See Master's Hist. of C. C. C., Cambridge.)

Tate's Art of Angling; a Poem. 1741. See Innocent Epicure.

Tottenham High Cross, History and Antiquities of, with the Turnament of Tottenham, &c. Plates. By Richard Randall Tyson. Sm. 8vo., 1792.

*†Taylor's (Sam., Gent.) Angling in all its branches, reduced to a Complete Science, in three parts. 8vo. Lond.: 1800.

†Traite de toute sorte de Chasse et de Pêche. 2 vol. 12mo. Amsterdam: 1714.

True Art of Angling, by J. S., Gent., a Brother of the Angle. 24mo., Lond., 1696; 2d edit., Lond., — Compleat Fisher; or, the True Art of Angling, by J. S., the 3d edit., 24mo., Lond., 1704; 4th edit., 24mo., Lond., 1716; 5th edit., 24mo., Lond., 1725. See Compleat Fisher, by J. S.

True Art of Angling. 12mo. Lond.: 1770. See Ustonson.

True Art of Angling; or, The Complete Fisher, revised and corrected. 24mo. Lond.: 1740. Printed by Onesimus Ustonson.

(At the back of the title is a recommendation of the work signed,

Wm. Wright,	Robt. Lewes,
Rob. Cole,	Roger Pilewood,
Wm. Andrews,	Phillips Brice,
J. Turner,	J. Hollings,

which asserts that this book has passed several editions.)

The places round London for Angling noticed in this work are worth attention.

Sir H. Ellis has another edition of this work in his own library, without date, printed for J. Hazard and J. White.

There is another edition of the same size, title, and date, with a different wood-cut at the beginning, and with material variations.

*†Toussaint (M.), Nouveau Manuel de Pecheur. Instructions sur les divers genres de Pêches. 18mo. Paris, Mme. Hazard: n. d.

†Trout-Fishing; or, the River Darwent: a Poem, by C. Wayth. Crown 8vo. London: 1845.

Tscheiner, der wohlerfahrene Fischermeister, oder Unterricht in der gesammten Angel und Netzfischerei und dem Krebs-und Frosche-Fang mit 24 Kupfern-Pesth. Hartleben, 1821.

Universal Angler (The); or, that Art Improved in all its parts, especially in Fly-Fishing. The whole interspersed with many curious and uncommon observations. 12mo. Lond.: 1766.

(This Book is copied from Bowlker's Art of Angling, printed at Worcester, with some few additions taken from Walton, Cotton, and Hawkins.)—*Wm. White.*

†Ustonson (Onesimus). The True Art of Angling, being a clear and speedy way of taking all sorts of Fresh-water Fish, &c., &c. Duo. 1770. (A MS. note of Mr. Donovan, on his copy, says: "This book is so very rare, that Ustonson, the son of the author, who was alive some years ago, thought he had the only copy—and that even Mr. Haworth had none." This last is a mistake. Mr. H. had it. It is, however, very rare.)

Ustonson. See True Art of Angling, on previous page.

*†Vanier's Book upon Fish, translated by the Rev. J. Duncombe, with a brief Introduction, and passages from English writers selected as notes. 8vo. Lond.: 1809.

(This Translation of Vanier was inserted entire in the Censura Literaria, by Mr. Haslewood; the separate copies to which the title was added were but few. The whole was printed by Daniel, in his Supp. to Rural Sports.)

*†Vanierii (Jacobi) Societate Jesu, Prædium Rusticum. 12mo. Tolone: 1742.

*Venables (Col. Robert). The Experienced Angler; or, Angling Improved, being a General Discourse of Angling. 8vo. Lond.: 1662.

(Advertised as now newly extant, in the Kingdom's Intelligencer of Sept. 9, 1661.)

2d edit., 12mo., Lond.; †3d edit., 12mo., Lond., 1668; 4th edit., 12mo., Lond., 1676; †5th edit., 12mo., Lond., 1683; 6th edit, 1828, †a Reprint with a Memoir of Col. Robert Venables prefixed.

The second edition was probably about 1666, and burnt in the great fire; no copy is at present known.

Col. Venables name first appears in the third edition. (The fourth edition forms the third part of the Universal Angler.)

WAGNER, der vollkommene Fischer, oder Unweisung, wie man Teiche anlegen, und was man beim Fischfang beobachten soll. Korn, Breslau, 1785.

*WALTON'S (ISAAC, of Stafford) COMPLEAT ANGLER; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers. 12mo., Lond., 1653; †2d edit., 12mo., Lond., 1655; 3d edit., Lond., 1664; †4th edit., 12mo., Lond., 1668; 5th edit., 12mo, forming the first of the Universal Angler by Walton, Cotton, and Venables, 12mo, London, 1676.

The 2d edit., which was published only two years after the first, appears to have been almost re-written, with the introduction of a third interlocution in *Auceps*, and great additions in every part.

The 3d edit., Lond. 1661 and 1664, has titles of both dates, no other variance.

The 3d edition is the first that has the postcript touching the Laws of Angling, and an Index.

The 4th edition is a paginary re-print from the third edition.

The 5th edition is augmented, and the second part added on Fishing for Trout and Grayling, written by Charles Cotton, Esq., of Beresford.

The above are all the editions of The Complete Angler published during the author's life.

†6th edit., 12mo., Lond., 1750, edited by Moses Browne; †7th edit., 12mo., Lond., 1759, by Moses Browne; †8th edit., 1772, by Moses Browne.

WALTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER. †8th edit. Lond.: 1760. Edited by John Hawkins, Esq., afterwards Sir John Hawkins.

Advertised 27th Sept., 1759, as in the press, and speedily will be published, in opposition to Moses Browne's 7th edit., published in that year. On the 1st July, 1760, it appeared announced as the only correct and complete edition, "and the reader is informed that cuts are now added of the principal scenes, designed by Mr. Wale, and engraved by Ryland, in which the characters are dressed in the habits of the times, which cuts, the reader may be assured cost in designing and engraving, upwards of one hundred pounds. Browne put forth a rival advertisement, showing his own emendation of the poetry, declaring the boasted plates copied from the designs in his and the life of Walton, in chief part borrowed from the printed by him."

In 1765, in May and June, advertisements were put forth of this edition by Rivingtons, with a new title.

†9th edit., 8vo., Lond., 1766, edited by John Hawkins, Esq.; †10th edit., 12mo., Lond., 1772, edited by Moses Browne; †11th edit., 8vo., Lond., 1775, by Sir John Hawkins; †12th edit., 8vo., Lond., 1784, by Sir John Hawkins; †13th edit., 8vo., Lond., 1792, edited by John Sidney

Hawkins, Esq.; †14th edit., 8vo., London, 1797, by Mr. Sidney Hawkins, but without the large plates; †15th edit., 8vo., Bagster, Lond., 1808 (printed in three sizes, demy 8vo., †royal 8vo., and 4to.); 16th edit., a fac-simile reprint of the 1st edit, 1653, 12mo., Lond., 1810; †17th edit., edited by Sir Henry Ellis, with new notes, &c., printed for Bagster, in two sizes, demy 8vo., and royal 8vo., at Broxbourne, 1815.

Walton's Complete Angler. 8vo., Lond., 1822, published by Gosden, printed for J. Smith; Lond., 1823, published by Major; Lond., 1824; †3d edit., by Major, 1835, 1844; †48mo., Pickering, Lond., 1825, 1826; †32mo., Pickering, Lond., 1827; †2 vols. 12mo., Chiswick, by Whittingham, 1824, 1826; 8vo. Lond., Washbourne with notes, plates, and 100 wood cuts, 1842.

*†Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler, with Lives of the Authors, by Sir Harris Nicholas, and Illustrations by Stothard and Inskipp. 2 vols. Imper. 8vo. Lond.: 1835–36.

This splendid edition contains the variations of all the editions, and additional notes, with original and elaborate Memoirs of Walton and Cotton, which present many new facts of the writers.

Waltonian Chronicle (The London Angler's Book, or the), containing much original Information to Anglers generally, with many Songs and Anecdotes of Fish and Fishing. 8vo. Lond., Baddeley, 1834.

Baddely, the author (?), was secretary to the "True Waltonians." It is a coarsely written book.

(Mr. Gosden's copy, with pencilled notes and an autograph of Baddeley.)

Walton and Cotton. The Complete Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation, by Isaac Walton; And Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or a Grayling in a clear stream, by Charles Cotton; with Copious Notes, for the most part original; a Bibliographic Preface, giving an account of Fishing and Fishing-books, from the earliest antiquity to the time of Walton, and a notice of Cotton and his Writings, by the American Editor. To which is added an Appendix, including Illustrative Ballads, Music, Papers on American Fishing, and the most Complete Catalogue of Books on Angling, &c., ever before printed. Also, a General Index to the whole work. Part I. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1847.

Wayth. See Trout-Fishing.

†Whitney's (John, a lover of the Angle) Genteel Recreation; or, the Pleasures of Angling, a Poem, with a Dialogue between Piscator and Corydon. 12mo. Lond.: 1700. †Reprinted 1820 (only one hundred copies printed).

Whitney appears to have been a native of Kent, and was born about 1640.

Wilkinson's Angler's Complete Assistant. 4to.

Wild Sports of the West.

*†Willoughbœi (Fran.) Piscium Historia, Ex recognitione I., Raii.

Oxford, fol., 1686, at the expense of the Royal Society. Lond., fol., with Supplement, 1743.

†Williamson (John, Gent., with above thirty Years experience). The British Angler; or, a Pocket Companion of Gentleman Fishers. 8vo., Lond., —; 8vo., Lond., 1740.

*†Williamson (Capt. T., Author of the Wild Sports of India). The Complete Angler's Vade Mecum, being a perfect code of Instruction on that pleasing science. 8vo. Lond.: 1808.

Wilson's (James), The Rod and the Gun. 8vo., 1840; 2d edit., 1844, post 8vo.

†Wilson (Professor John). The Angler's Tent; a Poem, contained in his collected Poems. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Edinb.: 1825.

To this author is attributed the spirited Reviews of Sir Humphrey Davy's Salmonia, and other works on Angling, in Blackwood's Magazine. Christopher North is held to be the best fly-fisher north of the Tweed.

†Whole Art of Fishing; being a collection and Improvement of all that has been written on the subject, with many new Experiments. 8vo., Lond., Curl, 1714; †2d edit., entitled the Gentlemen Fisher; or, The Whole Art of Angling, 8vo., Lond., 1727.

Worlidge's (John) Mystery of Husbandry. (Of Fishing, pp. 253–62. Folio, Lond., 1687.

*Yarrell's (William) History of British Fishes, with wood-cuts, in the manner of Bewick. 2 vols. 8vo. Lond.: 1835–6.

The most scientific work upon Fishes published in England. Several papers by the same author upon Fish are printed in the Linnean Transactions.

†2d edit. much enlarged, and with additional plates, 2 vols. 8vo., London, Van Voorst, 1841.

Young Angler's Instructor. 18mo., 1840.

†Youngrr's River Angling for Salmon and Trout.

†Young Angler's Assistant; or, a new and Complete Treatise on the Art of Angling. 32mo. Lond., Mason, 1813.

Young Angler's Companion, containing the Whole Art, &c. 1682.

A Reprint of Gilbert, varying the title, and has added "How to Fox Fish," to fill what was a blank page in the preceding editions.

†Young Angler's Guide in Fly-Fishing, Bottom-Fishing, Trolling, &c. 8vo. Wood-cuts. 1839.

Young Sportsman's Miscellany in Hunting, Shooting, Racing, &c. 12mo. 1826.

WORKS REFERRED TO

IN

THE COMPLETE ANGLER,

THE LIST ENLARGED AND CORRECTED FROM MAJOR'S EDITION,

BY THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

*Ælianus, Claudius: De Natura Animalium, libri xvii. Gr. Lat. Pet. Gallio et Conr. Gesnero Interp. *Luyd.*, 1565, 16to.

†(Best edition, by Schneider. 8vo. Leips.: 1784.)

*†Aldrovandus (Ulysses): De Piscibvs, libri v., et de Cetis liber vnvs. *Bon.*: 1638. Fol.

——— De Serpentum et Draconum Historia. 1640.

Augustine, St., The Life of, printed for John Crook, and sold at the sign of the Ship, in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1660.

Bacon, Francis, Baron Verulam: Sylva Sylvarum; or, a Naturall History in Ten Centuries. Published after the author's death, by W. Rawley, D.D. *Lond.*, 1835, folio.

A History, Natural and Experimental, of Life and Death; or, of the Prolongation of Life. Translated from the Latin, by W. Rawley, D.D. *Lond.*, 1638, 12mo.

*†Baker, Sir Richard: A Chronicle of the Kings of England. *Lond.*, 1653, fol.

*Barker, Thomas: The Art of Angling. *Lond.*, 1651, 12mo. Barker's Delight, 1657, 12mo. †(Reprint 1820.)

*†Bartas, Guillaume De Salluste, Sieur Du: Du Bartas, his Diuine Weekes and Workes, Translated by Joshua Sylvester, Gent. *Lond.*, 1641, fol.

*†Cambden, William: Britain; or, a Chorographical Description of the most flourishing Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the Islands adjoining, Translated from the Latin, by Philemon Holland, M.D. *Lond.*, 1637, fol. There were several editions.

CARDANUS, JEROME: De Subtilitate, libri xxi. *Par.*, 1551, 8vo.

*†CASAUBON, DR. MERIC: Of Credulity and Incredulity in things, Natural, Civil, and Divine. *Lond.*, 1668, 8vo.

*†CORIATE (THOMAS), Traveller for the English wits: Greeting from the Court of the Great Mogul. 4to., 1616.

*†CAUSSIN (NICHOLAS), S. I.: The Holy Court, in three tomes, Written in French, by, Translated into English, by Sr. T. H., fol., Printed by John Cousturier, M.DC.XXXIII.

The title of the original is,

*†LA COUR SAINTE du R. Pere Nicolas Caussir de la Compagnie de Jesus.

(The best and most complete edition of which is that of Bruxelles, 1654, in 2 vols. 4to.)

DIODORUS SICULUS: The History of the World, Done into English, by M. (Henry) Cogan. *Lond.*, 1653, fol.

*†DONNE, DR. JOHN: Poems by J. D., with Elegies on the Author's Death. *Lond.*, John Marrioth, 1633, sm. 4to.

(Of this work it is not improbable that Walton was the editor,) 1653, 8vo., or 16mo. 1654, 8vo., 1659.

*DRAYTON, MICHAEL: Poly-Olbion. *Lond.*, 1612, in eighteen books fol.; †1622, in thirty books.

*DUBRAVIUS, JANUS: De Piscinis et Piscium qui in eis aluntur naturis, libri v. 1559, 8vo.

*†DUBRAVIUS's Newe Book of good Husbandry, very pleasant and of great profite both for Gentlemen and Yeomen, containing the order and manner of making fish-ponds, &c., Translated from the Latine. Black-letter, 4to., *Lond.*, 1599.

(See the Bibliographical Preface to the Am. Ed. of Walton's Angler.)

*†FLETCHER, PHINEAS: The Purple Island; or, the Isle of Man: together with Piscatorie Eclogs, and other Poeticall Miscellanies, By P. F. *Cambr.*, 1633, 4to.

GAZIUS (ANTONIUS), of Padua: Corona Florida Medicinæ, sive De Conservatione Sanitatis. Ven.: 1491.

GERARD, JOHN: The Herball; or, Generall Historie of Plantes. *Lond.*, 1633, fol.

*†GESNER, CONRAD: De Piscibvs et Aqvatilibvs Omnibvs, libelli iii. Lal. Germ. *Tigur.*: no date, 12mo.

*†———— Historiæ Naturalis Animalium, libri v. Quadrupedum, Avium, Piscium, et Serpentum. *Tigur.*, 1551–58, 3 vols. fol.

GROTIUS, HUGO: His Sophompaneas; or, Joseph. A Tragedy. With Annotations by Francis Goldsmith, Esq. *Lond.*: no date, but printed about 1634, 8vo.

GUSMAN (THE ENGLISH); or, the History of that unparalleled Thief, James Hind, written by G[eorge] F[idge]. 4to., *Lond.*, 1652.

*HAKEWILL, REV. GEORGE, D.D.: An Apology; or, Declaration of

the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World. *Lond.*, 1627, fol., in four books; †1633, fol., in six books.

*Herbert, Rev. George: The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. Cambr., 1633, 12mo.

Heylin (Rev. Peter), D.D.: Microcosmos. The Little Description of the Great World. *Oxf.*, 1622, 1633, 4to.

*†———— Cosmographie, in four books, Containing the Chorographie and Historie of the Whole World, &c. Fol. 3d edit., corrected and enlarged, by the author. *Lond.*, 1652, 1654, 1666, 1682.

Josephus, Flavius: Josephus' History; or, the Antiquities of the Jews, Translated into English by Thomas Lodge, M.D. *Lond.*, 1602, fol.

*Jovius, Paulus: De Romanis Piscibus, libellus. Romæ, 1523; †Argentorati, 1533.

†Lessius, Leonardus: Hygiasticon; or, the right Course of preserving Life and Health unto extream Old Age. Done into English by T[imothy] S[mith]. *Camb.*, 1634, 12mo.

Liebault (Dr. J.); Maison Rustique; or, the Covntrey Farme. Compyled in the French Tongue, by Charles Stevens and John Liebavlt, Doctors of Physicke. And Translated into English by Richard Svrflet, Practitioner in Physicke. *Lond.*, 1616, fol.

Lobel (Matthias de): Nova Stirpium Adversaria. Fol. *Lond.*, 1570.

*†———— Plantarum seu Stirpium Historia cui annexum est Adversariorum volumen. 2 vols. fol. Antorpiæ, M.D.LXXVI.

Lucian, Select Dialogues of, together with his true History, translated from the Greek into English by Mr. Francis Hickes. 4to. Oxford: 1634. The work was published by the son of the author, Thomas Hickes, M.A.

Matphiolus (Pet. Andr.): Epistolæ Medicinales. Fol. *Prag.*: 1561.

*Montaigne, Michael De: The Essayes, or Morall, Politicke, and Militarye Discourses of Lord Michael De Montaigne, Translated by John Florio. *Lond.*, 1603, †1613, †1632, fol.

This is the translation which Shakspeare, used, as proved by his autograph in a copy of the first edition.

Moulin, Rev. Pierre Du: The accomplishment of the Prophecies; or, the third book in defence of the Catholicke Faith. Translated by J. Heath. *Oxf.*, 1613, 12mo.

†Overbury (Sir Thomas): The Wife, now the widow of, being a most excellent and singular Poem on the choice of a wife. Whereunto are added many witty characters and conceited newes, written by himself and other learned Gentlemen, his friends. 4to. *Lond.*, 1614.

It had been published before his death several times, and twenty times before the Complete Angler.

Pinto, Ferdinand Mendez: The Voyages and Adventures of Ferdi-

nand Mendez Pinto. Done into English by H[enry] C[ogan], Gent. *Lond.*, 1633, fol.

†Pliny, Junior: The Historieof the World. Commonly the Naturall History of C. Plinivs Secundvs. Translated into English by Philemon Holland, M.D. *Lond.*, 1601, fol.

Plutarch: The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave and learned Philosopher and Historiographer, Plutarche of Chæronæ. Translated out of Greek into French by James Amyot, Abbot of Bellozane, &c., and out of French into Englishe by Thomas North (Esq., Controller to the Household to Queen Elizabeth). *Lond.*, 1557, 1579, fol.

†Rondeletius, Gulielmus: Libri de Piscibus Marinis; in quibus veræ Piscium effigies expressæ sunt. *Ludg.*, 1554, fol.

Royal Society: The Philosophical Transactions, vol. vi. *Lond.*, 1671, 4to.

Salvianus, Hippolytus: Aqvatilivm, Animalivm Historiæ. *Rom.*, 1554, fol.

Sandys, George: A Relation of a Journey begun An. Dom. 1610. *Lond.*, 1615, fol., 1670.

*†Seneca (Lucius Annæus): The Work is both Morrall and Naturall of. Translated by Tho. Lodge, D. of Phys. Fol. London, 1614.

Sidney, Sir Philip: The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia. *Lond.*, 1655, fol.

Topsell, Rev. Edw.: The Historie of fovre-footed Beastes. *Lond.*, 1507, fol.

——— The History of Serpents; or, the Seconde Booke of Liuing Creatures. *Lond.*, 1608, fol.

Valdesso (Signor): The Hundred and Ten Considerations of — (First written in Spanish, thence into Italian, by Cœlius Secundus Curio, of Basil, thence) translated by Nicholas Farrar. 4to. At Oxford, 1638.

†Wharton (Thomas), M.D.: Adenographia; sive Glandularum totius Corporis Descriptio. 8vo., Lond., 1656; 12mo., Amstel., 1659; 12mo., Vesaliæ, 1671.

*†Wotton, Sir Henry: Reliquiæ Wottonianæ. *Lond.*, 1651, 12mo.

Xenophon: The Life of Cyrus, translated by Philemon Holland, M.D. *Lond.*, 1632, fol.

BOOKS IN THE

CATHEDRAL LIBRARY, SALISBURY,

FORMERLY BELONGING TO

IZAAK WALTON.

(FROM PICKERING'S QUARTO EDITION.)

1. KING JAMES'S WORKS, fol., Lond., 1616. *Iz. Walton.*
2. CHARM OF WISDOM, 4to., Lond., n. d. *Izaak Walton, price 4s. 6d.*
3. HEYLIN'S MICROCOSMOS, 4to., 1621. *Izaak Walton.*
4. HEYLIN'S PARABLE OF THE TARES, 4to., 1659. *Izaak Walton, given me May 28, 1659, by Mr. Richard Marriott.*
5. SHUTE'S DIVINE CORDIALS, IN X SERMONS, 4to., 1644. *Izaak Walton.*
6. BISHOP REYNOLDS'S TREATISE ON THE PASSIONS, 4to., 1640. *Izaak Walton.*
7. DR. FULLER'S ABEL REDIVIVUS, 4to., 1651. *Izaak Walton.*
8. HAMMOND'S, THE CHRISTIAN'S OBLIGATIONS TO PEACE AND CHARITY. X SERMONS, 4to., 1649. *Izaak Walton.*
9. CAMERARIUS' LIVING LIBRARY, fol., Lond., 1621. Izaak Walton, given me by my very good friend, Ma^r^ *henry ffield, July* 29, 1634.
10. RICHARD SIBBS' THE SAINTS' CORDIALE, fol., 1658. *Izaak Walton,* 1682.
11. PATRICK SYMSON'S HISTORIE OF THE CHURCH, 4to., Lond., 1624. *Izaak Walton.*
12. DR. DONNE'S LETTERS, 4to., Lond., 1651. *Izaak Walton.*
13. MORNAY ON THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, 4to., 1617. Izaak Walton, July 5, 1621.
14. COWPER'S HEAVEN OPENED, 4to., 1613. *Liber Izaak Walton.*
15. COWLEY'S WORKS, fol., 1674. Izaak Walton, 1682.
16. DONNE'S 80 SERMONS, fol., 1640. *Izaak Walton.*

17. Hooker's Eccles. Politie, fol., 1666. *Izaak Walton.*

18. Ovid's Metamorphoses, by G. S[andys], fol., 1626. *Izaak Walton, price 5s.*

19. Sibbe's Returning Backslider, 4to., Lond., 1650. On the title:

Of this blest man let this just praise be given,
Heaven was in him before he went to heaven.
Izaak Walton.

20. Eusebius, Socrates, and Evagrius' Ecclesiastical Histories, fol., Lond. *Izaak Walton.*

*** Sibbe's Soul's Conflict was bequeathed in his will to his son.

Sibbe's Bruised Reed to his daughter.

Dr. Donne's Sermons to Dr. Hawkins.

WORKS BY, AND ASCRIBED TO,

IZAAK WALTON.

THE LOVE OF AMOS AND LAURA, by S. P., 18mo., 1619.

This Poem was first printed in 1613: "Alcilia. Philoparthens loving folly, whereunto is added Pigmalion's Image: with the Love of Amos and Laura, and also Epigrammes by Sir H. and others, never before imprinted. London, per Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery lane, near Sarjeant's Inn. 1613. 4to. Amos and Laura in this copy is imperfect, and without the dedication, and is imperfect at the end."—*Nicholas.*

The edition of 1619 is dedicated to Walton, and is supposed to have received his corrections, and was published at his suggestion. Another edition, 4to., 1628.

*†POEMS, by J. D. (DR. DONNE), with ELEGIES ON THE AUTHOR'S DEATH, 4to., 1633. Printed for John Marriott.

Supposed to have been edited by Walton; and the following "Hexastichon Bibliopolæ" to be his, though signed by the Publisher:

"I see in his last preach'd and printed book,
His picture in a sheet; in 'Paul's' I look,
And see his statue in a sheet of stone,
And sure his body in the grave hath one:
Those sheets present him dead—these, if you buy
You have him living to eternity."

JO. MAR.

Second Edition 1635, with a portrait of the author, engraved by Marshall, from a picture, in 1591, with the following lines, by Walton, under it:

"This was for youth, strength, mirth, and wit, that time
Most count their golden age, but 'twas not thine,
Thine was thy later years. So much refin'd
From youth's dross, mirth and wit as thy pure mind
Thought (like the angels) nothing but the praise
Of thy Creator, in those last best days.
Witness this book (thy emblem), which begins
With love, but ends with sighs and tears for sins."

DR. DONNE'S LXXX SERMONS, WITH THE LIFE OF D. D., by Walton, prefixed, fol., John Marriott, 1640.

Second and improved edition of the Life by itself. 12mo. 1668.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT. COMEDIES, TRAGI-COMEDIES, with other Poems, 8vo., Lond., 1651.

To this, among other Commendatory verses, are prefixed the following:

"On the Death of my dear Friend, Mr. William Cartwright, relating to the foregoing elegies.

"I cannot keep my purpose, but must give
Sorrow and Verse their way; nor will I grieve
Longer in silence; no, that poor, poor part
Of Nature's legacy, Verse void of Art
And undissembled teares, Cartwright shall have
Fixt on his hearse, and wept into his grave.
Muses I need you not; for Grief and I
Can in your absence weave an Elegy;
Which we will do; and often interweave
Sad Looks and Sighs; the groundwork must receive
Such Characters, or be adjudged unfit
For my Friend's shroud; others have shewed their Wit,
Learning and Language fitly; for these be
Debts to his great Merits; but for me,
My aymes are like myself, humble and low,
Too mean to speak his praise, too mean to show
The world what it hath lost in losing thee,
Whose Words and Deeds were perfect Harmony.
But now 'tis lost; lost in the silent Grave,
Lost to us mortals, lost, till we shall have
Admission to that kingdom, where he sings
Harmonious anthems to the King of Kings.
Sing on, blest soul! Be as thou wast below,
A more than common instrument to show
Thy Maker's praise; sing on, while I lament
Thy loss, and court a holy discontent,
With such pure thoughts as thine to dwell with me,
Then I may hope to live and dye like thee,
To live beloved, dye mourn'd, thus in my grave;
Blessings that kings have wished, but cannot have."

Iz. Wa.

Francis Quarles. Shepherds' Eclogues, 1646. Printed by John and Richard Marriott.

The Address to the Reader bears strong marks of having been written by Walton.

To the Reader:

Though the author had some years before his lamented death, composed, reviewed, and collected these Eclogues; yet, he left no epistle to the reader, but only a title, and a blank leaf for that purpose. Whether he meant some allegorical exposition of the Shepherds' names, or their Eclogues, is doubtful: but 'tis certain, that, as they are, they appear a perfect pattern of the author; whose person, and mind, were both lovely, and his conversation such as distilled pleasure, knowledge, and virtue, into his friends and acquaintance. 'Tis confest these Eclogues are not so wholly divine as many of his published Meditations, which speak "his affections to be set upon things that are above," and yet even such men have their intermitted hours, and (as their company gives occasion) commixtures of heavenly and earthly thoughts. You are therefore requested to fancy him cast by fortune into the company of some yet unknown Shepherds, and you have a liberty to believe 'twas by this following accident:

"He, in a summer's morning (about that hour when the great eye of heaven first opens itself to give light to us mortals), walking a gentle pace towards a brook (whose spring-head was not far distant from his peaceful habitation), fitted with angle, lines, and flies, flies proper for that season (being the fruitful month of May), intending all diligence to beguile the timorous trout (with which the watery element abounded), observed a

more than common concourse of Shepherds, all bending their unwearied steps towards a pleasant meadow within his present prospect, and had his eyes made more happy to behold the two fair Shepherdesses, Amaryllis and Aminta, strewing the footpaths with lilies and ladysmocks, so newly gathered by their fair hands, that they yet smelt more sweet than the morning, and immediately met (attended with Clora, Clorinda, and many other wood-nymphs) the fair and virtuous Parthenia; who, after a courteous salutation and inquiry of his intended journey, told him the neighboring Shepherds of that part of Arcadia had dedicated that day to be kept holy to the honour of their god Pan; and that they had designed her mistress of a love-feast, which was to be kept that present day in an arbor built that morning for that purpose. She told him also that Orpheus would be there and bring his harp, Pan his pipe, and Tityrus his oaten reed, to make music at this feast; she therefore persuaded him, not to lose, but change that day's pleasure; before he could return an answer, they were unawares entered into a living moving lane, made of Shepherds and Pilgrims, who had that morning measured many miles to be the eye-witnesses of that day's pleasure. This lane led them into a large arbor, whose walls were made of the yielding willow and smooth beech boughs, and covered over with sycamore leaves and honeysuckles. I might now tell in what manner (after her first entrance into this arbor) Philoclea (Philoclea, a fair Arcadian Shepherdess) crowned her temples with a garland, with what flowers, and by whom it was made; I might tell what guests (besides Astrea and Adonis) were at this feast; and who (besides Mercury) waited at the table, this I might tell; but may not, cannot express what music the Gods and Wood-Nymphs made within; and the linnets, larks, and nightingales about this arbor during this holy day; which began in harmless mirth, and (for Bacchus and his gang were absent) ended in love and peace, which Pan (for he only can do it) continue in Arcadia and restore to the disturbed Island of Britannia, and grant that each honest Shepherd may again sit under his own vine and fig-tree, and feed his own flock, and with love enjoy the fruits of peace, and be more thankful.

"Reader, at this time and place, the author contracted a friendship with certain single-hearted Shepherds, with whom (as he returned from his river recreations) he often rested himself; and whilst, in the calm evening, their flocks fed about them, heard their discourse, which (with the Shepherds' names) is presented in these Eclogues."

"A friend of the Author's wished me to tell thee so; this 23d of November, 1645. "Jo. MARRIOT."

RELIQUIÆ WOTTONIANÆ, WITH THE LIFE OF SIR HENRY WOTTON, 12mo., 1651, 1654, 1672, 1685.

EDWARD SPARKES. SCINTILLULA ALTARIS; or, a Pious Reflection on Primitive Devotion, as to the Feasts and Fasts of the Christian Church, 1652.

Commendatory Verses, which are very inferior to his other compositions of the same kind; the following lines only deserving to be quoted:

"Each Saints day
Stands as a land-mark in an erring age,
To guide frail mortals in their pilgrimage
To the Celestial Canaan; and each fast
Is both the soul's direction and repast."

THE COMPLETE ANGLER, 1653.

(See List of Angling Books.)

Alexander Brown's Songs, and other Poems. Commendatory Verses by Walton.

TO MY INGENUOUS FRIEND, MR. BROWN, ON HIS VARIOUS AND EXCELLENT POEMS. AN HUMBLE ECLOG.

Written on the 29th May, 1660.

Damon and Dorus.

Damon.

Hail, happy day! Dorus, sit down.
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow,
The King! the King's returned! and now
Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing
We have our Laws, and have our King.

Dorus.

'Tis true, and I would sing, but oh!
These wars have shrunk my heart so low,
'Twill not be rais'd.

Damon.

What, not this day?
Why, 'tis the twenty-ninth of May:
Let Rebels' spirits sink: let those
That, like the Goths and Vandals, rose
To ruin families, and bring
Contempt upon our Church, our King,
And all that's dear to us, be sad;
But be not thou; let us be glad.
And Dorus, to invite thee, look,
Here's a collection in this book
Of all those cheerful songs, that we
Have sung with mirth and merry glee:
As we have march'd to fight the cause
Of God's anointed, and our laws:
Such songs as make not the least odds
Betwixt us mortals and the Gods;
Such songs as Virgins need not fear
To sing, or a grave matron hear.
Here's love drest neat, and chaste, and gay,
As gardens in the month of May;
Here's harmony, and wit, and art,
To raise thy thoughts and cheer thy heart.

Dorus.

Written by whom?

Damon.

A Friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine:
A civil swain, that knows his times
For businesse, and that done, makes rhymes,
But not till then: my Friend's a man
Lov'd by the Muses; dear to Pan;
He blest him with a cheerful heart
And they with this sharp wit and art,
Which he so tempers, as no swain
That's loyal, does or should complain.

Dorus.

I would fain see him.

Damon.

Go with me,
Dorus, to yonder broad beech tree
There we shall meet him and Phillis,
Perigot, and Amaryllis.
Tityrus, and his dear Chlora,
Tom and Will, and their Pastora,

There we'll dance, shade hands, and sing
We have our Laws, God bless the King.
Iz. Walton.

Christopher Harvie. The Synagogue, and other Poems, 1640. 4th edition, 1661, to which are prefixed Commendatory Verses by Walton.

TO MY REVEREND FRIEND, AUTHOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

Sir:

I lov'd you for your Synagogue before
I knew your person; but now love you more,
Because I find
It is so true a picture of your mind:
Which tunes your sacred lyre
To that eternal quire
Where holy Herbert sits
(Oh shame to profane wits!)
And sings his and your anthems, to the praise
Of Him that is the first and last of days.

These holy hymns had an ethereal birth,
For they can raise sad souls above the earth,
And fix them there,
Free from the world's anxieties and fear;
Herbert, and you, have pow'r
To do this; every hour
I read you, kills a sin
Or lets a virtue in
To fight against it; and the Holy Ghost
Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
Neglect our arms,
W' are circumvested with a world of harms.
But I will watch and ward
And stand upon my guard,
And still consult with you
And Herbert, and renew
My vows, and say, Well fare his and your heart,
The fountains of such sacred wit and art.
Iz. Wa.

Life of Richard Hooker, sm. 8vo., 1665. 2d edition, attached to Ecclesiastical Polity, 1666, fol.

Life of George Herbert, with his Letters, 12mo., 1670. Attached to his Temple and other Poems, 1679.

The Four Lives (Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert), 8vo., 1670, 1675.

Life of Dr. Robert Sanderson, 8vo., 1678, with some of Dr. S.'s Tracts, a Sermon by Hooker, and Letters on the subject of the memoir.

——— Prefixed to a corrected edition of Dr. S.'s Sermons, 1678.

Thealma and Clearchus, by John Chalkhill (with a Preface by Walton, 1678), 1683.

(The Poem erroneously ascribed to Walton. See Bibliographical Preface to American Edition of Walton's Angler.)

Love and Truth, in two modest and peaceable letters, &c., 1680.

(Erroneously ascribed to Walton. See Bib. Pref. Am. Ed. of The Complete Angler.)

WORKS OF CHARLES COTTON.

1. †Scarronides; or, Virgil Travestie. A mock poem on the First Booke of Virgilis' Æneis in English Burlesque, 1664; 1670, the fourth book added.
2. Moral Philosophy of the Stoics, translated from the French of Du Vaix, 1677.
3. The Horace of Racine, 1670.
4. The Life of the Duke of Espernon, from the French of Gerard, 1670.
5. The Commentaries of De Montluc, Marshal of France, translated, 1674.
6. The Fair One of Tunis; or, The Generous Mistress, a piece of gallantry out of the French, 1674.
7. †Burlesque upon Burlesque; or, The Scoffer Scoft, being some of Lucian's Dialogues newly put into English Fustian, 1675.
8. The Planter's Manual, 1676.
9. The Second Part of The Complete Angler, 1676.
10. †The Wonders of the Peake, 1681.
11. †Translation of Montaigne's Essays, in three vols., 1685.

The Complete Gamester, 1674, is also ascribed to him, but without sufficient evidence.

The Retirement, a Poem, with Annotations, printed for C. C., 1679, has been also supposed to be his.

GENERAL INDEX.

Ælian, early account of fly fishing in Macedonia, I., xxiv; quoted, 32, 174
Ad virum optimum Is. Wal., I., civ
Agassis, referred to, I., 66, 120, 181
Albertus Magnus, I., 62
Aldrovandus, U., account of, I., 91; reference to, 120, 133, 174, 181
Amwell Hill, I., 45
Amos, illustration from the prophet, I., 37
Angel, a gold coin, I., 246
Angler, the complete, hints of the method of dialogue derived from Bishop Morton and Plutarch, I., lx; description of the first edition in 1653, lxi; variations of the second in 1655, ib; the third in 1661, lxii; absence of allusions to the polemics of the day, lxxiii
Angler's Song, the, I., 82, 202
Angler's, Wish, the, song by Walton, I., 106
Angling, various methods of, II., 58, et seq.
Anglo Saxons, very early fly fishers, I., xxiv
Antiquity of angling in the hands of the first Patriarchs, I., iv; the authority of Job discussed, vi; mythological traditions, ib; various ancient authors referred to, xvi, xvii, et seq; urged by Walton, 11; Old Testament references, 24
Apostolic fishermen, I., 36
Aristotle, I., 30, 173
Armstrong, his poem on Health quoted, II., 34
Aristophanes compares disturbers of the State to eel fishers, I., 174
Ashborne ale, II., 50
Ashmole, his collection of natural history, I., 29
Athenæus, his anecdotes and marvels of ancient fish eating, I., xi; quoted, 174
Ausonius, his description of fish and fishing, I., xxii, xxiii, 30
Austin, St., referred to, I., 247
Author's Address to the Honest Angler, I., lxxxix–xciii
Bacon, Lord, I., 92, 117, 136, 152, 176.
Bagster, his edition of the "Angler," lxxxi
Barbel, observations on the, I., 183; representation of the, 185; mode of fishing for, 186
Bartas du, referred to, I., 30, 34, 92, 176
Barker, Thomas, his "Art of Angling," I., xlv, xlvi, 97
Beresford Hall in Derbyshire, II., xv, 36, 54, 55
Bayley, H., his Latin lines to Walton, I., ciii
Bass, black, of the American lakes and rivers, fishing for, I., 69
Basse, W., a composer, I., 79
Barnes, Dame Juliana, question of her authorship of the "Treatyse of Fyshynge" stated, I., xxix
Bede, account of, I., 176
Behmen, Jacob, referred to, I., 213
Bentley Brook, II., 41
Birds, various properties of, I., 12;

Birds, enemies to fish, 50; migration of, 62; breed of, 66
Bleak, description of the, I., 192; representation of, ib
Boteler, Dr., his saying of strawberries, I., 105
Brandling, I., 84
Bream, observations on the, I., 157; American variety, ib; representation of the, 158; how to fish for, 159; seasons of the, 163
Browne, Moses, first edition of Walton, his praise of the "Angler," I., lxxiv; sketch of his life, lxxvi; his editorship reviewed, lxxvii
Brown, Sir Thomas, his commendation of Oppian, I., xx
Bruler, Michael, an opponent of the Rosicrucians, I., 213
Burton, his opinion of the angler's pursuit, I., xii
Bury, Lady Charlotte, lines witten in Sir Humphrey Davy's copy of the "Angler," I., cx
Byron, Lord, comment on his attack upon Walton, I., lxiii, 143
Cadis worms, account of, I., 217
Cardan, Jerome, account of, I., 142
Carp, the, known to the ancients, I., 147; poetical description of, ib.; introduced to the United States by Henry Robinson of Newburgh, 148; observations of the, 150; killed by frogs, 152; their age, 152; representation of the, 154; how to fish for, 154, 155; how to dress, 156
Casaubon, M., referred to, I., 28
Caterpillar, account of, I., 90
Caussin, Nicholas, account of, I., 241
Caxton and De Werde print the first book on Angling, I., xxvii
Chalkhill, John, his poem of Thealma and Clearchus, improperly attributed to Walton, I., lxix; Coridon's song, 80; Piscator's song, 195
Change of one sex into another, I., 112; of men into brutes, 113
Charr, the notice of, I., 181
Chub, observations on the, I., 51; representation of the, 52; how to fish for and dress the, 54, 77
Coleridge, his remark on Cotton's poems, II., xiv
Collier's, J. P., Book of Roxburghe Ballads, Poems from, appendix, II., 115, 119
Conroy, his tackle-shop, New York, I., 89
Coriate, Tom, account of, I., 48
Costly illustrated copies of the "Angler," I., lxxxiii
Cotton, Charles, account of the life and writings of, by the American Editor, II., v; Walton's association with the reckless wit, vi; Cotton's father, vii; Cotton born 1630, viii; his youth and poverty, ib; the latter illustrated by his verses, ix, x; his writings, xi; coarseness of his Virgil Travestied, xii; satiric lines to Waller on his panegyric of Cromwell, xiii; the second part of the Complete Angler, xiv; the fishing house in Derbyshire, xv; Poem of Contentation, xvii: dedication to Walton, xxii; letter from Walton, xxiv; Stanzas to Walton, xxv; the retirement, Stanzas Irreguliers, xxvii
Cuttle fish, anecdote of, I.,31; note,32
Dace or Dare, the, representation of, I., 208
Davison, F., Poetical Rhapsody, I., 110
De Kay, J. E., arrangement of the American species of fishes, appendix, II., 129, et seq.
Derwent, the river, II., 45
Diodorus Siculus, referred to, I., 198
Donne, Dr., his song in imitation of Marlowe, I., 171; referred to, 241
Dove, the river, II., 41, 47, et passim, 103
Drayton, Michael, verses quoted, I., 125, 227, II., 41
Dubravius, James, his "Booke of Good Husbandry, &c.," I., xxxvi
———— J. S., reference to, I., xxxviii, 139, 152
Duport, his Latin lines to Walton, I., cvi; sketch of, cvii
Dennys, John, his Secrets of Angling, a rare poem on Fishing, I., xxxviii-xli; quoted by Walton, 42
Earth, Eulogy on, I., 15
Ecclesiastical sanctions of angling, I., xxvi

Ecloga Piscatoria, II., 127
Eel, observations on the, I., 173; immense numbers taken on the Oswego river, 174; how to fish for the, 178; representation of the, 179
Fish of extraordinary size, I., 28, 227
Fish without eyes in the Mammoth Cave, I., 61.
Fish ponds, directions for making, I., 230
Fishing spiritualized, by Samuel Gardner, I., xlvii
Fletcher, Phineas, account of, I ,199; verses quoted, 200
Flies, artificial varieties of the, I., 89, 95, 96; directions for making, 95, et seq; use of, 100, II., 65, et seq; materials for, 69; list of flies for use, 83, 84; according to the months, I., 96, II., 81, et seq.
Fly fishing, directions concerning, II., 59; two schools of, 79, 80; in America, 82
Floud, J., his verses in praise of Walton, I., xciv
——— R., commendatory lines, cii
Flounder, notice of and bait for the, I., 181
Fludd, Robert, an advocate of the doctrines of the Rosicrucians, I., 213
Fordwich, a town in Kent celebrated for the size of its trout, I., 61
Frogs wonderfully sustained, I., 62; their enmity to the pike, 139; how to bait with, 142, 143; edible, 232
Franck, Richard, an assailer of Walton's Angler, I., lxiii; passage quoted from his "Contemplative and Practical Angler," lxiv
Fulimart, account of, I., 16
Gasius Antonius, account of, I., 184
Gentles, I., 85, 210
Gerhard, John, account of, I., 176
Gesner, refer. to, I., 30, 59, 117, 120, 158
Gipsies, humorous story of, I., 107
Grayling, I., 120; anecdotes of, 121; representation of, 122; notice of, II., 74; how to dress, 104
Grasshopper, I., 56; how sustained without a mouth, 62; trout refuse the counterfeit, 77
Grotius, Hugo, his tragedy of Joseph, I., 228
Gudgeon, observations on the, I., 190; representation of and how to fish for it, ib.
Guiniad, notice of the, I., 182
Guzman d'Alfarache, the English, I., 109
Hakewill, Dr., I., 118
Harvie, Ch., his verses to the reader of the "Angler," I., xcv; verses on Book of Common Prayer, 104
Hawkins, John, his edition of the "Angler," I., lxxviii, ix
Hawking, the praise of, I.,11; hawks, list of, 14
Hearing of fish, I., 117
Herbert, G., verses quoted, I., 29, 103
Herbert, Henry Wm , paper on trout fishing on Long Island, Appendix, II., 139
Herrick's Poem to Phillis, quoted in Appendix, II., 122
Heylin, Peter, account of, I., 225
Hodsden, thatched house at, I., 2
Homer, Iliad, I., xxiv, 80-82; discussed, viii; Odyssey, xii, 251-254, ix; other references, x, 174
Hortensius weeps at the death of a lamprey, I., 177
Hunting, the praise of, I., 16; not permitted to Ecclesiastics, 38
Janus teaches the Etrurians the art of fishing, I., vi
Johnson, Samuel, intended to write the life of Walton, I., lxxv
Jovius Paulus, I., 150
Kirby, a manufacturer of fish hooks, some account of, I., 215
Lark, singing of the, I., 12
Law, Rev. William, referred to, I., 313
Lawes, H., I., 79
Leather-mouthed fish, a, I., 56
Lessius, quoted, I , 95
Leonidas of Tarentum, a votive inscription by, I., xii
Lines, various directions concerning, I., 234, et seq., II., 61, 63
Loach, representation of the, I., 220; particulars concerning the, 222
Lobworm, the, I., 84
Lobel, Matthias de, account of, I., 176

Longevity of anglers commented on by Stephen Oliver, Jr., I., lxxi
Long Island, trout fishing on, II., 139
Lucian, Epigram on, I., 6; his dialogue of the Fisherman, ib.
Lycanthropy, account of, I., 113
Major, his vindication of Walton's gentility rebuked as impertinent, I., lv, lvi; his editions of the "Angler," lxxxi
Markham, Gervase, quoted, I., iv; his "Discourse" of angling a version of Denny's Poetry, xli; Passages from the Discourse, xliii-xliv
Marlow, Chr., I., 69; song by, 71
Marsh-worm, I., 84
Masaniello, an angler, I., iv
Mascal, Leonard, supposed author of a very early English "Booke of Fishing," I., xxxv
Matthiolus, P. A., reference to, I., 223
Medway, notice of the river, I., 227
Mercator, G., reference to, I., 60
Miller's thumb, a name of the bullhead, I., 222
Minnow, I., 87, 88; artificial, ib; description of the, 220, 221
Montaigne, playing with his cat, passage quoted, I., 7; translated by Cotton, II., xiv
Moses, reference to, I., 18
Moulin, P du, reference to, I., 25
Moxon, Edward, Sonnet to Walton, I., cxii
Mœris, his celebrated artificial lake, stocked with fish, I., viii
Music, general cultivation of, in England, I., 200
Music, songs set to, Appendix, II., 124, 125, 126
Mullet, verses on the, I., 34; how used in the Roman feasts, 58
Nicholas, Sir Harris, Dissent to his objections to Walton's additions to the "Angler," I., lxvii; his magnificent edition of the "Angler" published by Pickering, lxxxii
Nightingale, melody of, I., 13
Nowell, Dr. Alex., character of, I., 39
Offley, dedication of the Angler to, I., lx, lxxxvii
Oils for baits, remarks on, I., 211, II., 110
Old Rose and Burn the Bellows, I., 48
Oppian, author of the greatest work in antiquity on Angling, I., xix; Eulogiums upon, xx; various editions of his book, xxi; quoted, 174
Otter, great destruction of fish by the, I., 5, 47, 49; description of an otter hunt, 48; whether a beast or a fish, 47; tame ones taught to fish, 48
Overbury, Sir Thos., character of "a fayre and happy milk maid," I., 73
Ovid, no stranger to the art of fishing, I., xvi; his supposed fragment Halieuticon, xviii
Palmer-worm, I., 98
Park, Jas., Latin lines in praise of Walton, I., cix
Peucer, Gaspar, I., 113
Perkins, Jr., his praise of Angling, I., 38
Pesson—Maissonneuve, referred to, I., 222
Pearch, observations on the, I., 167, 168; representation of the, 169; how to fish for, 170; in American waters, 169
Pigeons, various uses of, I., 14
Pike, observations on the, I., 133; ancient mention of, in England, 134; the pike in America, 135; long lived, 136; voraciousness of it, 137; antipathy between the pike and the frog, 139; representation of the, 140; how to fish for, 141, 142, 162; baits for, 143; how to dress, 145; countries of, 146
Pike Pool, Staffordshire, description of, II., 76
Pinto, Ferdinand Mendez, I., 38
Pickering, the publisher, an old angler and bibliopolist selects the notes to Sir Harris Nicholas' edition of the Complete Angler, I., lxxxii
Piseco Lake, Extract from the journal of the Trout Club, Appendix. II., 134
Physical philosophy of Walton, crude, I., 19

Pliny, I., 30, 118, 133, 180
Plutarch, his dialogue on the comparative cunning of land and water animals, I., xviii; reference to, 38
Powel, Edw., his commendatory verses to the "Angler," I , c
Quintus Calaber, quoted on fishing, I., xxxi
Raleigh, Sir W., I., 69; song by, 74
Reel, the origin of in deep obscurity, II., xv
Red-worm, I., 84
Red-cows' milk, virtues of, I., 188
Rennie, Prof., his edition of the "Angler," I , lxxxii
Rivers, the wonders of, I., 27; accounts of the English, I., 225
Roach, observations on the, I., 206; inferior breed of, 207; representation of the, 208; how to fish for, 209
Roe, Nat. and R., Walton's two companions in fishing, I., lix; verses by R. R., 131
Rod, fishing, qualities of the, I., 97, II., 60; management of the, 62
Rome, splendid entertainment of fish at, I., 20; rarities of, ib.
Rondeletius, reference to, I., 30, 164, 176, 184
Romans, their extravagant fish ponds, I., xiv; mode of banqueting, xv; Frescoes of Herculaneum and Pompeii, ib.; Emperors, anglers, xvi
Rosicrucians, account of the, I., 211
Ruffe or Pope, representation of the, I., 191
Ryland, engraver of the plates to Hawkins' edition of the "Angler," I., lxxx
Sadler, Mr. R., account of, I., 4
Salmon, observations on the, I., 123; leap of the, and verses on ditto, 124, 125; age and growth of the, 126; representation of the, 127; fly fishing for the, 128; description of the salmon rod, 129; how to fish for the, 130; varieties of the, 132
Sandys—reference to his travels, I., 13; account of, ib.
Sargus, verses on the, I., 33
Sappho, her epitaph on a fisherman, I., xiii
Scott's lines in praise of Walton, I., cviii; poem on Amwell Hill, 45
Scott, Sir Walter, his remarks on Walton and Cotton, II., xv.
Scrope's days and nights of salmon fishing, referred to, I., 60
Scented baits, I., 116
Scripture jests rebuked, I., 50, II., vi
Scouring of worms, directions for, I., 85
Seagrave, Mr. Nich., tames an otter, I., 48
Seneca quoted, I., 67
Severn River, account of its spring and course, I., 226
Shakspeare, song ascribed to Marlowe, attributed to, I., 72
Shawford Brook, I., 107
Sheldon, Dr. G., account of, I., 187
Shovel-board, the game of, I., 194
Sidney, Sir Philip, his Arcadia quoted, II., 76
Simplicity of anglers, I., 9
Song alluded to by Walton, I , 70, et seq
Smyrnæus, Quintus, an authority for the antiquity of "burning the water," I., xxi
Stickleback, representation of the, I., 220; descriptions and uses of the, 223
Stoddart, song from his Angling Reminiscences, I., 65
Taverner, John, author of "Certaine Experiments Concerning Fish, &c." I., xxxviii
Thankfulness, reflections on, I., 238, et seq.
Thames River, account of the, I., 225
Theobald's house, I., 2
Theocritus, describes a fisherman's hut, I., xiii
Tench, observations on the, I., 164; medical virtues of the, 165; representation of the, 166
Topsell, Rev. E., his historie of four footed beasts, I., 47, 62, 91
Tobacco, anecdotes of, II., 51
Tradescant, his museum, I., 29
Treatyse of Fyshynge, passages from, I., xxx-xxxiii; various editions of this work, xxxiv
Trent River, account of the, I., 226, II., 43

Trout, observations on the, I., 59; size of American lake trout, 60; the Fordidge trout, 61; Northumberland bull-trout, 63; sudden growth of, &c., 63; seasons of the, 64; representation of the, 77; directions to fish for, 84, 94, 115; large trout, 112; how to dress, II., 104; fishing on Long Island, Appendix, 139
Tweed, notice of the river, I., 227
Tyne, notice of the river, I., 227
Umber, a name of the grayling, I., 120
Valdesso, Sign. J., reference to, I., 26
Venator's closing prayer, a Protestant version from the "Treatyse of Fyshynge," I., xxiii
Venables, Col. Robert, his "Experienced Angler," I., xlviii; commendatory notices of, xlix, l; his address to the Reader, li; editions of his work, liii
Verjuice, I., 69
Virgil's tomb at Naples, I., 20
Vision of fish, I., 23
Waller, Edw., account of, I., 204; verses by, 205
Walton, Izaak, born at Stafford, 1593, his early life, I., liii; complimented in the dedication of a poem in his twenty-sixth year, liv; his business of a "milliner," ib; retires to the neighborhood of his birth place, 1653, lv; married twice, ib; publishes the lives of Donne and Wotton, and subsequently Complete Angler in 1653, in his sixtieth year, lvii; the life of Hooker (1662), lxviii; of Herbert (1670), ib; of Sanderson, 1678, in his eighty-fifth year, ib; prepares for the press Thealma and Clearchus by Chalkhill, ib; not the author of the two letters "Love and Truth," lxx; his will dated 24th October, 1683, the day of his death 15th of the next December, lxxiii
Walton, Junior, II., 76
Water, the praise of, I., 18
Weaver, Th., his verses in praise of Angling, I., xcvii
Why the Saxon race were called Anglo, I., iv
Wye, the river, II., 44
Wharton, Dr. Thos., I., 20
Worms, names and directions concerning, I., 86, 87
Wotton, Sir Henry, his intention to write on Angling, I., lvii, lxxxviii; eulogium of, 41; his fishing house on the Thames, ib; his lines on the spring, 42; reference to, 193, 242; verses of, 243, 245
Wrangham, Archdeacon, translation of lines by Park, I., cix
Yarrell's British Fishes referred to, I., 60
Zouch, Archdeacon, his commendation of Venables' "Angler," I., lii

XIII.

HAZLITT'S AGE OF ELIZABETH.

Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth. By William Hazlitt. Price 50 cents

"The present century has produced many men of poetical genius, and some of analytical acumen; but I doubt whether it has produced any one who has given to the world such signal proofs of the union of the two, as the late WILLIAM HAZLITT. If I were asked his peculiar and predominating distinction, I should say that, above all things, he was a CRITIC His taste was not the creature of schools and canons, it was begotten of Enthusiasm by Thought."—*Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.*

"In all that Hazlitt has written on old English authors, he is seldom merely critical. In the laboratory of his intellect, analysis was turned to the sweet uses of alchemy. While he discourses of characters he has known the longest, he sheds over them the light of his own boyhood, and makes us partakers of the realizing power by which they become creatures of flesh and blood, with whom we may eat, drink, and be merry." -*Serjeant Talfourd.*

"There is no feature in the retrospect of the last few years, more important and more delightful than the steady advance of an improved taste in literature: and both as a cause and as a consequence of this, the works of William Hazlitt, which heretofore have been duly appreciated only by the few, are now having ample justice done them by the many. With reference to the present work, the Edinburgh Review eloquently observes, 'Mr. Hazlitt possesses one noble quality at least for the office which he has chosen, in the intense admiration and love which he feels for the great authors on whose excellencies he chiefly dwells. His relish for their beauties is so keen, that while he describes them, the pleasures which they impart become almost palpable to the sense, and we seem, scarcely in a figure, to feast and banquet on their 'nectared sweets.' He introduces us almost corporally into the divine presence of the great of old time—enables us to hear the living oracles of wisdom drop from their lips—and makes us partakers, not only of those joys which they diffused, but of those which they felt in the inmost recesses of their souls. He draws aside the veil of time with a hand tremulous with mingled delight and reverence; and descants with kindling enthusiasm, on all the delacacies of that picture of genius which he discloses. His intense admiration of intellectual beauty seems always to sharpen his critical faculties. He perceives it, by a kind of intuitive power, how deeply soever it may be buried in rubbish; and separates it in a moment from all that would encumber or deface it. At the same time, he exhibits to us those hidden sources of beauty, not like an anatomist, but like a lover. He does not coolly dissect the form to show the springs whence the blood flows all eloquent, and the divine expression is kindled; but makes us feel in the sparkling or softened eye, the wreathed smile, and the tender bloom. In a word, he at once analyzes and describes—so that our enjoyments of loveliness are not chilled, but brightened by our acquaintance with their inward sources. The knowledge communicated in his lectures breaks no sweet enchantment, nor chills one feeling of youthful joy.'"—*Preface to the London Edition.*

arrest the eye and exercise the mind of an accomplished and intelligent writer. We had marked a number of passages for extract, but are prevented, by a press of other matter, from giving them to-day. We can safely recommend the work, as a whole, to the patronage of all classes."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Mr. Headley's Letters are daguerreotypes of Italy and her people. We know of no more vivid or faithful portraitures of the common people of Italy, their character, modes of life, peculiarities, &c. Mr. Headley is a keen observer, a good describer, and possesses a joyous, hoping, loving spirit."—*N. Y. Daily Tribune.*

"Headley's Letters from Italy are racy, vivid, and poetical."—*New Orleans Bee.*

"These letters must please generally, but to those who have enjoyed the privilege of passing over the same ground and moving amid similar occurrences, they are very valuable. They are truly American, and although we hold to the most extended catholicity on the book subject, a catholicity esteemed heterodox, we are glad to see foreign countries described in domestic phrase, and to enjoy the description the more by means of the comparisons and illustrations of an intelligent countryman. If the selections of the publishers continue to be made with the same taste and discrimination, they will do much towards forming an American Literature."—*Evening Gazette.*

"These Letters are very graphic and interesting."—*N. O. Picayune*

We defy the most stupid of readers to tarry by the way in the perusal of Mr. Headley's letters; for he manages, some how or other, to be in a constant eddy of excitement, at the top wave of some stormy or tumultuous event. In the description of these he is at home. His style is quick, glancing, apprehensive—admirably suited to sustain an interest in the description of a wreck, a storm at sea, or mountain incidents; and particularly energetic in a battle-scene."—*N. Y. Courier.*

"Headley's Letters from Italy, are the production of an evidently highly cultivated young American, who has visited that 'classic land,' and sympathized alike with the beautiful and grand, the lively and humorous objects, that passed before him. He seems to be an acute observer of men and things, as well as a faithful delineator. The work is full of lively interest; and, considering the fact that so much has been written of that 'land of art and song,' we think it worthy of the highest praise in that the writer has described so many new and interesting objects. The description of Rome is the best we have ever seen, not excepting those found in the most successful Journals of English travellers in Italy. The impression, on reading parts of it, is, that *Italy* has never before been described."—*Hunt's Mer. Mag.*

XI. & XII.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS:

Or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel. By Eliot B. G Warburton, Esq. 2 vols., beautifully printed. Price 50 cents each

"Eliot Warburton, who is known to be the author of those brilliantly sparkling papers, the 'Episodes of Eastern Travel,' which lit up our last November. His book ('The Crescent and the Cross') must, and will be capital."—*Vide* "*Eōthen*," page 179.

"This is an account of a tour in the Levant, including Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Constantinople, and Greece. The Author calls his work 'Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel;' and, to say the truth, the Romance is so well imagined, and the Reality so well told, that we can hardly affect to distinguish the one from the other. The book is vastly superior to the common run of narratives, and is, indeed, remarkable for the coloring power, and the play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. The writing is of a kind that indicates abilities likely to command success in the higher departments of literature. Almost every page teems with good feeling; and although that 'catholic-heartedness,' for which the Author takes credit, permits him to view Mahometan doctrines and usages with a little too much of indifferentism, yet, arriving in Palestine, he willingly becomes the good pilgrim, and at once gives in his adherence to the 'religion of the place' with all the zeal of a pious Christian The book, independently of its value as an original narrative, comprises much useful and interesting information."—*Quarterly Review.*

"Nothing but the already overdone topics prevented Mr. Warburton's Eastern sketches from rivalling *Eōthen* in variety: in the mixture of story with anecdote, information and impression, it perhaps surpasses it. Innumerable passages of force, vivacity, or humor, are to be found in the volumes."—*Spectator.*

"This delightful work is, from first to last, a splendid panorama of Eastern Scenery, in the full blaze of its magnificence. The crowning merit of the book is, that it is evidently the production of a gentleman, and a man of the world, who has lived in the best society, and been an attentive observer of the scenes and characters which have passed before him during his restless and joyous existence. To a keen sense of the ludicrous, he joins a power of sketching and grouping which are happily demonstrated."—*Morning Post.*

"Mr. Warburton has fulfilled the promise of his title-page. The Realities' of 'Eastern Travel' are described with a vividness which invests them with deep and abiding interest; while the 'Romantic' adventures which the enterprising tourist met with in his course are narrated with a spirit which shows how much he enjoyed these reliefs from the *ennui* of every-day life."—*Globe.*

"The Author has been careful to combine with his own observation such information as he could glean from other sources; and his volumes contain a compilation of much that is useful, with original remarks of his own on

WILEY & PUTNAM'S

LIBRARY OF CHOICE READING.

"BOOKS WHICH ARE BOOKS."

THE Publishers of the Library of Choice Reading beg leave to call attention to the following classification of the books published in the series, by which it will appear that novelty, variety and standard merit have always been preserved, and the promise of the original prospectus faithfully kept. It was proposed to publish "the best books of Travels, Biographies, works of Classic Fiction—where the moral is superior to the mere story, without any sacrifice of the interest—occasional choice volumes of Poetry, Essays, Criticism, Contributions to History, and generally such single volumes, written by men of genius, as will equally delight the scholar and the general reader." The books already issued and ready for immediate publication may be arranged as follows:

BOOKS OF TRAVELS.

EOTHEN, OR TRACES OF TRAVEL BROUGHT HOME FROM THE EAST.

THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS. By Lady Duff Gordon.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS—2 vols. By Warburton.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD'S BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNEN.

BECKFORD'S ITALY, SPAIN, PORTUGAL, AND VISIT TO THE MONASTERIES OF ALCOBACA AND BATALHA—IN PRESS.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY. By Hazlitt—IN PRESS.

These will be followed by SIR FRANCIS HEAD'S *Notes of a Journey across the Pampas;* WATERTON'S *Wanderings in South America;* MISS RIGBY'S *Letters from the Baltic;* HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE'S *Six Months in the West Indies*, and THACKERAY'S *Notes of a Journey from London to Cairo*, and others—forming altogether one of the most original and select collections of books of travels ever published.

CLASSIC FICTION.

MARY SCHWEIDLER, THE AMBER WITCH. The most interesting Trial for Witchcraft ever published.

UNDINE AND SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS. From the German of La Motte Fouqué.

THE DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY

I.

EOTHEN.

Eothen; or Traces of Travel brought home from the East

Price 50 cents.

"One of the most delightful and brilliant works, ever published—independent of its prepossessing externals, a convenient book form, good paper and legible type."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

"An agreeable and instructive work."—*Albion.*

"We have read this work with great pleasure, for it is indeed lively and sparkling throughout; it will not only please the careless skimmer of light literature, but the ripe scholar *must* be delighted with it."—*Richmond Times.*

"This is one of the cleverest books of travels ever written."—*N. Y. Post*

"Eothen is one of the most attractive books of travels that have been given to the public, and has been received in England with high commendations."—*Newark Advertiser.*

II.

THE AMBER WITCH.

Mary Schweidler, the Amber Witch, the most interesting trial for Witchcraft ever known, printed from an imperfect manuscript by her father, Abraham Schweidler, the pastor of Coserow, in the island of Usedom. Edited by W. Meinhold, Doctor of Theology, Pastor, &c., translated from the German by Lady Duff Gordon. Price 37½ cents.

The London Quarterly Review describes this as one of the most remarkable productions of the day. It seems that a certain sect of German Philosophers (the school of Tubingen) had declared themselves such adepts of criticism that they could tell the authenticity of everything from the style. This work was written by Dr. Meinhold, when one of their students; and he subsequently published it to test their theory. It was published as a matter of fact, in its present form. All Germany was non-plussed. It was finally determined by the critics (especially the infallible critics of Tubingen) that it was truth and reality. Finally Dr. Meinhold, in a German paper, acknowledged himself the author, and that it was purely fictitious. The German critics, however, will hardly believe him on his word.

"The work is written, say the reviewers, with admirable skill, so much so that it rivals the Robinson Crusoe of De Foe This is saying enough"—*Cincin. Chron.*

III.

UNDINE AND SINTRAM.

Undine, translated from the German of La Motte Fouqué, by Rev Thomas Tracy, with Sintram and his Companions. Price 50 cents.

VIII.

THE RAVEN, AND OTHER POEMS.

By EDGAR A. POE. Price 31 cents

Contents—The Raven; The Valley of Unrest; Bridal Ballad; The Sleeper; The Coliseum; Leonore, Catholic Hymn; Israfel; Dream Land; Sonnet to Zante; The City in the Sea; To One in Paradise; Eulalie; A Song; The Conqueror Worm; The Haunted Palace, Scenes from Politian Poems written in Youth.

"The chief characteristic of its contents is the perfect smoothness of its versification,—a smoothness which is purely and thoroughly *artistic*, and which springs from a complete knowledge of an art but little understood, especially in this country. In this particular Mr. Poe has very few equals. His poems evince a brilliant and at times fantastic fancy, and have the characteristics requisite to wide popularity."—*Courier.*

"Mr. Poe's volume contains some very good poetry, among which (making due allowance for the imitation of Miss Barrett) we would instance the 'Raven,' and the sonnet on 'Silence.' He is capable of nobler efforts than such fugitive verses as compose the greater part of this collection. The scenes from 'Politian' occasionally give us glimpses of true dramatic power."—*Protestant Churchman*

"Mr. Poe's name, as a poet, is well and favorably known to the public."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"There is considerable inequality in the pieces that compose this number, but there is not one of them that could have been produced by any other than a highly gifted mind, which had drank deeply into the spirit of the muses. By far the best piece in the collection, is the one particularly mentioned in the title-page; and unless we greatly mistake, there is poetry enough in this to confer immortality upon the name of its author. We are glad to see that this series of works advances so well, and that it is likely to prove an honor to the literature of our country."—*Albany Citizen.*

"We admire them, and always have admired Mr. Poe's writings, but we are particularly pleased with the pert and independent preface to the present volume."—*Emporium.*

"Edgar A. Poe is well known as a searching and scathing critic, and an able writer."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

"Mr. Poe's reputation as a poet is well established and will be improved by this collected edition of his poems."—*Providence Journal.*

"This work is one of 'The Library of American Books,' and its contents are from the pen of one who has written and continues to write well. Mr. Poe is an active *litterateur*, and his reputation is widely and deservedly spread."—*Anglo-American.*

"There is good, substantial poetry in the collection—poetry to be read, admired and remembered, despite the critiques and efforts of those who would ridicule them into oblivion."—*U. S. Gazette.*